

Hymnal Companion
to the
Prayer Book.
A Common Praise

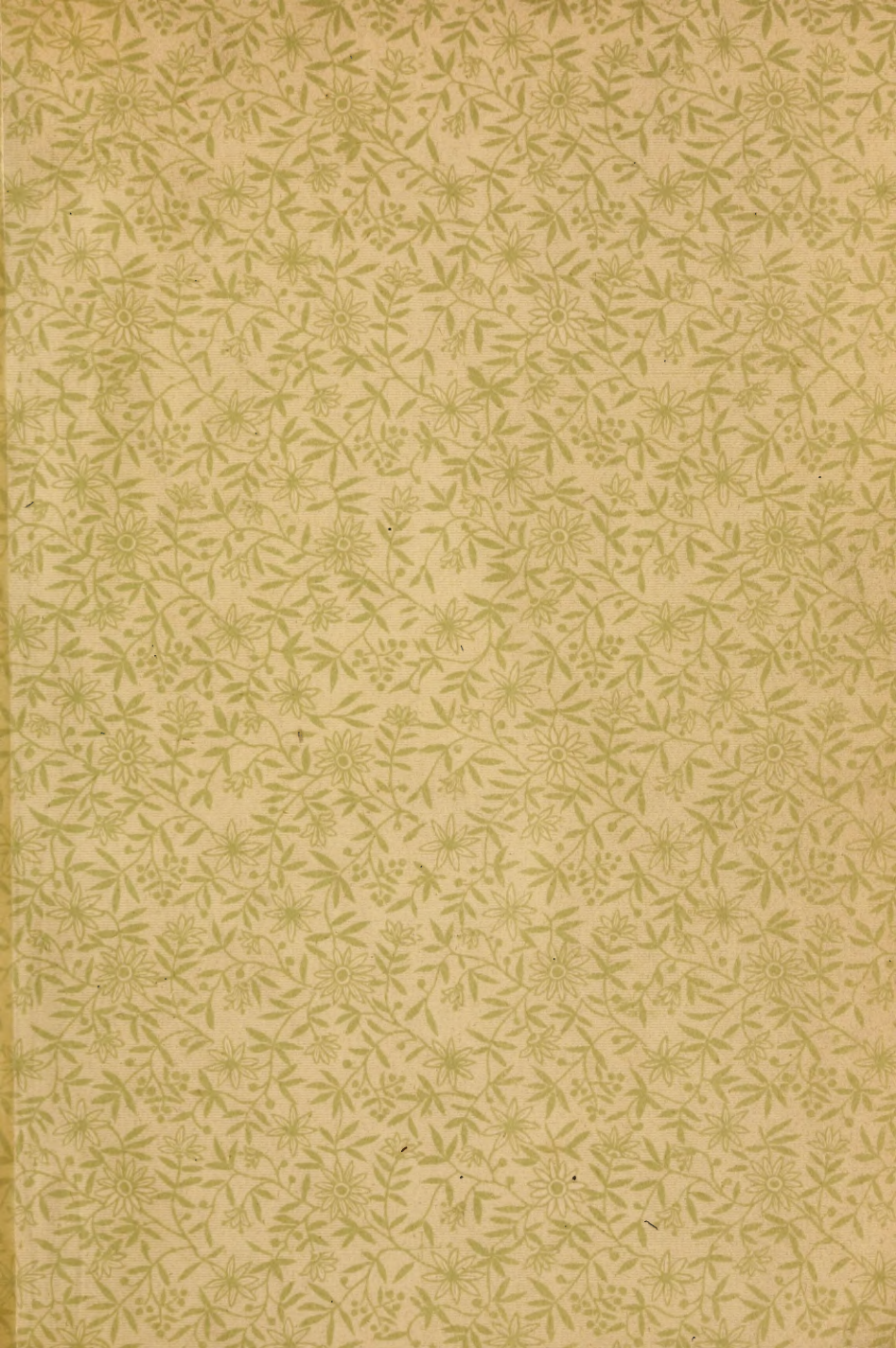
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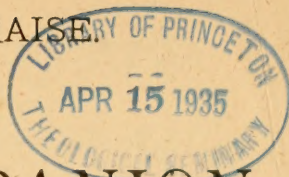
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Section



BOOK OF COMMON PRAISE



HYMNAL COMPANION

TO THE

PRAYER BOOK,

SUITED TO THE

SPECIAL SEASONS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, AND OTHER
OCCASIONS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP,

AS WELL AS FOR USE IN THE

Sunday-School and Family.

WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES,

COMPILED BY

JAMES A. MOORE.

THE HARMONIES REVISED BY

W. W. GILCHRIST.

PHILADELPHIA:

H. S. HOFFMAN, PUBLISHER,

1108 ARCH STREET,

1886.

AUTHORIZATION OF THIS HYMNAL.

The Tenth General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church, meeting at Peoria, Ill., from May 23d, to June 1st, 1885, adopted the following:

“Resolved, That this Council authorize for use in our Churches the Hymnal entitled ‘The Hymnal Companion,’ issued recently by the Reformed Episcopal Publication Society, Limited : Provided, That any changes that may be desired by the Committee on Doctrine and Worship shall be incorporated in any future editions of said Hymnal.”

ENDORSEMENT OF “HYMNAL COMPANION” BY THE COMMITTEE ON DOCTRINE AND WORSHIP.

The undersigned, the Members of the Committee on Doctrine and Worship of the Reformed Episcopal Church, acting under the Resolution passed by the Tenth General Council held at Peoria, Ill. (see Journal of Council, page 97), having carefully examined the Hymnal published by the Reformed Episcopal Publication Society (Limited), would now state, that after making certain trivial corrections and alterations, in their judgment the collection of hymns is wholly unexceptionable in point of doctrinal teaching, being in thorough accord with Holy Writ and the standards of doctrine and modes of worship prevalent in the Reformed Episcopal Church. Therefore, in so far as the authorization of this Hymnal is contingent upon the Committee on Doctrine and Worship pronouncing an opinion upon the soundness of its doctrinal and devotional teachings, we hereby certify that it is in full harmony with the distinctive doctrines and modes of worship prevailing in the Reformed Episcopal Church, and the Hymnal is hereby cordially commended as an admirable digest of hymnal worship.

CHAS. EDWD. CHENEY,
WM. R. NICHOLSON,
JNO. H. BRADSHAW,
WM. T. SABINE,
W. W. LATHROPE,
D. J. HUGHES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAISE, as a Hymnal, was compiled by members of the Reformed Episcopal Church with a loyal regard to the services and worship of this Church as set forth in its Prayer Book, and is now issued by the Reformed Episcopal Publication Society, Limited. It certainly meets a long-felt need in our communion.

The compilers of this Hymnal recognized the principles laid down by the Hymnal Committee, in the General Council of 1879—that “a Hymnal is always a most effective and powerful preacher,” and hence we have “sought to make this which we now offer, present the great distinctive truths of the Gospel in the fullest, clearest, and most emphatic way. No hymn has been allowed a place that does not contribute its part to the attainment of this great end; while still we have sought to present such hymns only as do this in such forms of expression as are worthy of the greatness of the theme in hand. We have variety without the encumbrance of too great weight of numbers, and have combined positiveness of evangelical truth with beauty of poetic thought, and force and clearness of expression.”*

While it is probable that some will look in vain through these pages to find some old or new favorite, it is still believed that every evangelical doctrine and every mood of Christian experience has its lyrical counterpart. In the collection will be found old hymns, hallowed by a thousand sacred memories, together with many of the best English and German hymns of recent use. The classification and arrangement makes prominent the great facts in the Christian year, as also the great truths in the Christian system and life, making the Hymnal the companion of our Book of Common Prayer. Its use will hence tend to nurture, not only a feeling of exalted and earnest devotion, but a sentiment of loyalty to our own dear Church.

The tunes for the BOOK OF COMMON PRAISE have been arranged wholly with reference to their adaptation to the hymns,—the object being to prepare a book to be used in congregational singing, for the family circle and Sunday-schools, as well as for the use of choirs.

Congregational singing is the source of true spiritual growth, and churches which have cultivated and enforced it have been blessed beyond those allowing the choirs exclusive control of the song service. It will be noticed that each hymn has assigned to it one familiar tune, while many have two or more, allowing a free choice. Experience proves that the frequent recurrence of the same tune, however good, is obstructive of congregational singing. The tune, in process of time, loses its freshness, and the people become weary of its many repetitions. To avoid this, and to give greater opportunity for pleasing the many tastes which will arise in congregations, alternate tunes will be found, either attached to the hymn or on the opposite page. A compiler of hymn tunes must provide a sufficiency, not for a short time, but such that will wear well on account of their intrinsic musical merit.

The music has been carefully selected from the best works of American as well as foreign composers, including many of the finest German chorales. Among the appointed tunes will be found those venerable ones which have been greatly prized by the Christian Church, as well as many now first offered for the service of the sanctuary, and contributed expressly for this work.

A word upon the subject of congregational singing: If practicable, let the congregation be invited and urged to assemble occasionally, if not every week, for practice. This method is now employed by many churches with the happiest results. Also, let the Sunday-school be instructed in the hymns and tunes which are to be sung in the church. If such plans are carried out, there will be no fear of failure. To bring out the spirit and feeling of Church music, everything depends upon the director of the choir. When a competent musician is found, he should be proportionately valued—for such are rare.

*Journal of Seventh General Council, 1879, page 77.

The editor desires to express his thanks to the following gentlemen for the use of the music which belongs to them :

TO MESSRS. O. DITSON & Co., for the use of the music of the late Dr. Lowell Mason, Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, Rev. Dr. E. Hodges, Rev. Dr. Hastings, Rev. C. C. Converse, and Messrs. Wm. B. Bradbury, Geo. Kingsley, Ch. Zeuner, H. W. Greatorex, J. Conkey, L. Downs, I. B. Woodbury, T. B. Mason, E. Barili, G. K. Oliver, J. Zundel, and L. Gottschalk.

TO MR. W. H. WALTER, of Columbia College, N. Y., for the use of the tunes, Coventry, No. 299; Chestnut Ridge, No. 395; Gregorian, No. 310; Triumph, No. 116; Calcott, No. 157; Epiphany, No. 431; and Rapture, No. 496, from his "Manual of Church Music." Also for Hernhutt, No. 12; Walter, No. 175; and Konigsberg, No. 15, from his "Book of Chorales."

TO REV. C. L. HUTCHINS, for the use of Carol, No. 22; De Koven, No. 468; Hallett, No. 106; Kedron, No. 458; Merrial, No. 279; Onward, No. 473; Spencer, No. 534; St. Edith, No. 10; Weston, No. 421; Wolhayes, No. 383, and his arrangement of Italian Hymn, No. 142, from his "Hymnal with Tunes."

TO MR. J. P. HOLBROOK, for the use of his tunes and arrangements, Bayley, No. 402; Bishop, No. 482; Church, No. 361; Clinton, No. 519; Jewett, No. 420; Marian, No. 395; Refuge, No. 39; Remsen, No. 459; Repose, No. 453; and Vox Jesu, No. 523.

TO the late MR. G. F. LUMSDEN, for his tunes, Angels, No. 26; Breast the Wave, No. 473; Hawsworth, No. 503; Kellogg, No. 266; Patmos, No. 160; and Peoria, No. 123.

TO REV. A. G. MORTIMER, for the use of his tunes, St. Agnes, No. 467; Agnus Dei, No. 450; Frome, No. 447; and Benedictus, No. 393.

TO REV. J. H. HOPKINS, for the use of his hymn, No. 135; and his translations of Nos. 12 and 15, as well as for the music of Wilkesbarre, No. 135.

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TO MR. F. BARRINGTON, for his tunes, Morton, No. 21; and Badea, No. 219.

TO MESSRS. BIGLOW & MAIN, for the use of Old Story, No. 335, and Palmer, No. 511.

TO MESSRS. J. CHURCH & Co., for the use of Almost Persuaded, No. 355, and Bliss, No. 462.

TO MR. F. T. S. DARLEY, for his arrangement of Holst, No. 534.

TO MR. W. F. BOEHM, for his tune, Calvert, No. 536.

TO MR. W. G. FISCHER, for the use of his tune, Hankey, No. 336.

TO MR. ADAM GIEBEL, for his tune Norwood, No. 135.

TO MR. W. W. GILCHRIST, for his tunes, Boner, No. 265; Christ Church, No. 538; Dager, No. 13; Hoffman, No. 402; Hopkins, No. 135; St. Clement's, No. 540, and his arrangement of Upsal, No. 260; as well as for his care in the review of the harmony of the whole work.

TO REV. J. S. B. HODGES, for the use of his Eucharistic Hymn, No. 197.

TO MESSRS. F. J. HUNTINGTON & Co., for the use of Oblation, No. 539, from Rev. J. I. Tucker's Hymnal.

TO MR. J. W. POMMER, for his tunes, Francis, No. 413, and Messaros, No. 375.

TO MR. S. T. STRANG, for his tune, Percival, No. 458.

TO REV. J. D. WILSON, for his hymn, No. 18, and the tune, Robertshaw, for the same.

TO MR. S. H. DYER, for valuable assistance and suggestions in the preparation of the work.


The editor has been most anxious to acknowledge all copyrights. If any have been overlooked, they will be acknowledged in future editions.

The work is now committed to the Christian public, in the hope that it will prove acceptable to the Church, and promote the service of song in all congregations where it may be used.

THE EDITOR.

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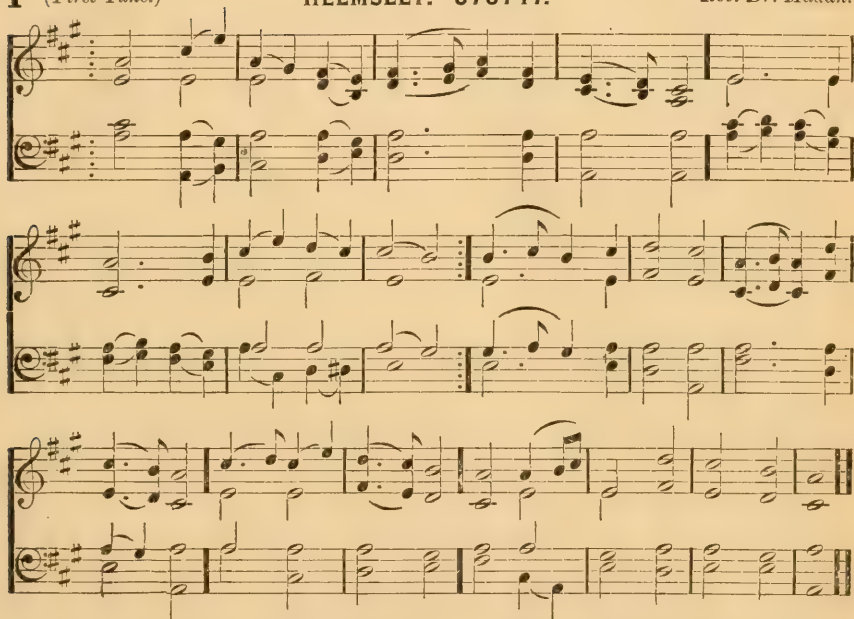
The Christian Year.

ADVENT.

1 (*First Tune.*)

HELMSLEY. 878747.

Rev. Dr. Madan.



1 Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train ;
Alleluia !

Christ, the Lord, returns to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away :
All who hate Him must, confounded,

Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.

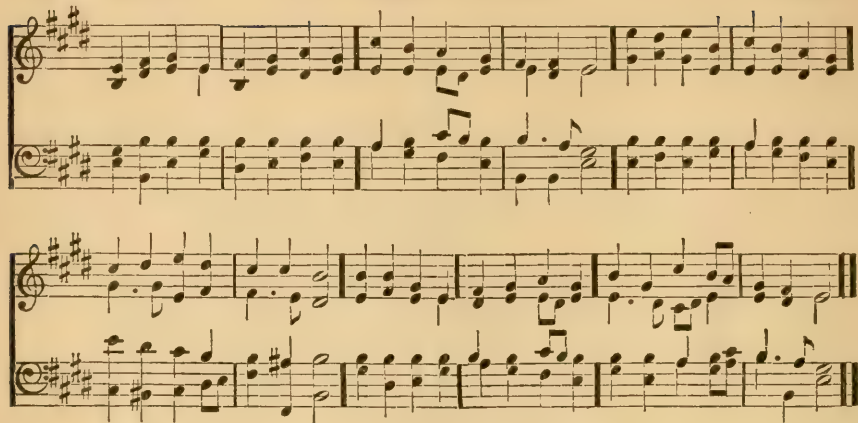
4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear :
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air.
Alleluia !
See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen ; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne :
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly !
Alleluia ! Come, Lord, come !

1 (Second Tune.)

ST. THOMAS. 878747.

V. Novello.



- 1 Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train;
Alleluia!
Christ, the Lord, returns to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away:
All who hate Him must, confounded,

Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.

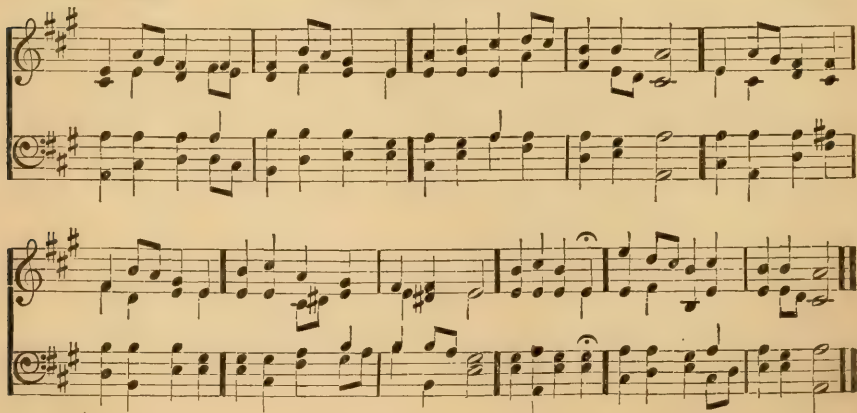
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air.
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

- 5 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
O come quickly!
Alleluia! Come, Lord, come!

1 (Third Tune.)

STÖRL. 878747.

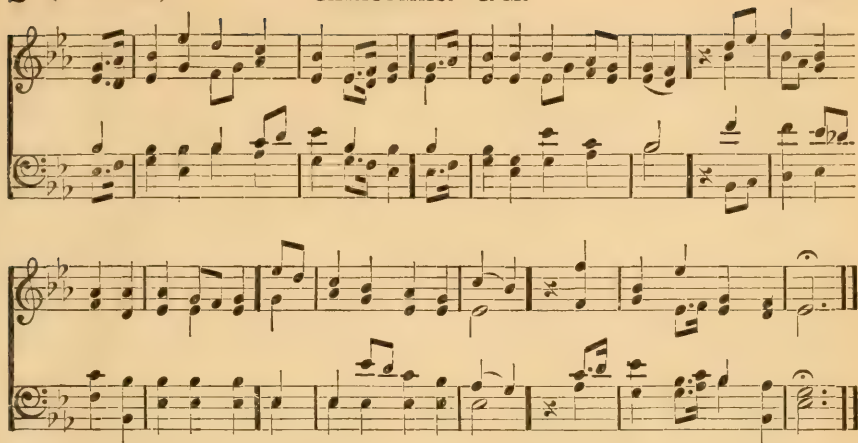
Störl.



2 (First Tune.)

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Handel.



1 HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

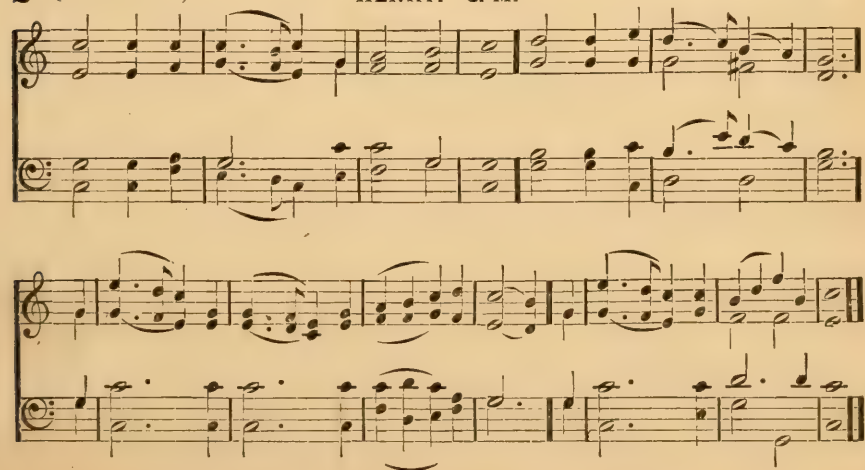
5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of His grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

2 (Second Tune.)

HENRY. C. M.

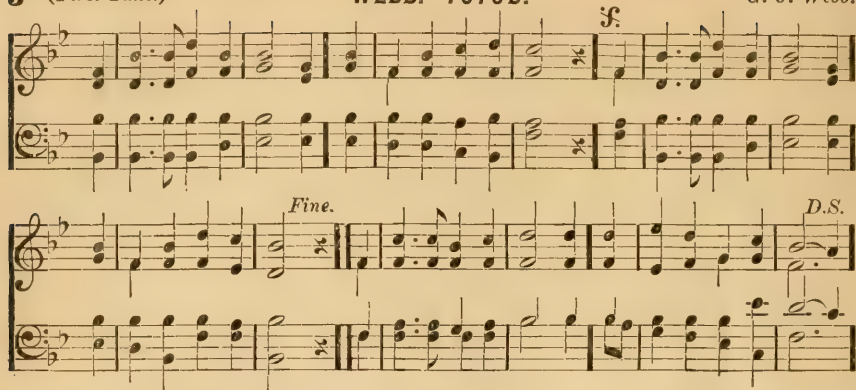
Fond.



3 (First Tune.)

WEBB. 7676D.

G. J. Webb.



1 REJOICE, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear !
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh ;
Up! pray, and watch and wrestle !
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil ;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near ;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign forever
When sorrow is no more.

Around the throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold !

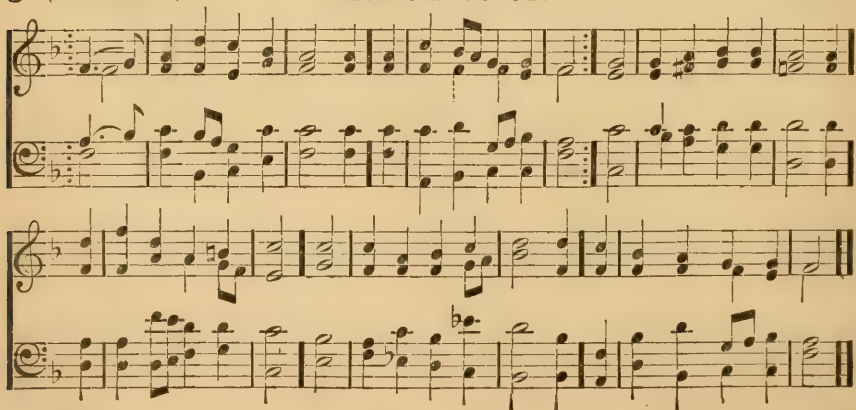
4 O wise and holy virgins !
Now raise your voices higher,
Till in your jubilations
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand :
Up, up, ye heirs of glory !
The Bridegroom is at hand.

5 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus ! now appear ;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere !
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee.

3 (Second Tune.)

MUNICH. 7676D.

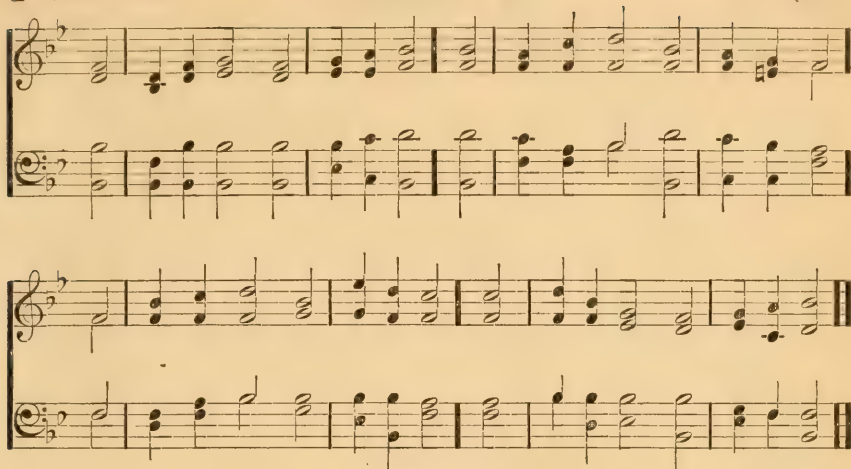
German.



4 (First Tune.)

HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



1 ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Come, then, and hearken, for He brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest.
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord;
Our Refuge and our great Reward;

Without Thy grace our souls must fade
And wither like a flower decayed.

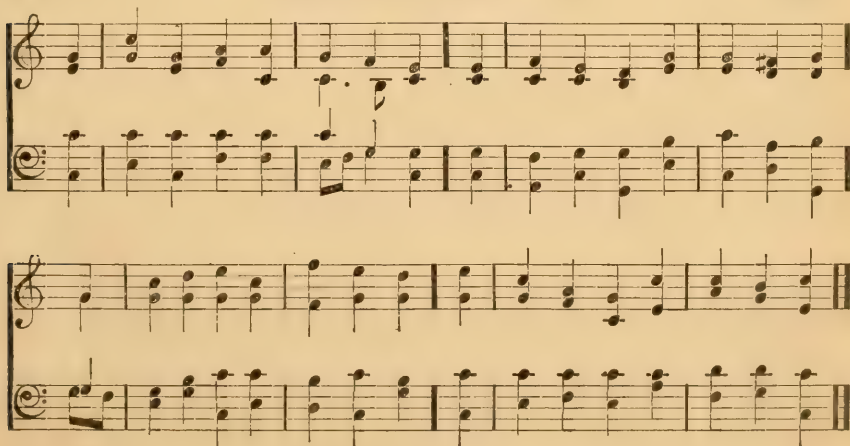
4 Stretch forth Thine hand a balm to pour,
And make us rise to fall no more;
Upon Thy pardoned people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

5 All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent doth Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost, forevermore.

4 (Second Tune.)

WINCHESTER NEW. L. M.

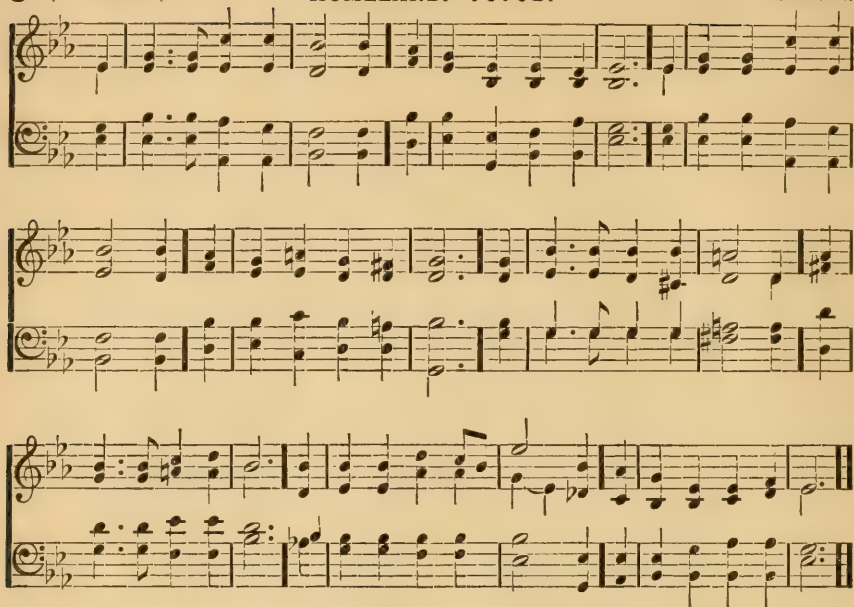
Crassellius.



5 (First Tune.)

HOMELAND. 7676D.

A. Sullivan.



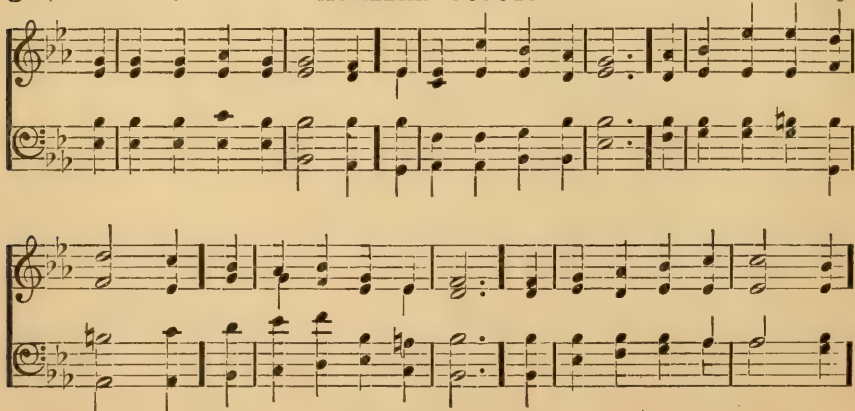
1 O! that the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Sion come,
 To heal His ancient nation,
 To lead His outcasts home!
 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord! in pity;
 Rebuild her walls again.

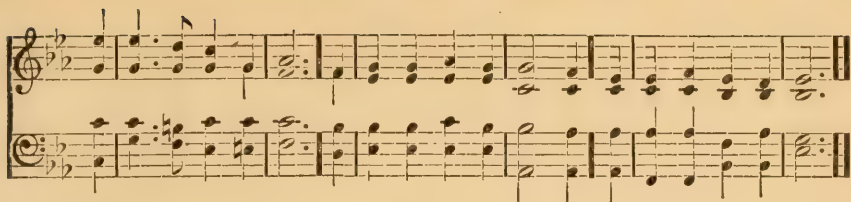
2 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart,
 Roll back the veil of error,
 Release the fettered heart,
 Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind Thy Church to Thee.

5 (Second Tune.)

AURELIA. 7676D.

S. S. Wesley.

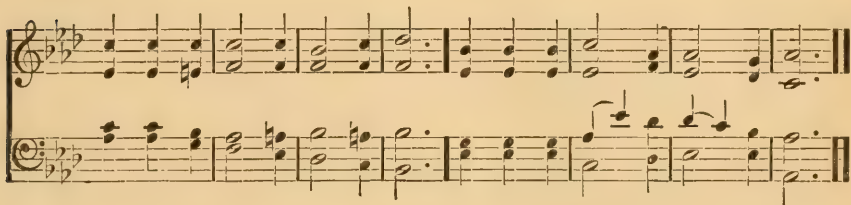
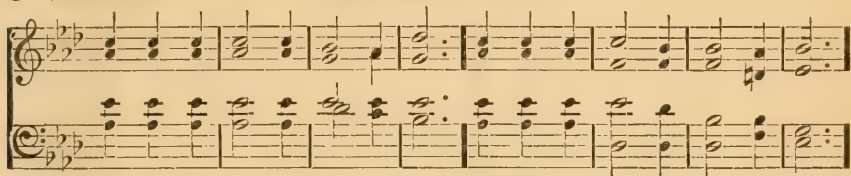




6 (First Tune.)

PENTECOST. L. M.

W. Boyd.



1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,

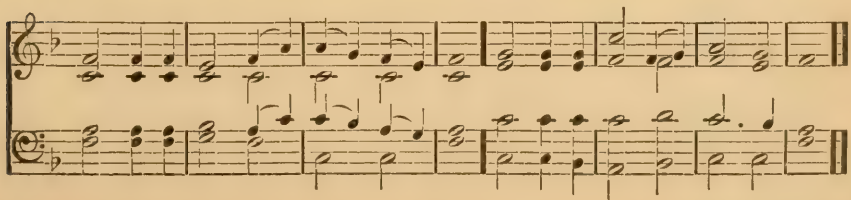
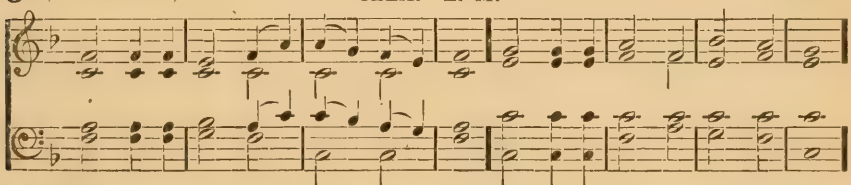
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead.

3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

6 (Second Tune.)

ILLA. L. M.

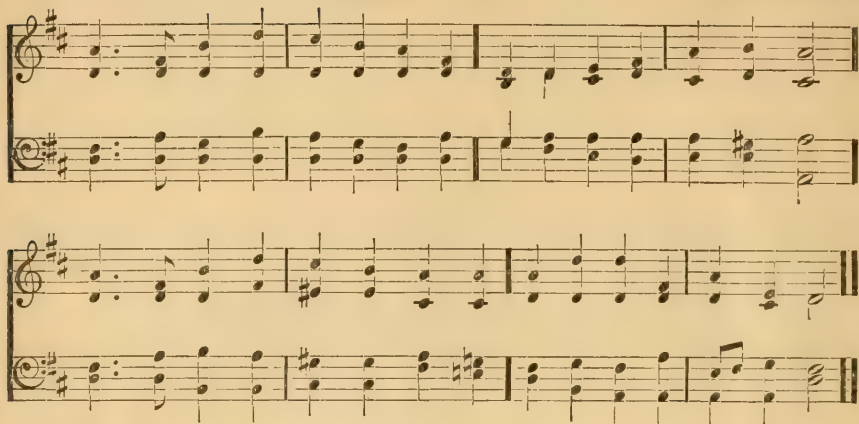
Dr. L. Mason.



7 (First Tune.)

OSWALD. 8787.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



1 HARK ! a thrilling voice is sounding ;
 " Christ is nigh," it seems to say ;
 " Cast away the dream of darkness,
 " O ye children of the day!"

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
 Christ, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
 Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo ! the Lamb, so long expected,
 Comes with pardon down from heaven ;

Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
 One and all to be forgiven ;

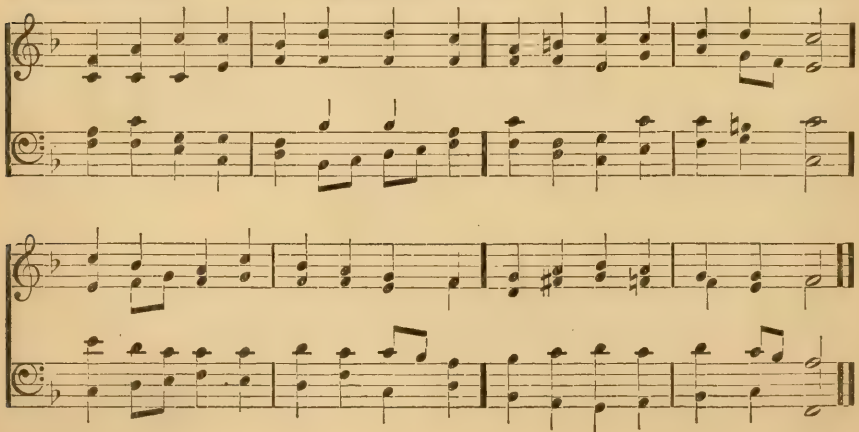
4 That when next He comes with glory,
 And the world is wrapped in fear,
 With His mercy He may shield us,
 And with words of love draw near.

5 Honor, glory, might and blessing,
 To the Father and the Son,
 With the Everlasting Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

7 (Second Tune.)

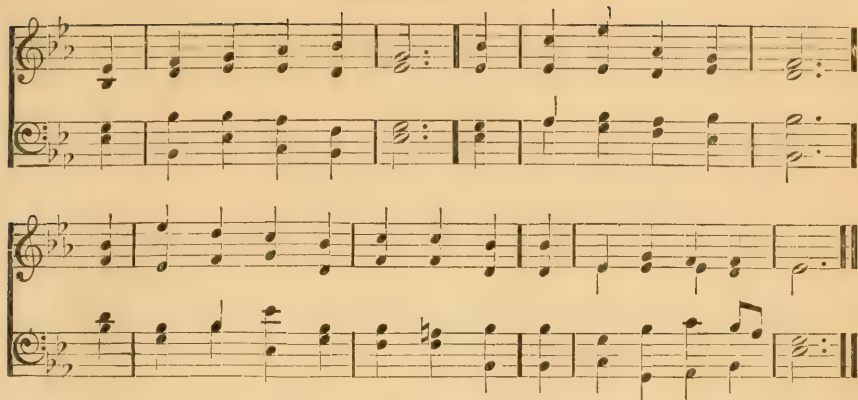
MERTON. 8787.

W. H. Monk.



8

FRANCONIA. S. M.

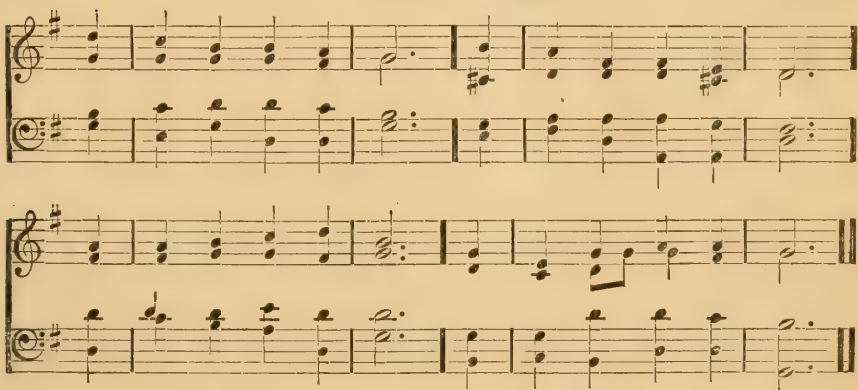
German.

- 1 THE Advent of our King,
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must hymns of welcome sing
In strains of holy joy.
- 2 The Everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be;

- Himself a servant's form puts on,
To set His servants free.
- 3 Daughter of Sion, rise
To meet thy lowly King;
Nor let thy faithless heart despise
The peace He comes to bring.

9

ST. CECILIA. 6666.

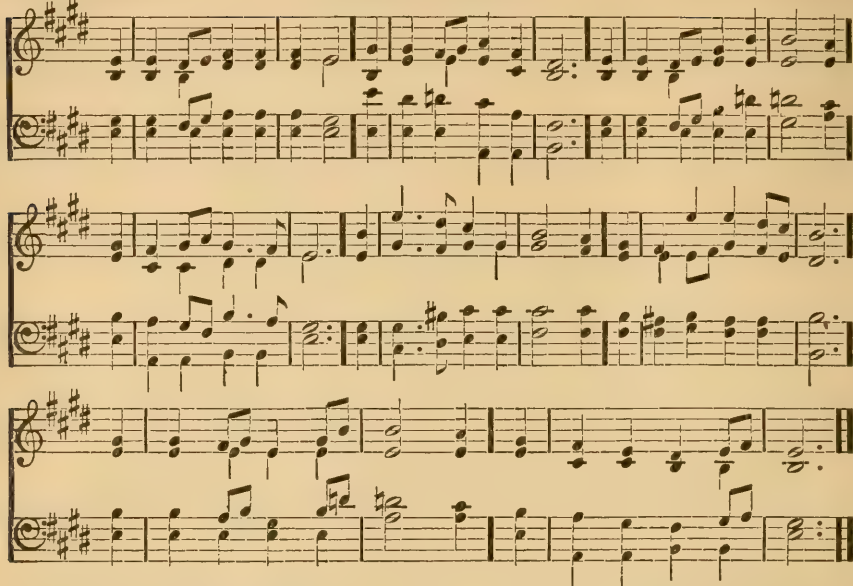
L. G. Hayne.

- 1 THY kingdom come, O God,
Thy reign, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.
- 2 Where is Thy rule of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?
- 3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

- 4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.
- 5 Men scorn Thy sacred name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.
- 6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

10 (*First Tune.*)

ST. EDITH. 7676D.

Rev. E. Husband.

1 O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians
His name and sign we bear:
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

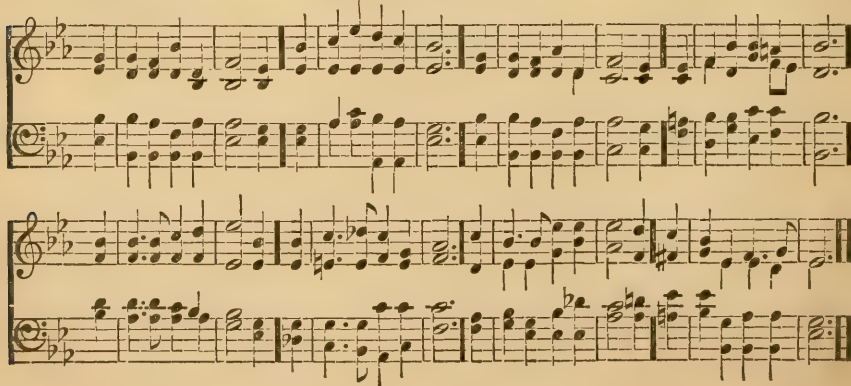
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:

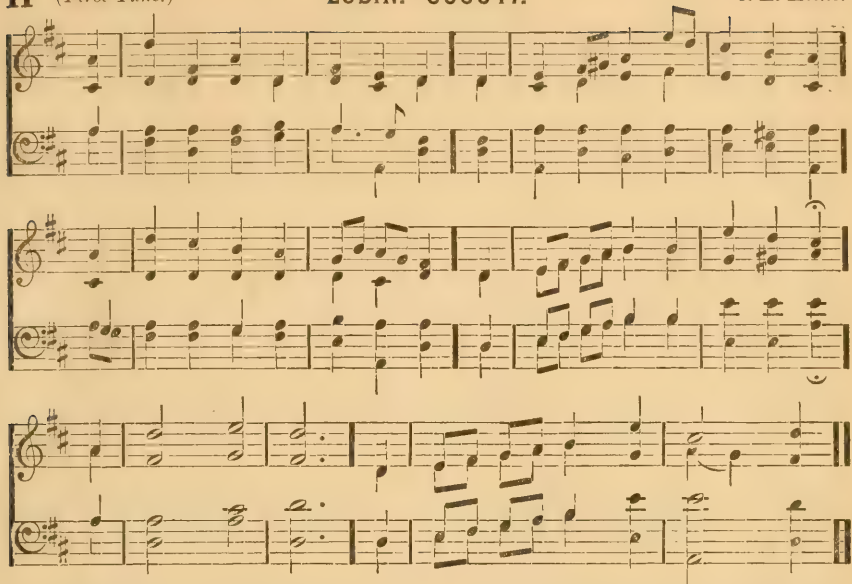
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

10 (*Second Tune.*)

BOLTON. 7676D.

J. Walch.

11 (*First Tune.*)**LUBIN. 888847.***C. E. Kettle.*

1 **HOSANNA** to the living Lord!
 Hosanna to th'incarnate Word!
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

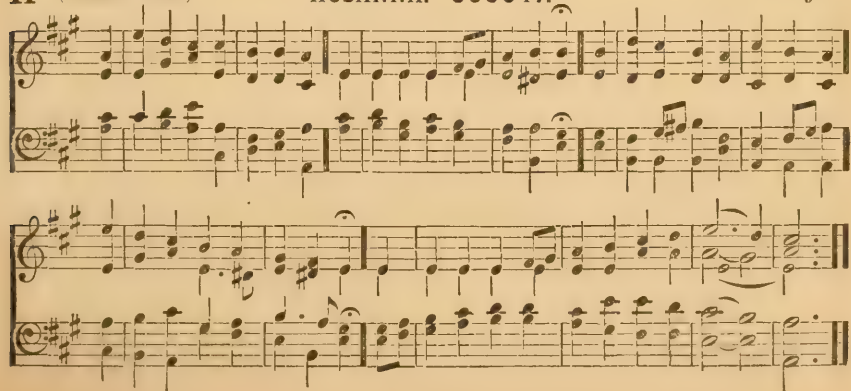
2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
 Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
 Return to this Thy house of prayer:

Assembled in Thy sacred name,
 Where we Thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

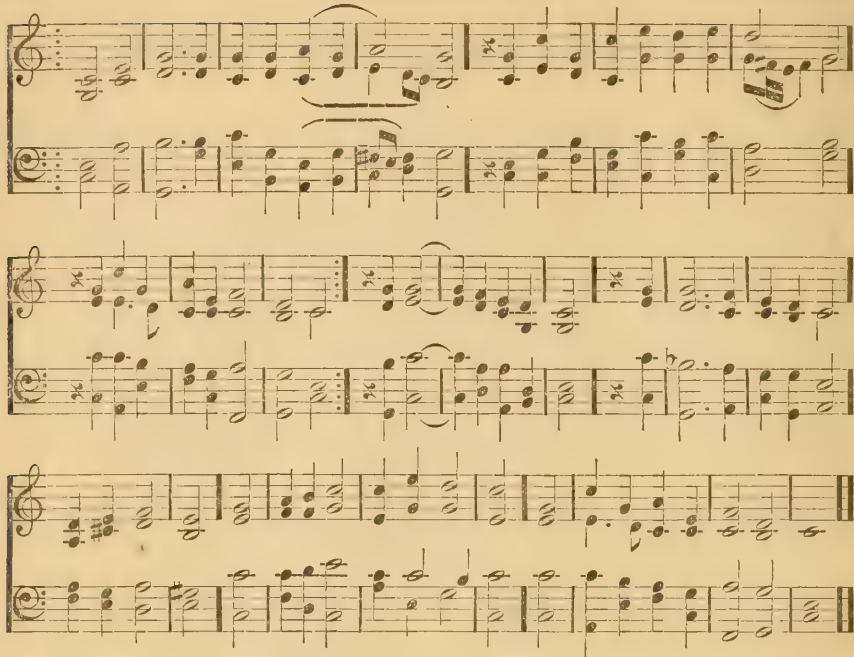
4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
 Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

11 (*Second Tune.*)**HOSANNA. 888847.***Rev. J. B. Dykes.*

12

HERNHUTT. P. M.

Jacob Prütorius.

1 SLUMBERERS, wake, the Bridegroom
cometh,
Awake, behold the Bridegroom cometh!
Ye virgins wake, to sleep no more.
Midnight hears the shouting voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices,
Your lamps now trim, so bright of
yore,
Th'advancing train draws nigh;
Lights flash, and bridemen cry
Alleluia!
Sing ye also
Alleluia!
And forth to meet the Bridegroom go.

2 Sion hears th'exultant singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing.
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Spouse comes down all glorious,
The strong in Grace, in Truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come,
Haste, then, ye virgins fair,
His marriage feast to share,
Alleluia!
Ye, too, shall sing
Alleluia!
As ye go forth to meet your King.

3 Lamb of God! the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbals' clearest tone.
Of one pearl, each open portal,
Where we are with the choirs immortal
That stand around Thy dazzling
throne.
Ten thousand thousand tongues
There pour triumphal songs,
Alleluia!
Chanting their hymn,
Alleluia!
With cherubim and seraphim.

4 Lo! the Bride, fair as the morning,
The royal crown her brow adorning;
With fine wrought gold her bright robes
shine:
On her breast are jewels gleaming;
In sevenfold light her beauty beaming
Bids welcome to her Spouse divine.
Round Him in raiment white
Sing all the saints in light,
Alleluia!
On that blest shore
Alleluia!
Rolls evermore and evermore.

13 (First Tune.)**DAGER. 46884.***W. W. Gilchrist.*

p Lord Je - sus, come!

mf Lord Jesus, come! *dim.* Lord Jesus, come! *mf* come!

Lord Je - sus, come! Lord Jesus, come! come! come! *mf* come!

mf come!

1 LORD JESUS, come!
Nor let us longer roam
Afar from Thee and that bright place
Where we shall see Thee face to face.
Lord Jesus, come!

2 Lord Jesus, come!
Thine absence here we mourn;
No joy we know apart from Thee—
No sorrow in Thy presence see!
Lord Jesus, come!

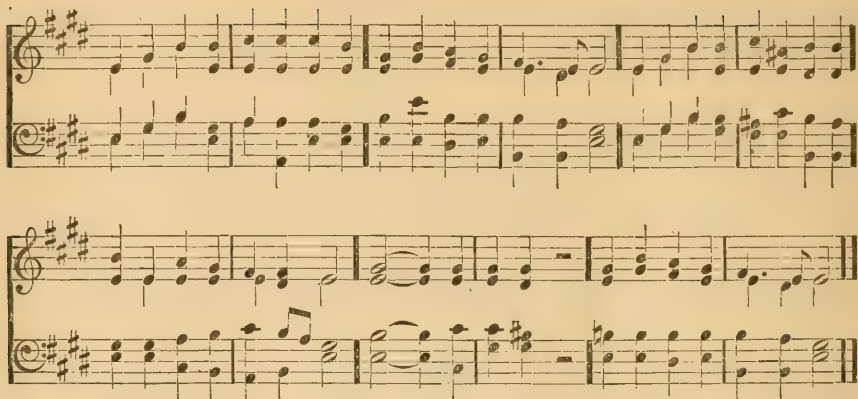
3 Lord Jesus, come!
And claim us as Thine own!
Our weary feet would wander o'er
This dark and sinful world no more.
Come, Saviour, come!

4 Lord Jesus, come!
And take Thy people home,
That all Thy flock so scattered here,
With Thee in glory may appear.
Lord Jesus, come!

13 (Second Tune.)**HARTEL. 46884.***F. L. Armstrong.*
13 (Third Tune.)**GREGG. 46884.***A. H. D. Troyte.*

14 (*First Tune.*)

MARHOLD. 878747.

R. Redhead.

1 HARK! ye faithful, rouse from sleeping!
 Strikes the Advent bell again;
 With the Church your watch be keeping,
 Lifting still her old refrain!
 Alleluia,
 Jesus come to judge and reign.

2 Fast flows on the tide of ages;
 Of its fullness signs appear:
 Tokens by the prophet pages,
 Seem to tell the Coming near:
 Alleluia,
 Welcome Lord and Saviour dear!

3. Waxeth cold the love of many;
 Waxeth hot the Devil's spite;
 Few the steadfast—hardly any

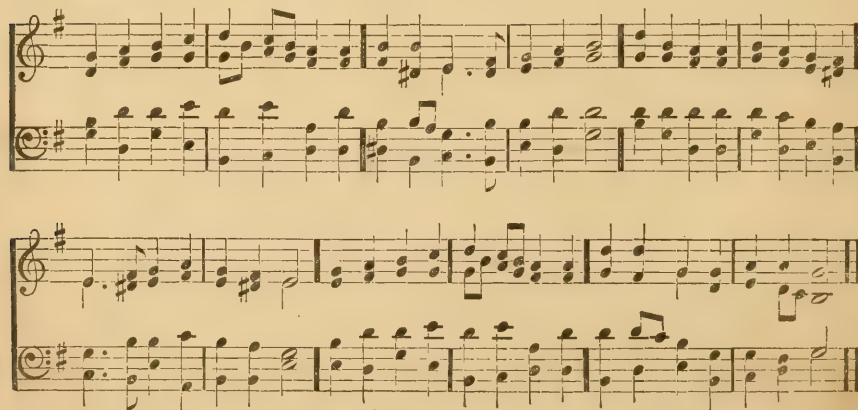
Daring for the true and right,
 Alleluia,
 Jesus, come in Thine own might.

4 List, the seventh trumpet pealing—
 While the word keeps on its ways,
 Sudden shows the last revealing;
 Sudden breaks the Day of days:
 Alleluia, [praise.
 Come, Lord, when Thou wilt,—we'll

5 Join their cry who've gone before us,
 Waiting for their final home:
 Theirs and ours Redemption's chorus,
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come:
 Alleluia,
 Even so, Lord Jesus, come.

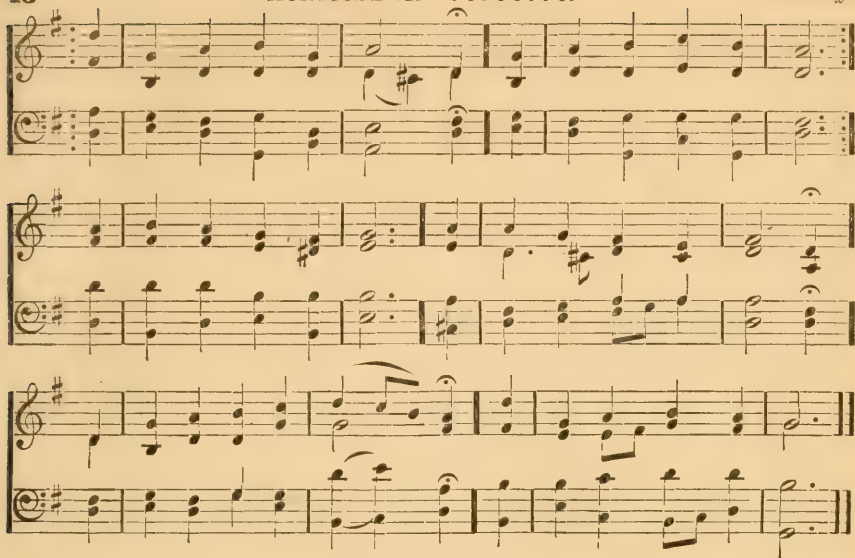
14 (*Second Tune.*)

ST. LUKE. 878747.

W. A. Muhlenberg.

15

KONIGSBERG. 76766776.

Kirchhoff.

ADVENT ANTHEM.

1 O COME, Eternal Wisdom,
Thou Word of God most High,
Thou Alpha and Omega,
Thou First and Last draw nigh:
With power and loving skill,
All things alone upholding
Thy Gospel now unfolding,
Teach us Thy sacred will.

2 O come, Lord God of Israel,
Who Moses didst illumine,
And in the bush on Horeb
Didst burn yet not consume:
Though Sinai's trump ring clear,
O cease its awful pealing;
Thy mercy now revealing,
Let Grace and Truth appear.

3 O come, Thou Root of Jesse,
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Who standest for an ensign
To people from afar:
Their kings in silent awe
Shall bow themselves before Thee,
And Gentiles shall adore Thee,—
Thy love shall be their law.

4 O come, Thou shining Orient,
Eternal Light unborn,
Let those that sit in darkness
Behold Thy rising morn:

Deep shades of death and night
By Thy bright beams are parted—
The blind and broken-hearted
Leap into life and light.

5 O come, Thou King of Gentiles,
King David's royal Son—
Thou Headstone of the Corner,
Of twain thus making one—
Thy Hand our being gave,
Our race with life supplying;
That race now fall'n and dying,
O come, redeem and save.

6 O come, Thou great Emmanuel,
And reign in every heart,
Desire of all the nations
And hope of all Thou art:
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy power no longer hiding,
But God with us abiding,
Thy full salvation bring.

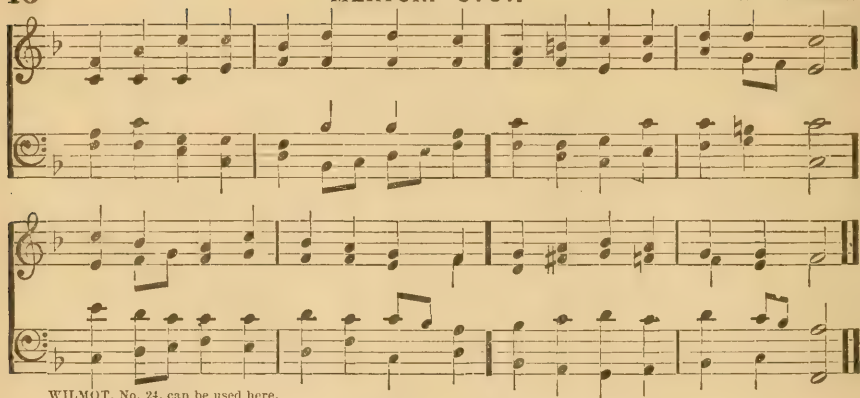
7 O Son of Mary, Virgin,
God from eternity,
Before Thee was none like Thee,
Nor after shall there be.
Lo! He Whom heavens adore
Redeems a world revolted;
And man, in God exalted,
Shall reign for evermore.

CHRISTMAS.

16

MERTON. 8787.

W. H. Monk.



WILMOT, No. 24, can be used here.

1 COME! Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

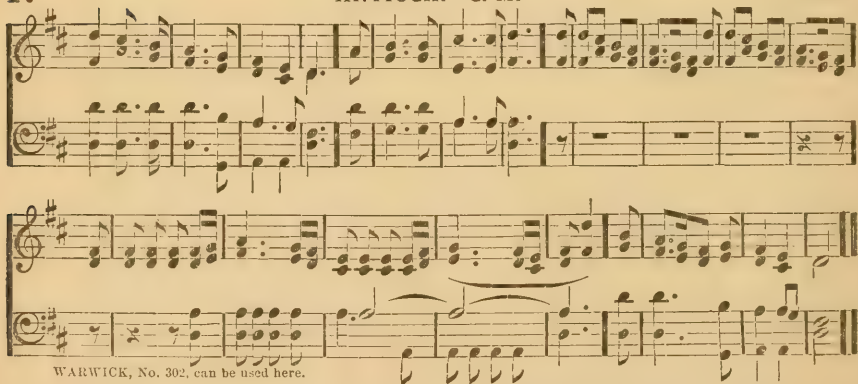
3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

17

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Handel.



WARWICK, No. 302, can be used here.

1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

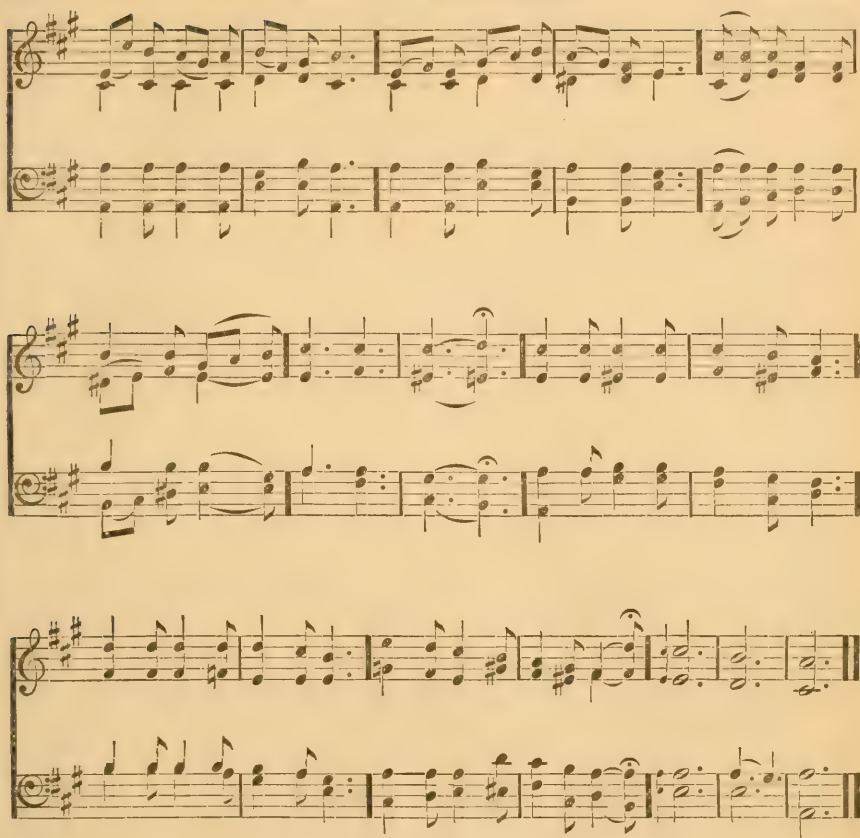
2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ; [plains
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 Herules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

18

ROBERTSHAW. 7773D.

F. S. Robertshaw.

1 BRIGHTLY breaks our Christmas morn,
Night and sadness now are gone,
"Unto us a child is born,"

Glad we sing.

See the sky with glory tiven!
Back the hosts of hell are driven;
"Unto us a Son is given,"

Christ our king!

2 On His head no crown of thorn,
On His face no sorrow worn,
Not yet His sacred body torn,
Comes the Lord.
Cherubs, pause ye in your flight!
Fold your wings, ye seraphs bright!
God descends from heavens' height,
Th' Incarnate Word.

3 Lift thy voice, O ransomed earth,
Gladly tell of Jesus' birth.
Morning stars, repeat your mirth
As of old.

He, by Whom our race is freed,
He, Whose merits man may plead,
He is come, the promised Seed
Long foretold.

4 Sion long in bondage lying,
Captive, and for rescue crying,
Cease thy tears, withhold thy sighing!
Break thy chains!
From thy walls the foe is hurled.
Be thy banners wide unfurled!
Tell it to an eager world,
Jesus reigns!

19

MENDELSSOHN. 7777D.

Mendelssohn.

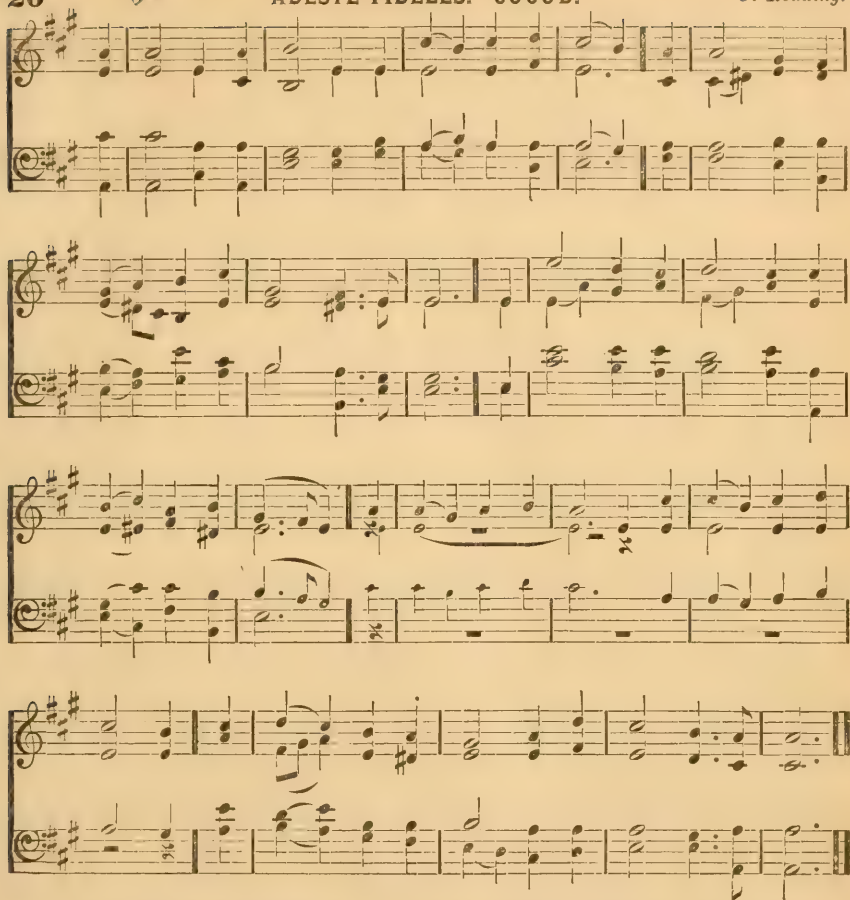
Org. Ped.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With th'angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem!
 Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb:
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail th' Incarnate Deity,
 Pleased as Man with men t'appear;
 Jesus, our Emmanuel here.
 Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

20

ADESTE FIDELES. 6565 D.

J. Reading.

1 Come hither, ye faithful,
Triumphantly sing!
Come, see in the manger
The angels' dread King!
To Bethlehem hasten
With joyful accord!
O come ye, come hither
To worship the Lord!

2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten
With joyful accord!
O come ye, come hither
To worship the Lord!

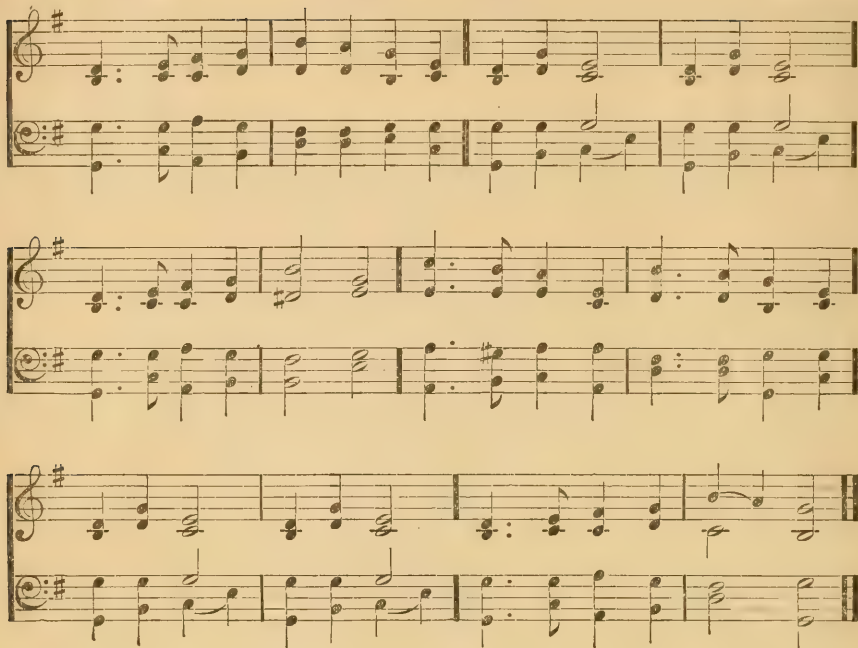
3 Hark, hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten
With joyful accord!
O come ye, come hither
To worship the Lord!

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor
Through heaven and earth:
True Godhead incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

21 (First Tune.)

MORTON. 866866.

F. Barrington.



1 ALL my heart this night rejoices,
 As I hear
 Far and near,
 Sweetest angel voices;
 "Christ is born," their choirs are singing:
 Till the air,
 Everywhere,
 Now with joy is ringing.

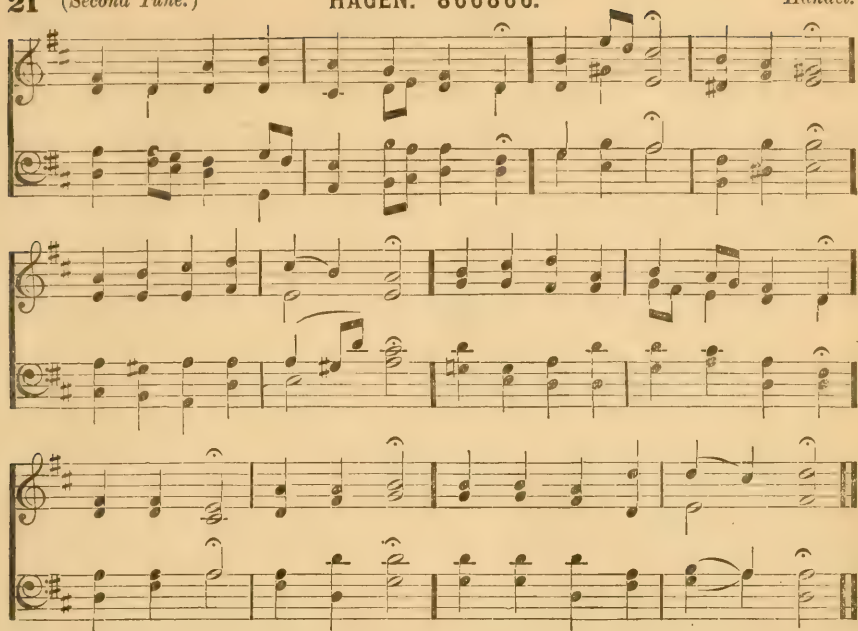
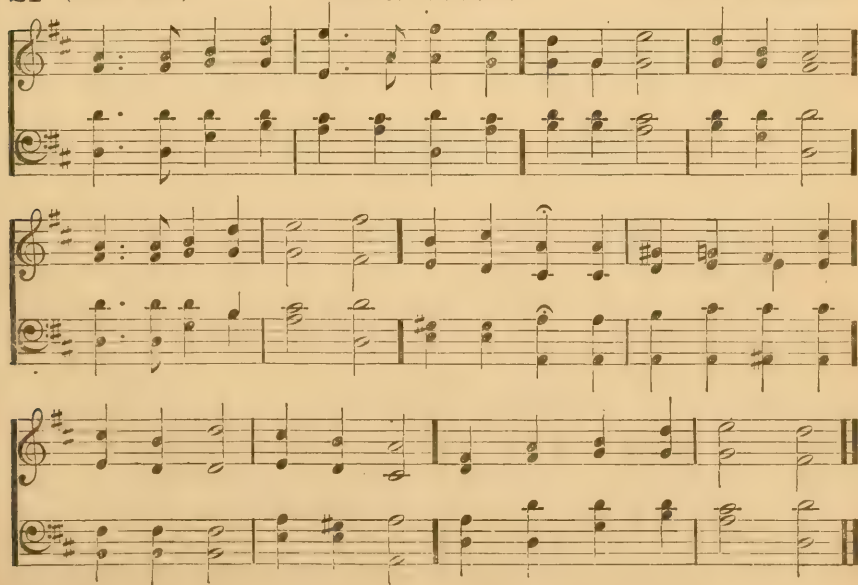
2 Hark, a voice from yonder manger,
 Soft and sweet
 Doth entreat,
 "Flee from woe and danger;
 Brethren, come, from all that grieves you,
 You are freed;
 All you need
 I will surely give you."

3 Come then, let us hasten yonder;
 Here let all,
 Great and small,
 Kneel in awe and wonder;
 Love Him who with love is yearning;
 Hail the star,
 That from far,
 Bright with hope is burning,

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
 Weep no more,
 For the door
 Now is found, of gladness;
 Cling to Him, for He will guide you:
 Where no cross,
 Pain or loss,
 Can again betide you.

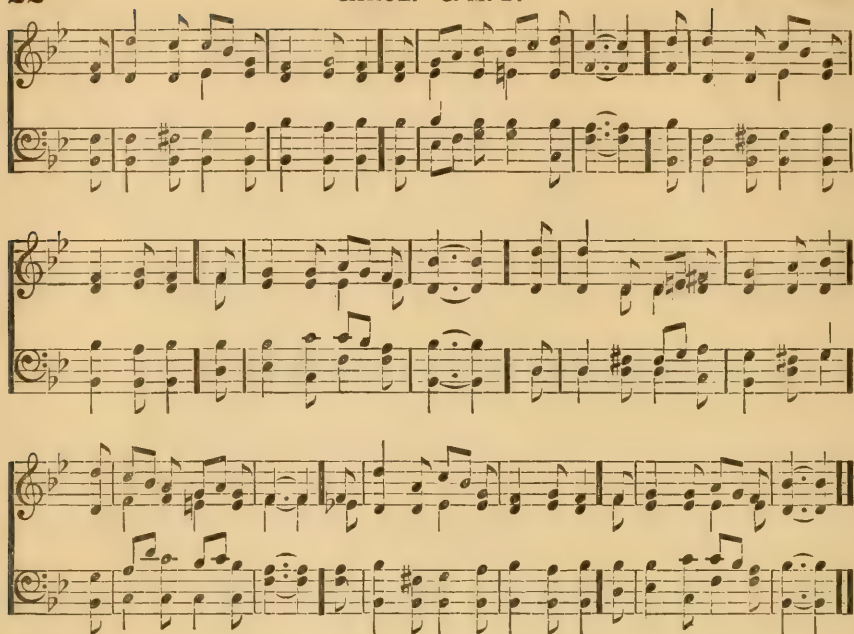
5 Blessèd Saviour, let me find Thee;
 Keep Thou me
 Close to Thee,
 Cast me not behind Thee;
 Life of life, my heart thou stillest,
 Calm I rest
 On Thy breast,
 All this void Thou fillest.

6 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
 Live to Thee,
 And with Thee
 Dying, shall not perish;
 But shall dwell with Thee forever,
 Far on high,
 In the joy
 That can alter never.

21 (*Second Tune.*)**HAGEN. 866866.***Handel.***21** (*Third Tune.*)**ANGUS. 866866.***Rev. R. B. Borthwick.*

22

CAROL. C. M. D.

R. S. Willis.

1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

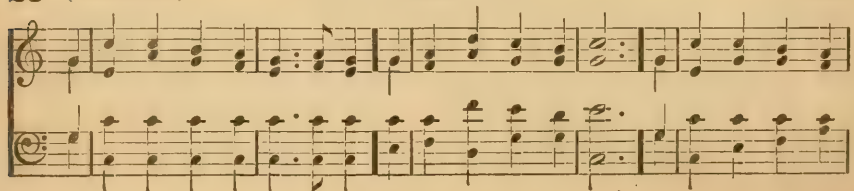
2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

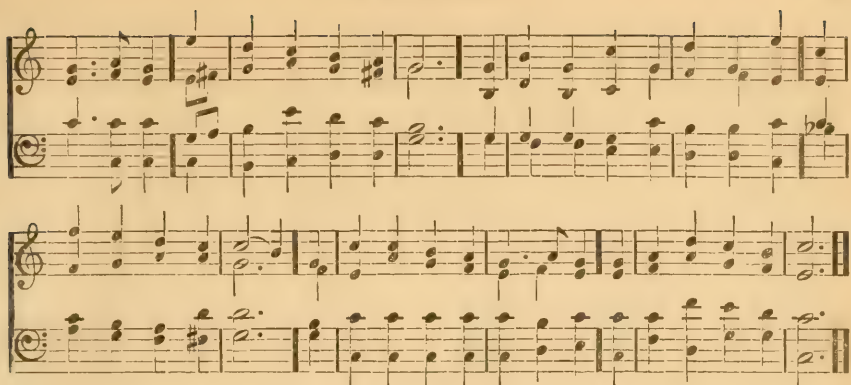
3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold, [own
When the new heaven and earth shall
The Prince of Peace, their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

23 (*First Tune.*)

BETHLEHEM. C. M. D.

Anon.



1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
All seated on the ground, [by night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

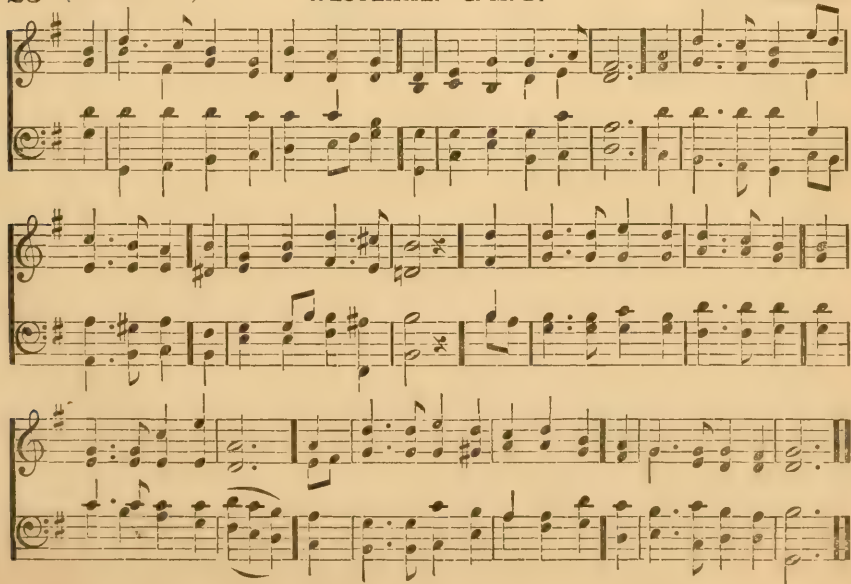
5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

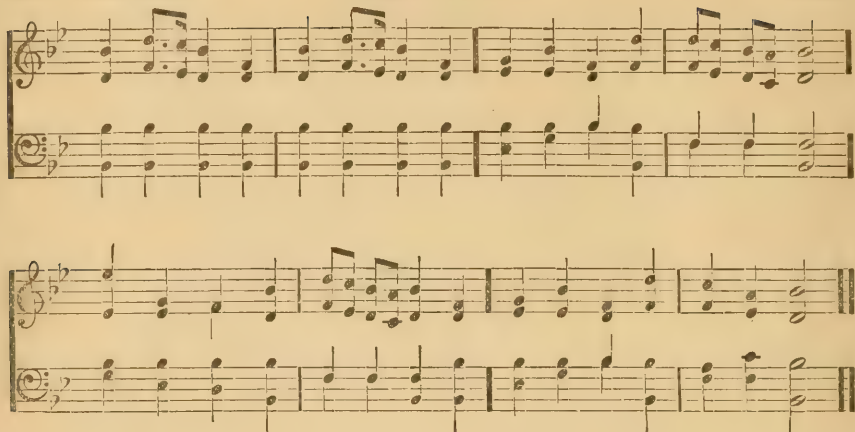
6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace; [men
Good-will henceforth from heaven to
Begin, and never cease."

23 (Second Tune.)

WESTLAKE. C. M. D.

Fred. Westlake.



24 (*First Tune.*)**WILMOT. 8787.***Weber.*

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly Alleluias rise.

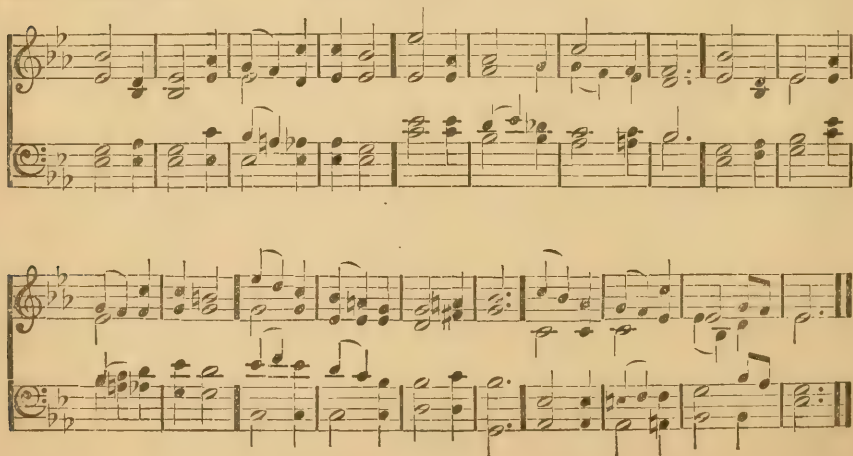
2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;

Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

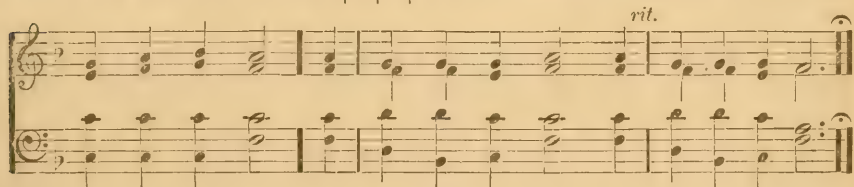
24 (*Second Tune.*)**EXPECTATION. 8787.***Mendelssohn.*

25

AVISON. P. M.

Avison.

CHORUS.

*Repeat 1st Chorus after 1st and 2d verses.**Chorus after 3d verse.*

CHORUS.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

1 Sion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His
birth!

The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns
upon earth:

CHORUS.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how He cometh, from nation to
nation, [echo round:
The heart-cheering news let the earth

How free to the faithful He offers salva-
tion,

How His people with joy everlasting
are crowned:

CHORUS.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

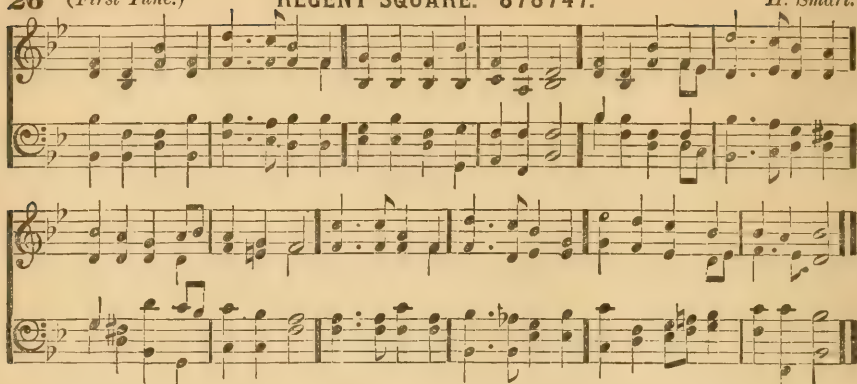
3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bring-
ing, [arise;
And sweet let the glad some Hosanna
Ye angels, the full Alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth
and the skies:

CHORUS.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

26 (First Tune.)

REGENT SQUARE. 878747.

H. Smart.



- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations;

- Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
 - 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

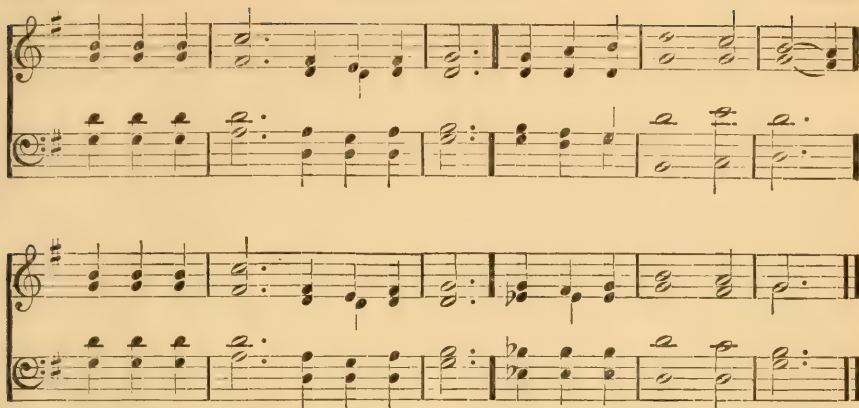
26 (Second Tune.)

ANGELS. 878747.

G. F. Lumsden.

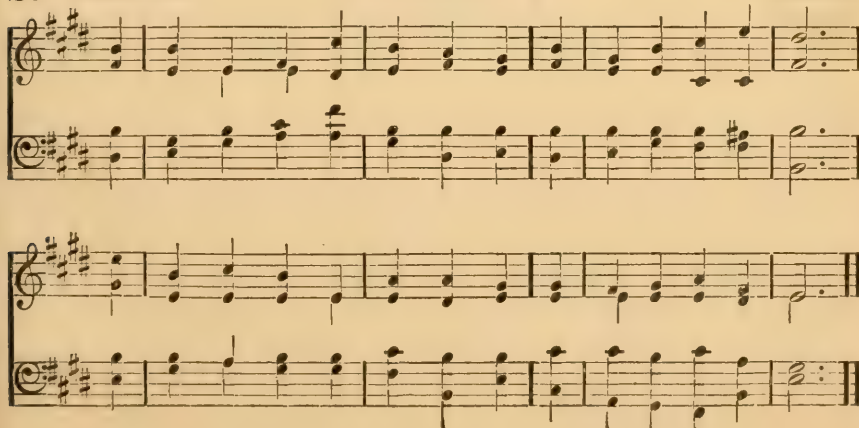
Come and worship, come and worship,
Come and

Worship Christ, the new-born King!

27 (*First Tune.*)**AMBREY. C. M.***S. Webbe.*

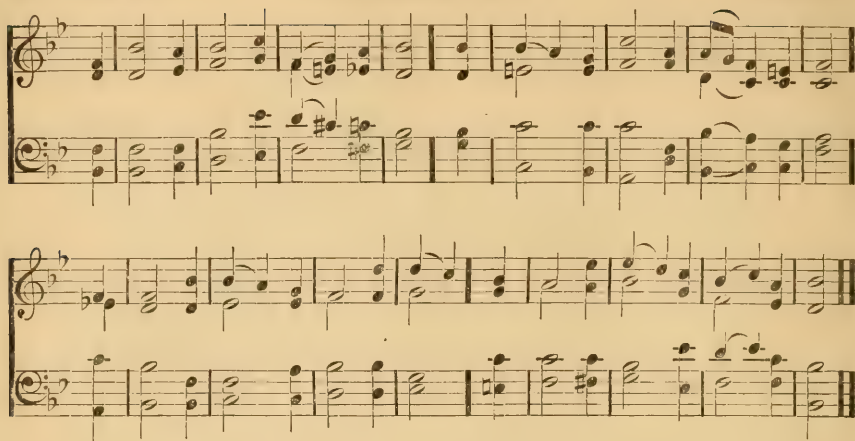
- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-Spring from on high.

- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born! [plains
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

27 (*Second Tune.*)**ST. FULBERT. C. M.***H. J. Gauntlett.*

28 (First Tune.)

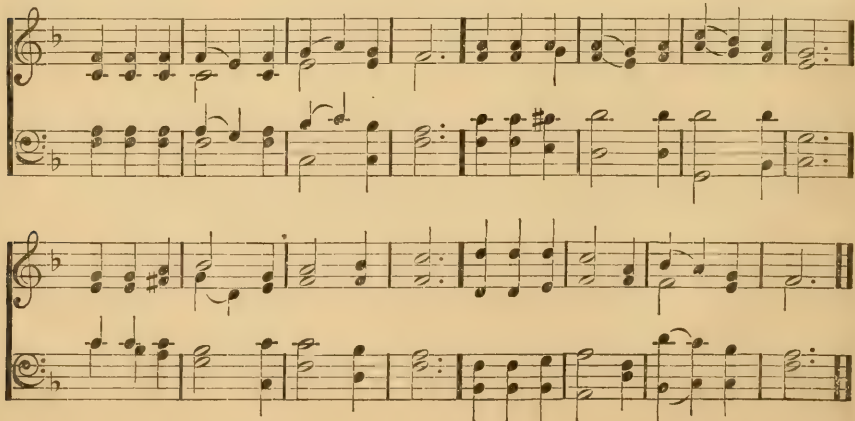
BEETHOVEN. L. M.

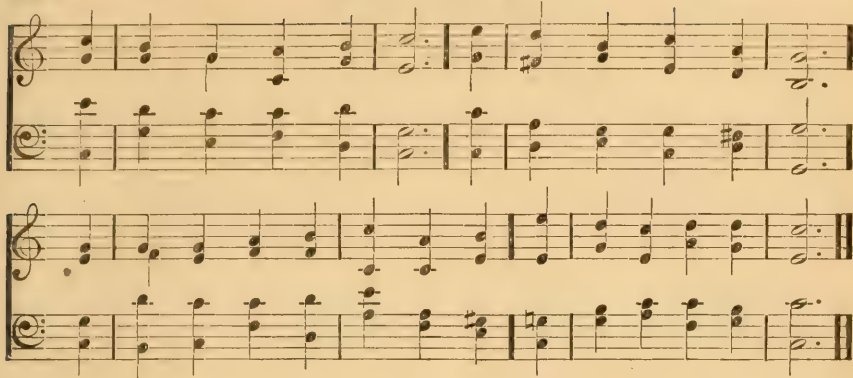
Beethoven.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O CHRIST, Redeemer of our race,
Thou Brightness of the Father's face,
Of Him, and with Him ever One,
Ere times and seasons had begun.</p> <p>2 Thou, that art very Light of Light,
Unfailing Hope in sin's dark night,
Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pray,
The wide world o'er, this blessed day.</p> <p>3 To-day, as year by year its light
Sheds o'er the world a radiance bright,
One precious truth is echoed on,
"Tis Thou hast saved us, Thou alone."</p> | <p>4 Thou from the Father's throne didst come
To call His banished children home;
And heaven, and earth, and sea, and shore,
His love, Who sent Thee here, adore.</p> <p>5 And gladsome too are we to-day,
Whose guilt Thy blood has washed away;
Redeemed, the new-made song we sing;
It is the birthday of our King.</p> <p>6 O Lord, the virgin-born, to Thee,
Eternal praise and glory be,
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.</p> |
|---|---|

28 (Second Tune.)

HURSLEY. L. M.

Huguenot Melody.

29 (*First Tune.*)**NARENZA. S. M.***Eastern Church.*

1 God from on high hath heard;
Let sighs and sorrows cease;
Lo! from the opening heaven descends
To man the promised peace.

2 Hark! through the silent night
Angelic voices swell,
Their joyful songs proclaim that "God
Is born on earth to dwell."

3 See how the shepherd band
Speed on with eager feet;
Come to the hallowed cave with them,
The Holy Babe to greet.

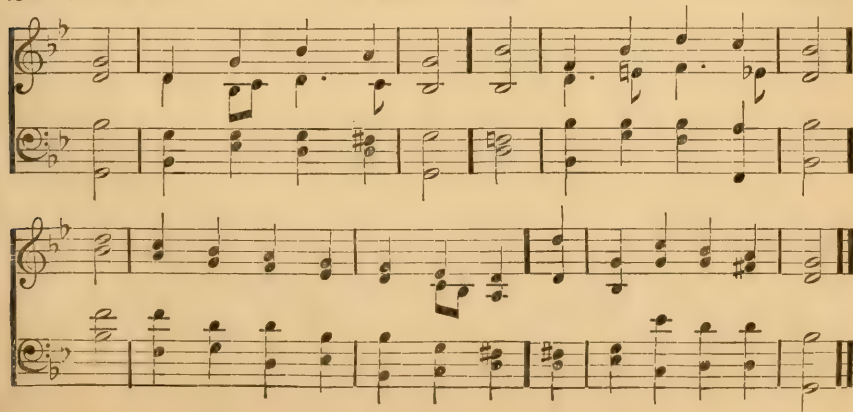
4 But, oh, what sight appears
Within that lowly door!
A manger, stall and swaddling clothes,
A Child and mother poor!

5 Art Thou the Christ? the Son,
The Father's Image bright?
And see we Him, Whose arm upholds
Earth and the starry height?

6 Yea, faith can pierce the cloud
Which veils Thy glory now;
We hail Thee God, before Whose throne
The angels prostrate bow.

7 A silent Teacher, Lord,
Thou bidst us not refuse,
To bear what flesh would have us shun,
To shun what flesh would choose.

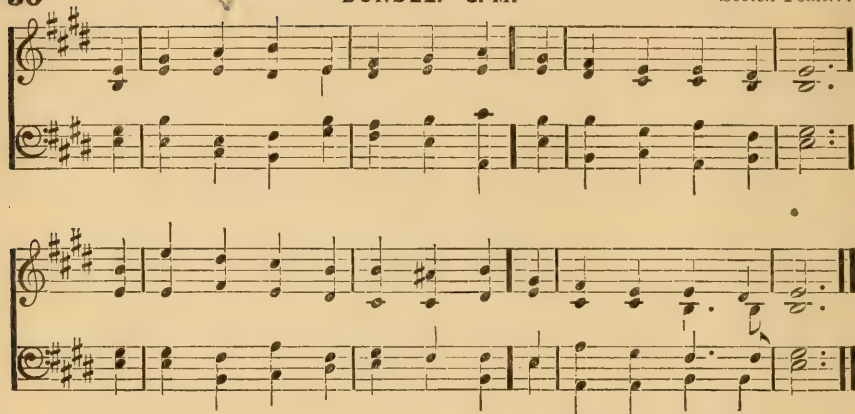
8 Our sinful pride to cure,
With that pure love of Thine,
O, be Thou born within our hearts,
Most Holy Child Divine.

29 (*Second Tune.*)**ST. BRIDE. S. M.***Dr. Howard.*

CLOSE OF YEAR.

30

DUNDEE. C. M.

Scotch Psalter.

1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

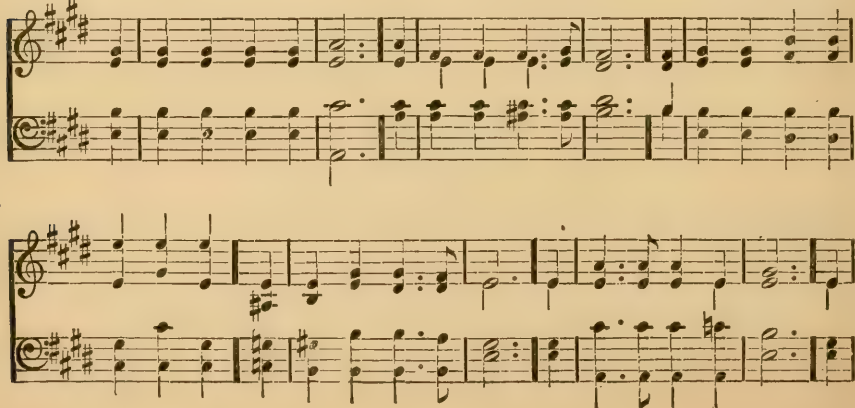
4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

31 (*First Tune.*)

BASIL. S. M. D.

G. W. Martin.



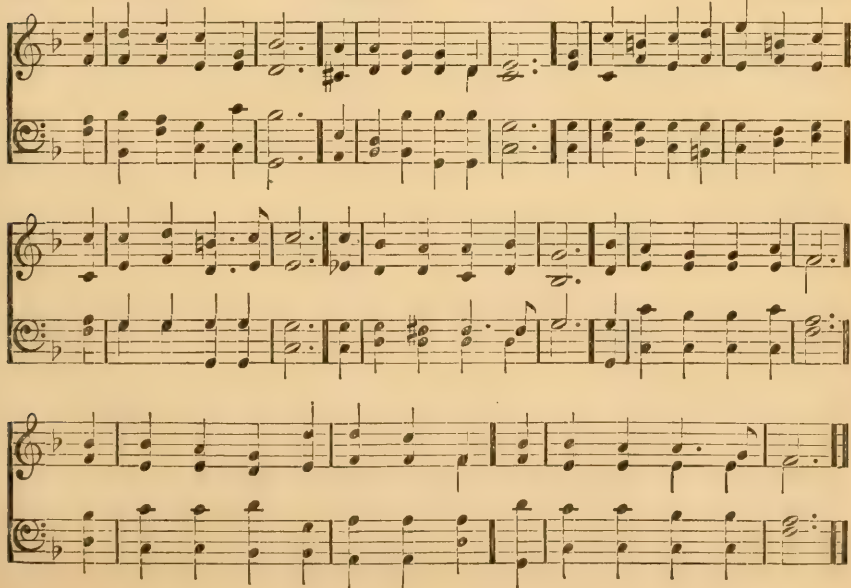
- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not;
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:

- Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

31 (Second Tune.)

CHALVEY. S. M. D.

L. G. Hayne.

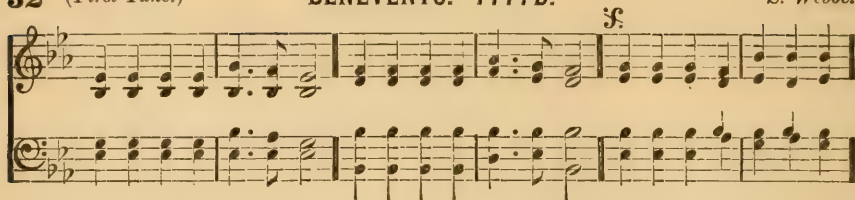


NEW YEAR.

32 (First Tune.)

BENEVENTO. 7777D.

S. Webbe.



Fine.

D. S.



1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below:
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;

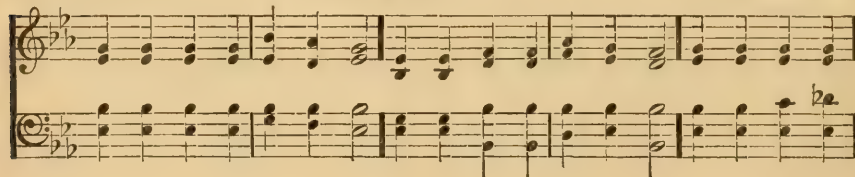
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.

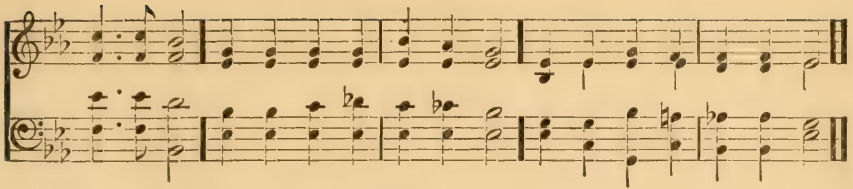
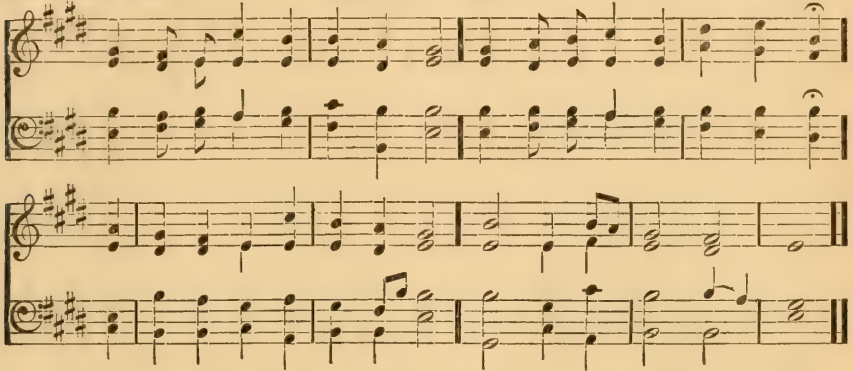
3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view:
 Bless Thy word to young and old;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

32 (Second Tune.)

BLUMENTHAL. 7777D.

Blumenthal.



**33** (*First Tune.*)**BALFOUR. 8886.***Balfour.*

1 I TAKE my pilgrim staff anew,
Life's path untrodden to pursue;
Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view,
"My times are in Thy hand!"

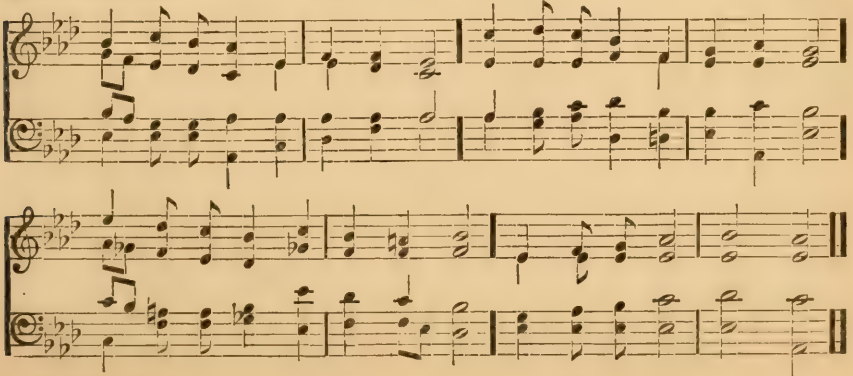
2 Throughout the year, my heavenly Friend,
On Thy blest guidance I depend;
From its commencement to its end
"My times are in Thy hand!"

3 Should comfort, health and peace be mine,
Should hours of gladness on me shine,
Then let me trace Thy love divine;
"My times are in Thy hand!"

4 But should'st Thou visit me again
With languor, sorrow, sickness, pain,
Still let this thought my hope sustain,
"My times are in Thy hand!"

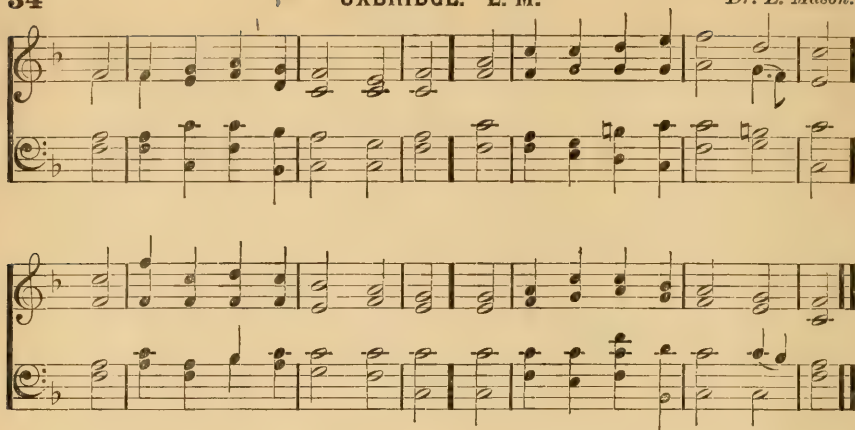
5 Thy smile alone makes moments bright,
That smile turns darkness into light;
This thought will soothe grief's saddest
"My times are in Thy hand!" {night,

6 That hand my steps will gently guide
Over the Jordan's swelling tide,
To Jesus on the heavenward side,
"My times are in Thy hand!"

33 (*Second Tune.*)**PERPETUA. 8886.***J. T. Cooper.*

34

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

1 GREAT God! we sing Thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,

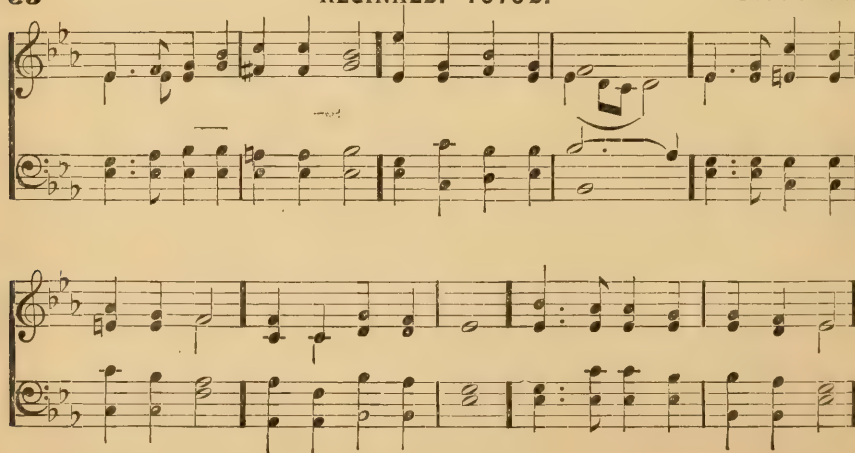
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

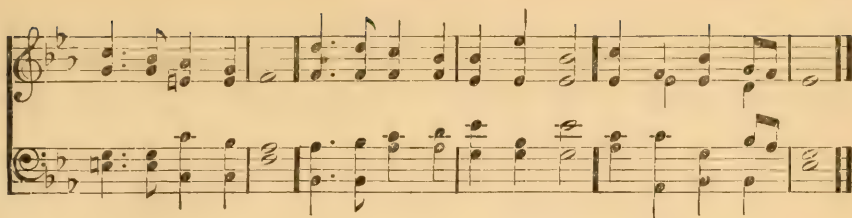
4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in Whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

35

REGINALD. 7575D.

R. F. Coules.



1 FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be :
Not from sorrow, pain or care ;
Freedom dare I claim ;
This alone shall be my prayer :
"Glorify Thy Name."

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live ?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give ?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

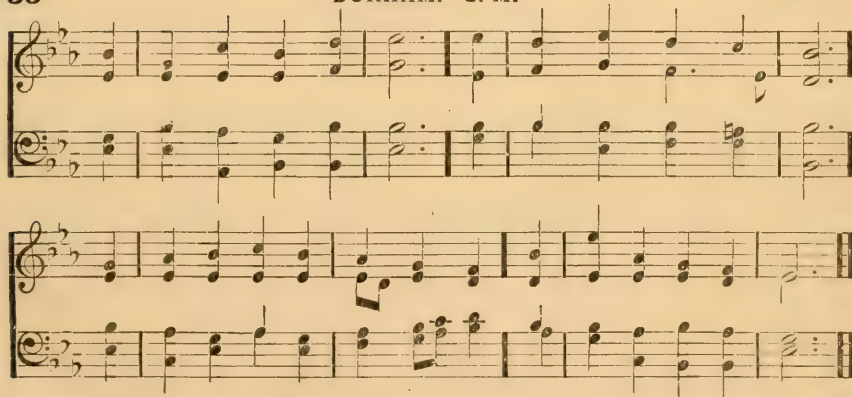
3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine ;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine ;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadows come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home ;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on :
"Glorify Thy Name."

CIRCUMCISION.

36

DURHAM. S. M.

German.

1 THE ancient law departs,
And all its terrors cease ;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.

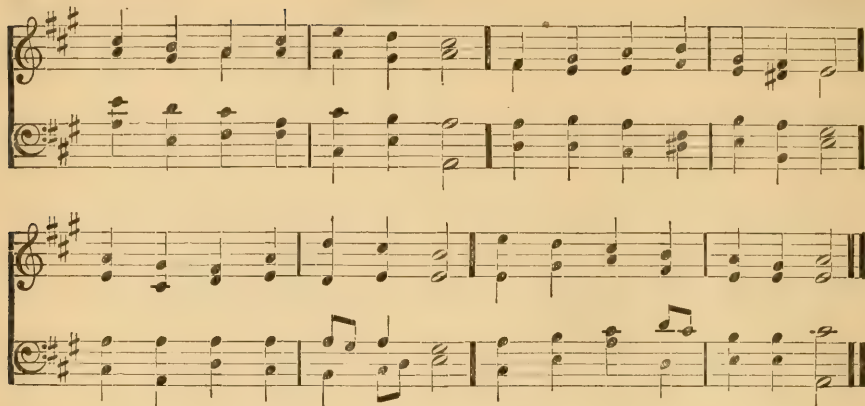
2 The Light of light Divine,
True Brightness undefiled,

He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless Child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee ;
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine !
Our Jesus deign to be.

37 (*First Tune.*)

VIENNA. 7777.

J. H. Knecht.

1 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! Name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall his people save."

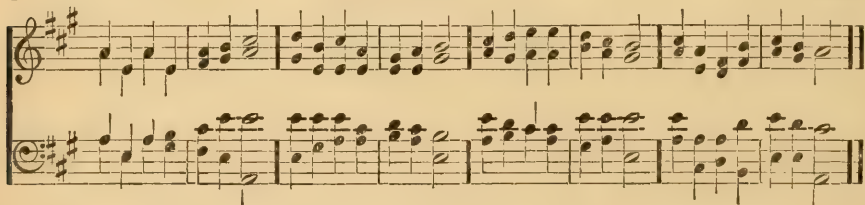
4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

5 Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only tillis we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

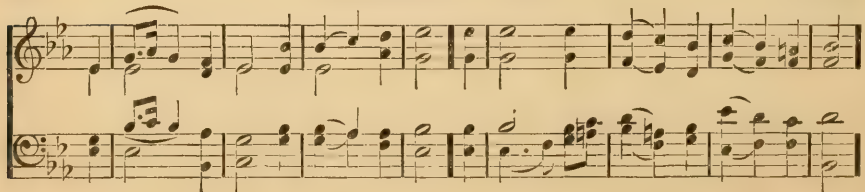
37 (*Second Tune.*)

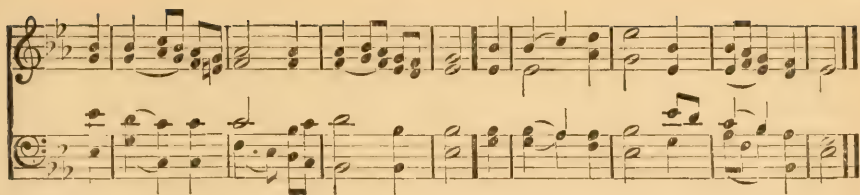
EPHRAIM. 7777.

H. J. Leslie.

38

STONEFIELD. L. M.

J. Stanley.



1 O BLESSED day when first was poured
The blood of our Redeeming Lord!
O blessed day when first began
His sufferings borne for sinful man.

2 Scarce entered on this life of woe,
His infant blood begins to flow;
A foretaste of His death He feels,
An earnest of His love reveals.

3 From heaven descending to fulfill
The bidding of His Father's will,

An offering even now He lies
Before the day of sacrifice.

4 For love of us His woes begin;
The Sinless suffers for our sin;
The Law's great Maker for our aid
Obedient to the Law is made.

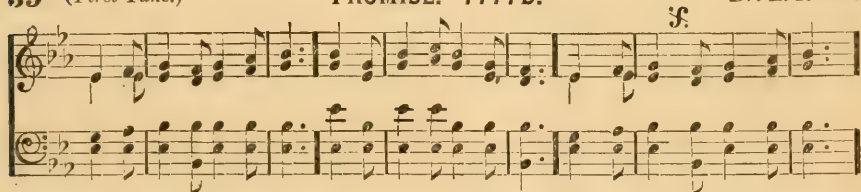
5 Lord, circumcise our hearts we pray,
And take what is not Thine away;
Write Thine own Name within our hearts,
Thy law upon our inmost parts.

EPIPHANY.

39 (First Tune.)

PROMISE. 7777D.

Dr. L. Mason.

*Fine.**D.S.*

1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes: it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends,

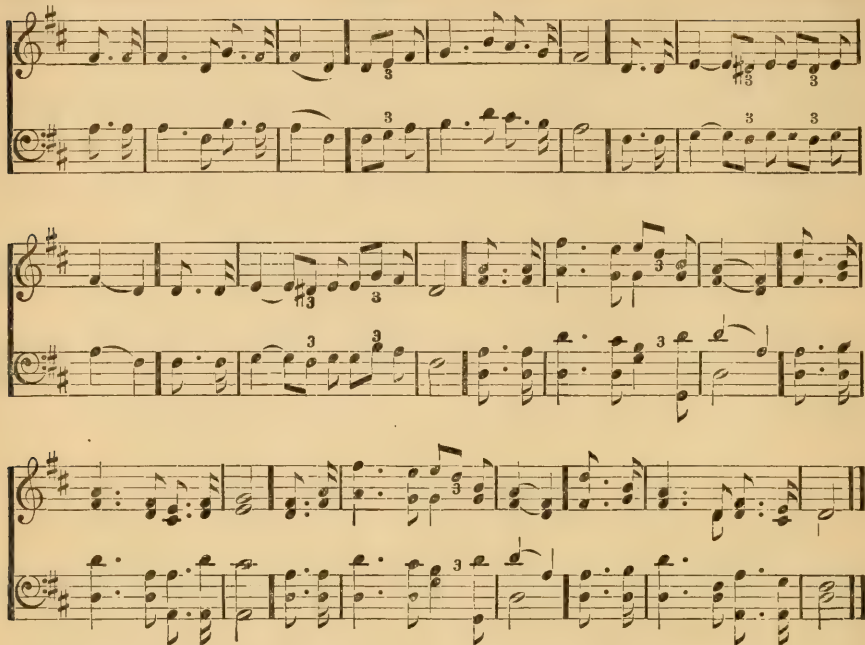
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn,
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

39 (Second Tune.)

REFUGE. 7777D.

J. P. Holbrook.



- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
 See that glory-beaming star.
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveler, yes: it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.

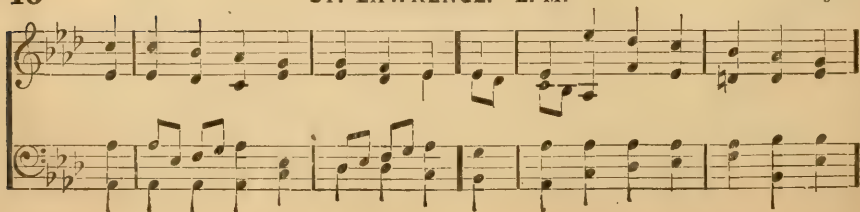
Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveler, ages are its own;
 See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

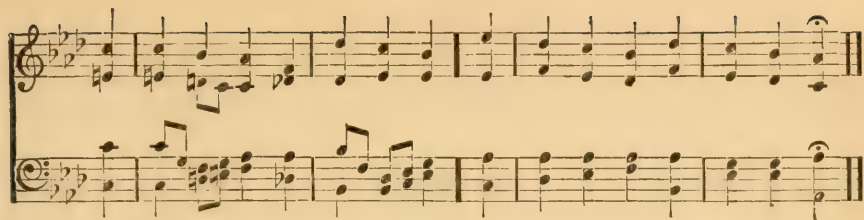
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn,
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

40

ST. LAWRENCE. L. M.

L. G. Hayne.



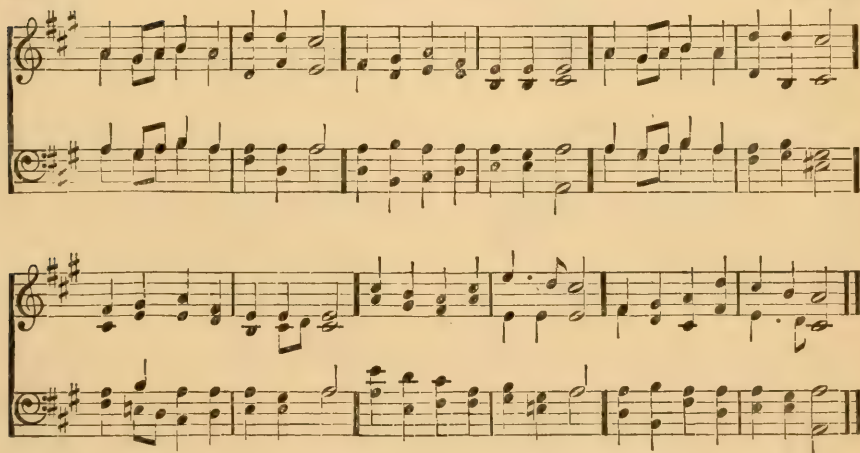


- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.</p> <p>2 Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks;
It is the Star of Bethlehem.</p> | <p>3 It is my guide, my light, my all,
It bids my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It leads me to the port of peace.</p> <p>4 Then, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!</p> |
|--|--|

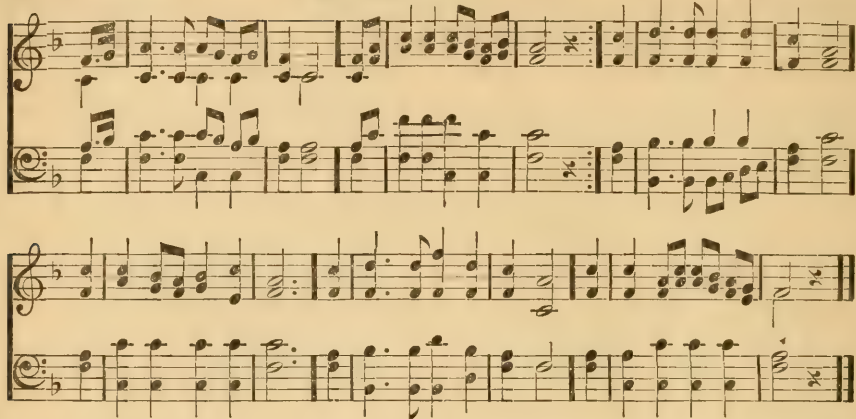
41

DIX. 777777.

C. Kocher.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.</p> <p>2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.</p> | <p>3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.</p> <p>4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.</p> |
|---|---|

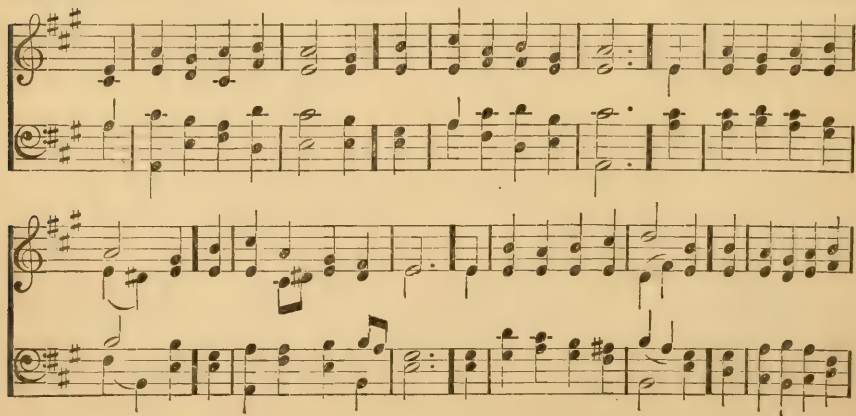
42 (*First Tune.*)**MENDEBRAS. 7676D.***Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.*

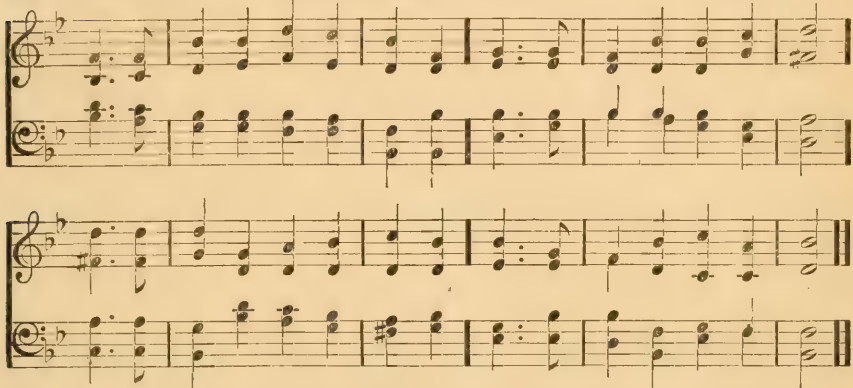
1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free:
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and All-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His Covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
That Name to us is Love.

42 (*Second Tune.*)**ALBANY. 7676D.***St. Alban's Book.*

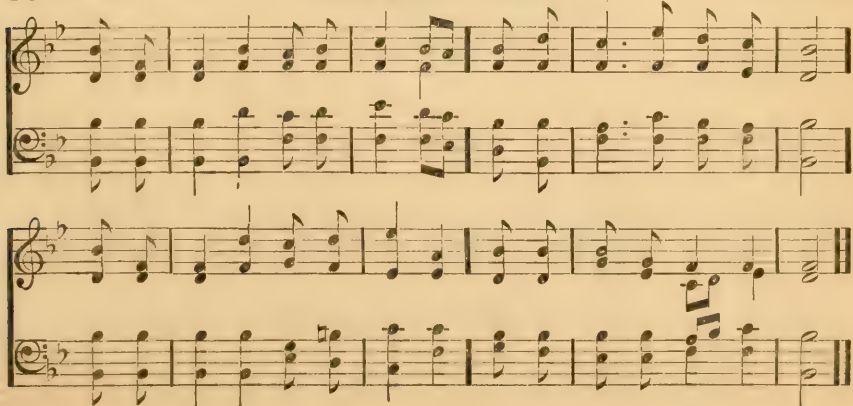
**43** (*First Tune.*)**BARTHOLOMEW. 8787.***A. M. Bartholomew.*

1 BETHLEHEM! of noblest cities,
None can once with thee compare,
Thou alone the Lord from heaven,
Didst for us incarnate bear.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning,
Was the star that told His birth,
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

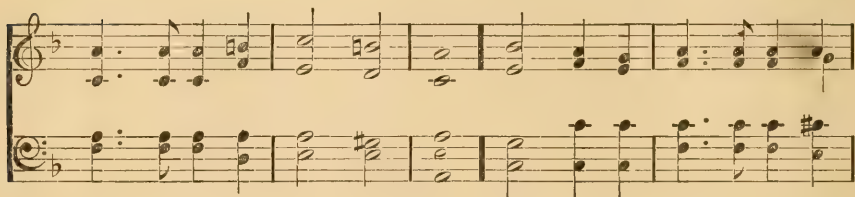
3 By its lambent beauty guided,
Sages from the East appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.

4 Offerings of mystic meaning,
Incense doth the God disclose,
Gold a royal Child proclaimeth,
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

43 (*Second Tune.*)**STOCKWELL. 8787.***D. E. Jones.*

44 (*First Tune.*)

RUSSIAN HYMN. 10101010.

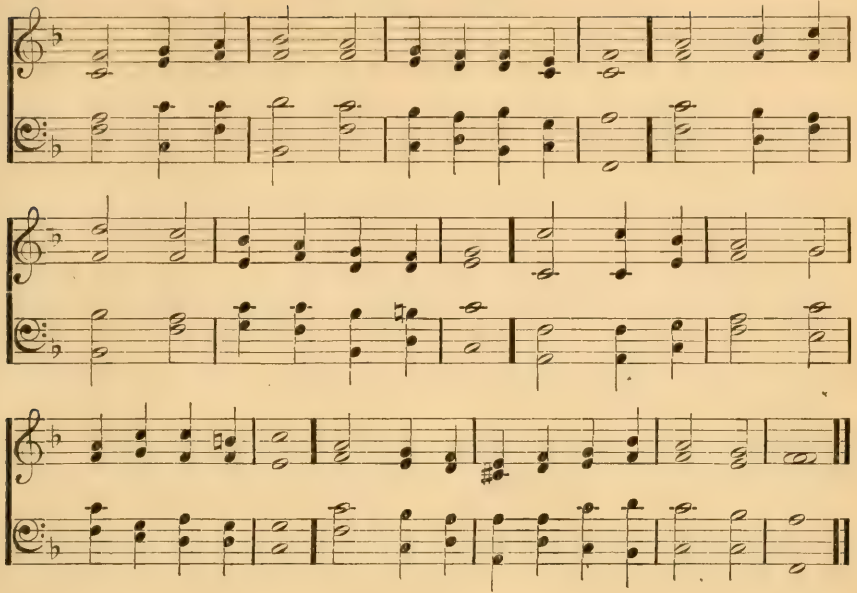
A. Lvoff.

- 1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes:
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The sea shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

44 (*Second Tune.*)

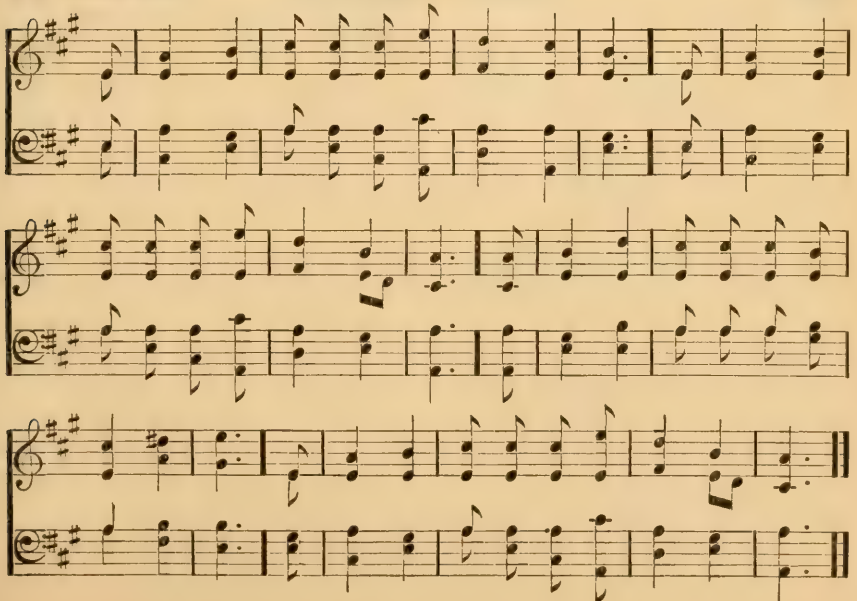
TOULON. 10101010.

C. Goudimel.

44 (*Third Tune.*)

SAVANNAH. 10101010.

Ig. Pleyel.



45

ST. GEORGE. 7777D.

Sir G. Elvey.

Al - le - lu - ia.

1 Songs of thankfulness and praise,
 Jesus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
 Manifested by the star
 To the sages from afar,
 Branch of royal David's stem,
 In Thy birth at Bethlehem;
 Anthems be to Thee addressed,
 God in man made manifest.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream
 Prophet, Priest and King supreme,
 And at Cana wedding guest
 In Thy Godhead manifest;
 Manifest in power Divine,
 Changing water into wine,
 Anthems be to Thee addressed,
 God in man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole,
 Palsied limbs and fainting soul,
 Manifest in valiant fight,
 Quelling all the Devil's might;

Manifest in gracious will,
 Ever bringing good from ill,
 Anthems be to Thee addressed,
 God in man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
 Stars shall fall and heavens shall flee;
 Christ will then like lightning shine,
 All will see His glorious sign,
 All will then the trumpet hear,
 All will see the Judge appear,
 Thou by all will be confessed,
 God in man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
 Mirrored in Thy holy Word;
 May we imitate Thee now,
 And be pure, as pure art Thou;
 That we like to Thee may be
 At thy great Epiphany;
 And may praise Thee, ever Blest,
 God in man made manifest.

46 (First Tune.)

EPIPHANY. 11101110.

F. J. Hopkins.



1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning, [aid;
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are
shining, [stall;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean, [mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor
secure;

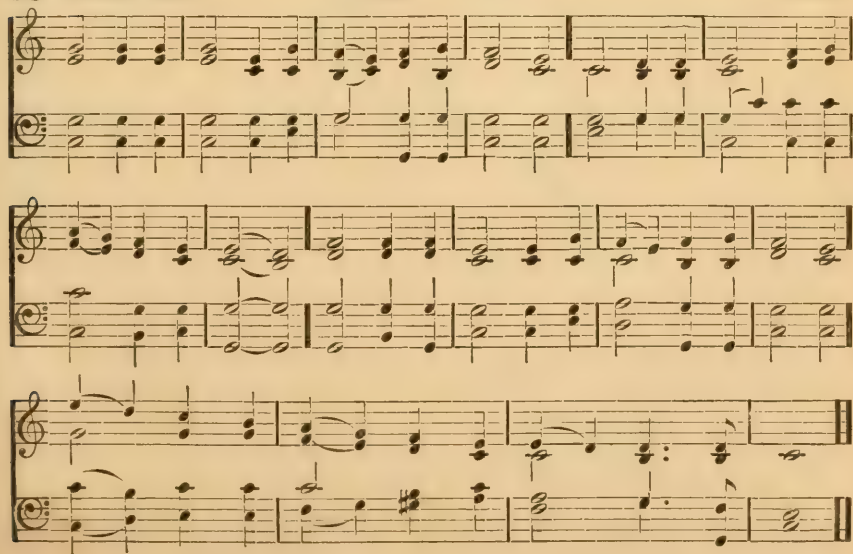
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning, [aid;
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

46 (Second Tune.)

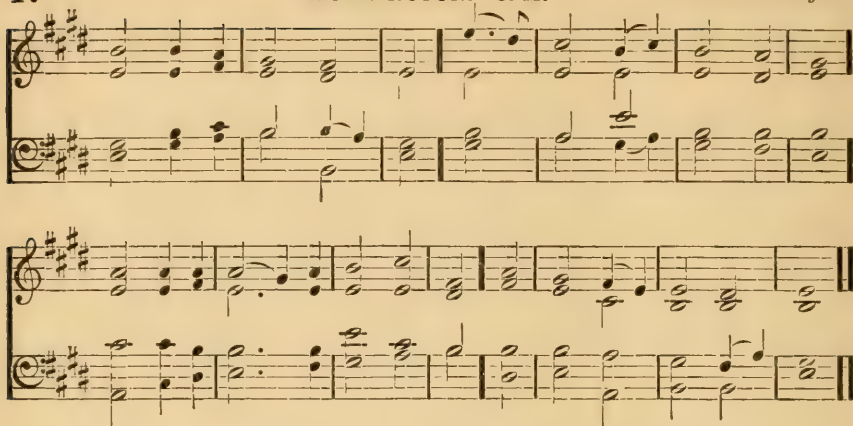
FOLSOM. 11101110.

Mozart.



47

MORNINGTON. S. M.

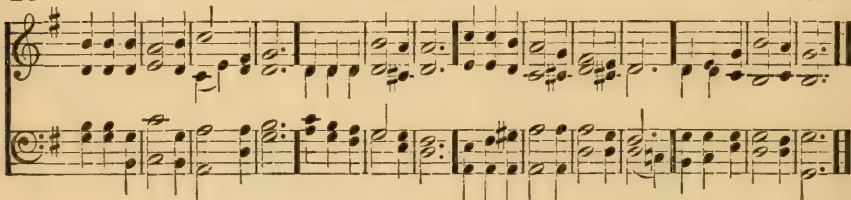
Lord Mornington.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice:
How sweet their tidings are!—
"Sion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

- 4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

48 (*First Tune.*)

ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

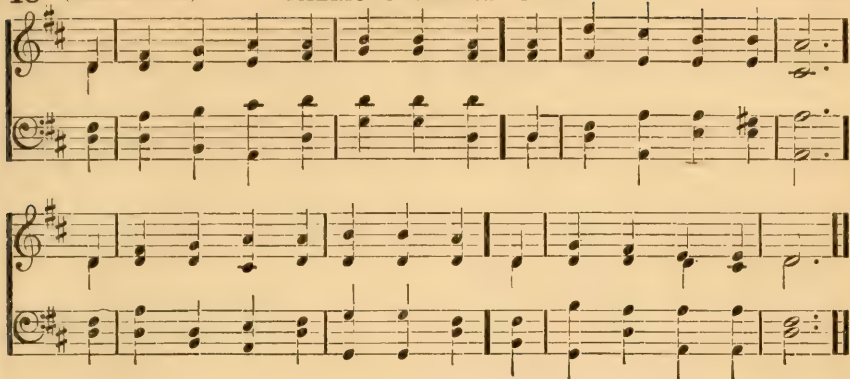
- 1 THE Heavenly Child in stature grows,
And, growing, learns to die;
And still His early training shows
His coming agony.
- 2 The Son of God His glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And He, Who made the heavens, abides
In dwelling-place obscure.
- 3 Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;

- The Maker of the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.
- 4 He, Whom the choirs of angels praise
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys
In deep humility.
- 5 For this Thy lowliness revealed,
Jesus, we Thee adore;
And praise to God the Father yield,
And Spirit evermore.

48 (*Second Tune.*)

TALLIS' ORDINAL. C. M.

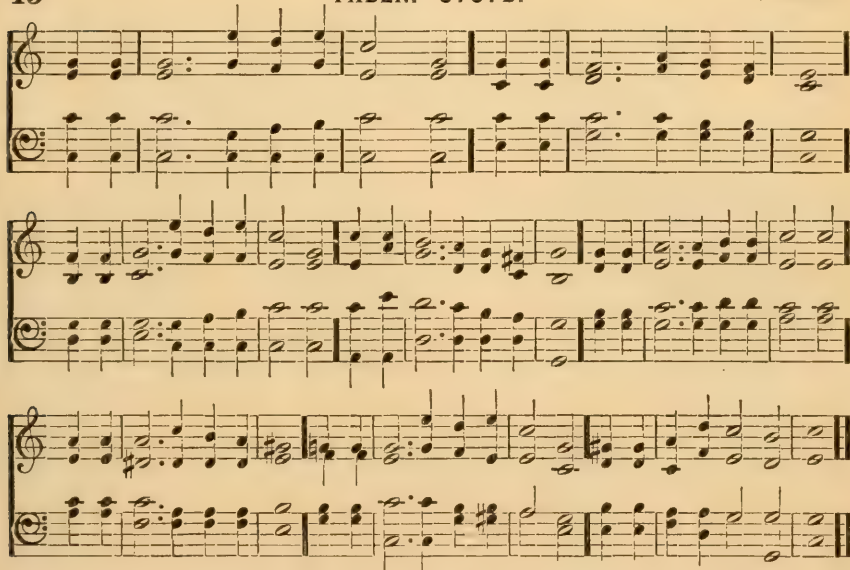
T. Tallis.



49

FABEN. 8787D.

J. H. Willcox.



- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and, by Thyself revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:
 The new Heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise,
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring eyesight on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart:

Come, and manifest the favor
 God hath for our ransomed race;
 Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour,
 Come, and bring the Gospel-grace.

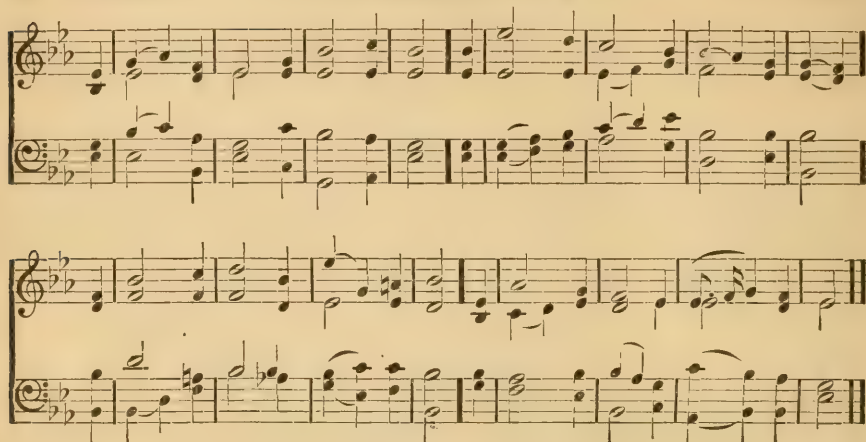
- 3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
 O Thou mild, pacific Prince,
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins;
 By Thine all-restoring merit,
 Every burdened soul release,
 Every weary, wandering spirit
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

ASH WEDNESDAY AND LENT.

50 (First Tune.)

OLD ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. Miller.



- 1 IN prayer together let us fall,
And cry for mercy one and all;
And weep before the Judge, and say,
O turn from us Thy wrath away.
- 2 Thy grace we have offended sore,
By sins, O God, which we deplore;
Pour down upon us, from above,
The riches of Thy pardoning love.
- 3 Remember, Lord, though frail we be,
That yet Thine handiwork are we :

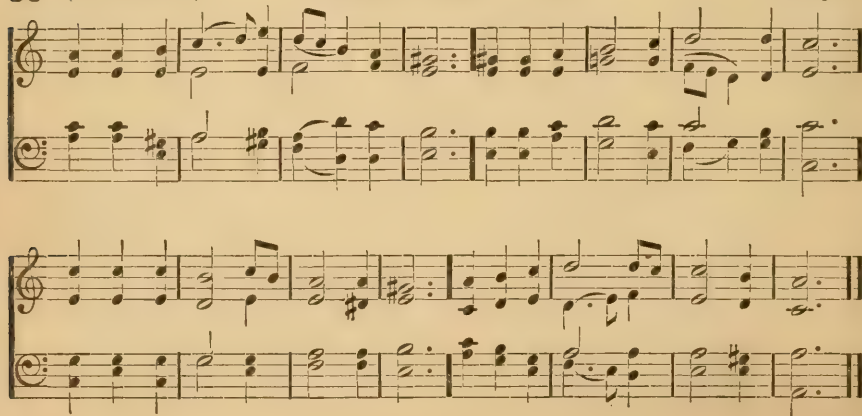
Nor let the honor of Thy Name
Be by another put to shame.

- 4 Forgive the ill that we have wrought,
Increase the good that we have sought;
That we at length, our wanderings o'er,
May please Thee now and evermore.
- 5 Blest Three in One, and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee, [bless
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to
This Lent with fruits of righteousness.

50 (Second Tune.)

CHAPEL ROYAL. L. M.

Dr. Rogers.



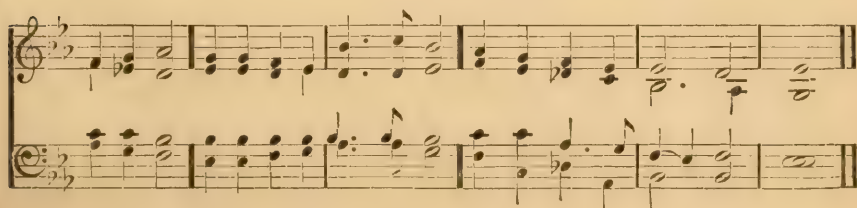
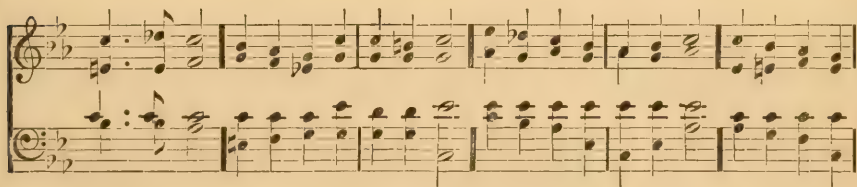
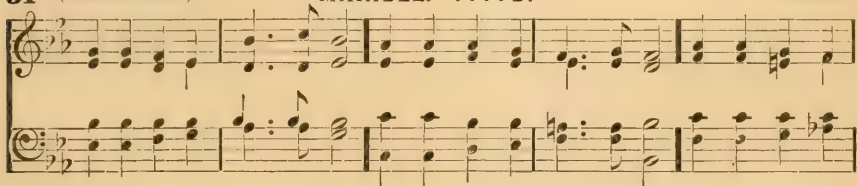
51 (*First Tune.*)**SPANISH HYMN. 7777D.***Spanish Melody.**Fine.**D. C.*

1 SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee,
Low we bow th'adoring knee;
When repentant, to the skies
Scarcely we lift our streaming eyes;
Oh! by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus! look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn Litany.

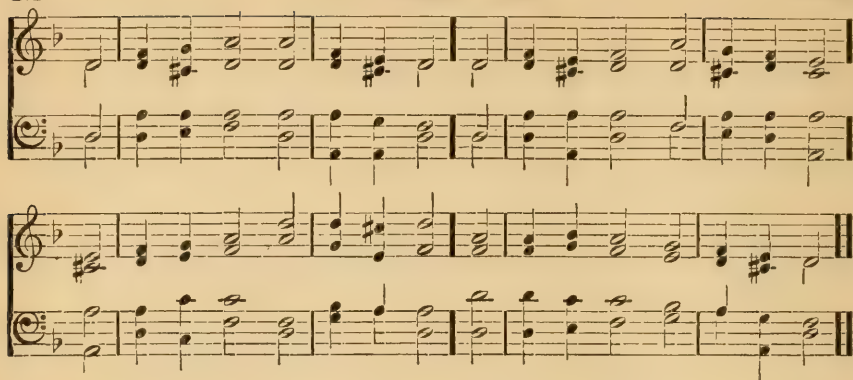
3 By Thy conflict with despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By Thy purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus! look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn Litany.

4 By Thy bright'ning heavens above,
By Thy finished work of love,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord!
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour! hear our cry,
Hear our solemn Litany.

51 (*Second Tune.*)**MARIBEL. 7777D.***A. Sullivan.*

52

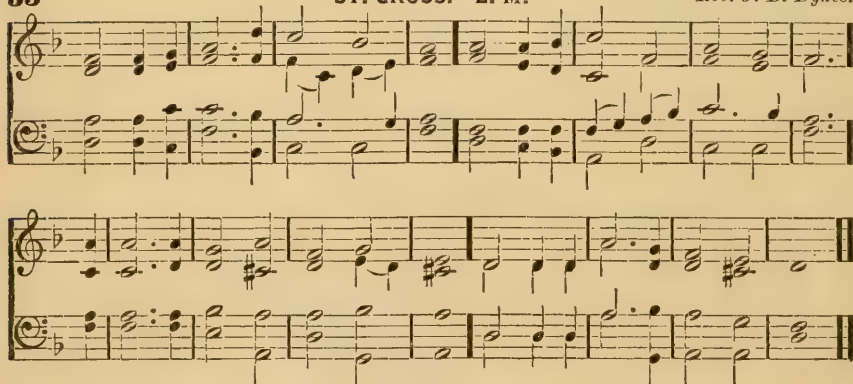
WINDHAM. L. M.

D. Read.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O THOU! to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.</p> <p>2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord! art clean.</p> <p>3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;</p> | <p>No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God! art near.</p> <p>4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus! Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.</p> <p>5 Saviour! where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.</p> |
|--|--|

53

ST. CROSS. L. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and woe.</p> <p>2 Ah! not like erring man is God,
That men to answer Him should dare;
Condemned, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before His bar.</p> | <p>3 There, must a Mediator plead,
Who God and man may both embrace;
With God, for man, to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.</p> <p>4 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crowned;
In Him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In Him thy righteousness be found!</p> |
|--|--|

54 (First Tune.)

AUTUMN. 8787D.

Spanish Melody.

- 1 God of mercy and compassion!
 Look with pity on my pain;
 Hear a mournful, broken spirit
 Prostrate at Thy feet complain;
 Many are my foes, and mighty;
 Strength to conquer I have none;
 Nothing can uphold my goings,
 But Thy blessèd Self alone.
- 2 Saviour, look on Thy belovèd,
 Triumph over all my foes;
 Turn to heavenly joy my mourning,
 Turn to gladness all my woes:

Live or die, or work or suffer,
 Let my weary soul abide,
 In all changes whatsoever,
 Sure and steadfast by Thy side.

- 3 When temptations fierce assault me,
 When my enemies I find,
 Sin and guilt, and death and Satan,
 All against my soul combined;
 Hold me up in mighty waters,
 Keep my eyes on things above,
 Righteousness, divine Atonement,
 Peace, and everlasting Love.

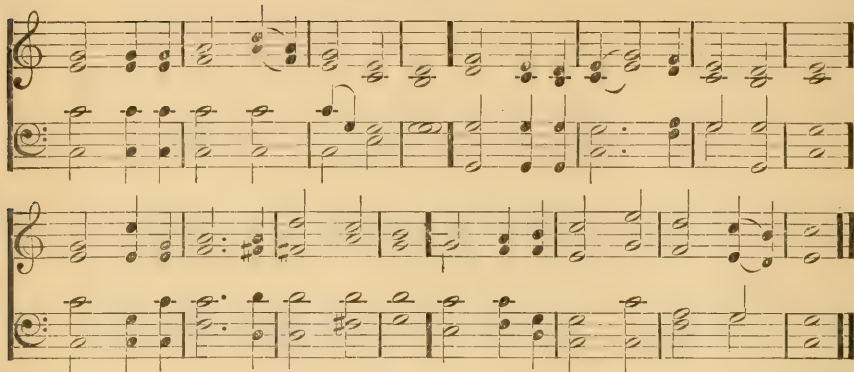
54 (Second Tune.)

MIDDLETON. 8787D.

Anon.
Fine.

55

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.

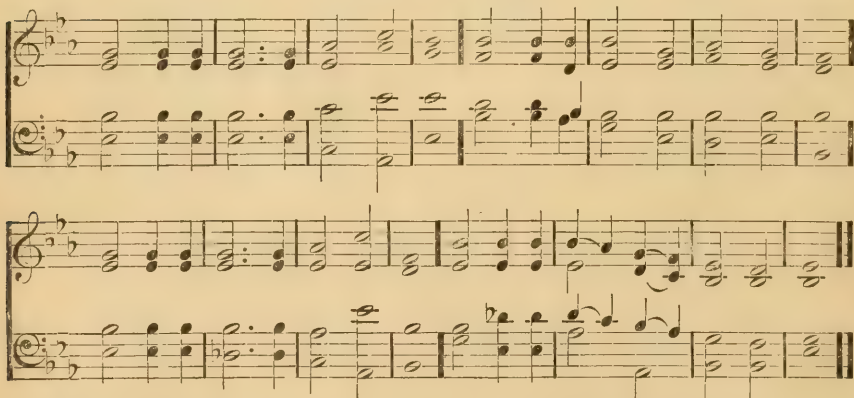
- 1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord! I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
Oh God! be merciful to me.
- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea;
Oh God! be merciful to me.
- 3 Far off I stand, with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;

But Thou dost all my anguish see;
Oh God! be merciful to me.

- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
Oh God! be merciful to me.
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell;
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

56

SUMNER. L. M.

H. W. Greatorex.

- 1 JESUS! the sinner's friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself and sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in.
- 2 Pity and save my ruined soul;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am, till Thou art mine.

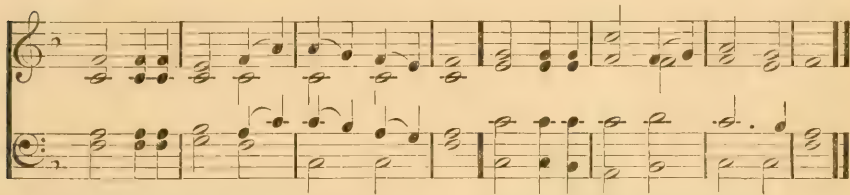
3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee:
Here, then, to Thee, I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

- 4 What can I say Thy grace to move?
Lord! I am sin, but Thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord! I am lost, but Thou hast died!

57

ILLA. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free,

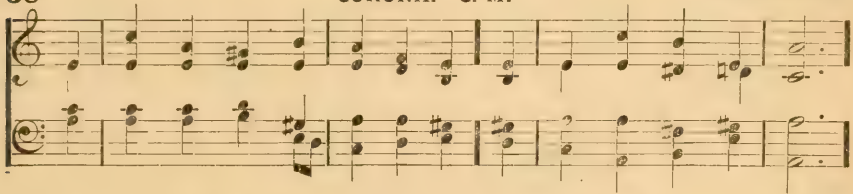
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

- 4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed
The labor of Thy dying love. [blood,
- 5 I would, but Thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

58

CORONA. C. M.

Eastern Church.



- 1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of His word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?

And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

- 4 Almighty grace, Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore:
O keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

59 (First Tune.)

PENITENCE. 76767876.

W. H. Oakeley.

1 JESUS, let Thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep;
 False to Thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain, like Peter, weep:
 Let me be by grace restored,
 On me be all its freeness shown:
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in Thy gracious eye;

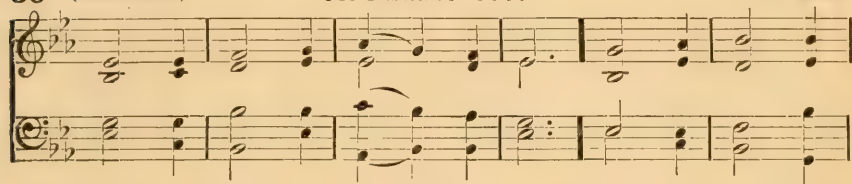
Speak the reconciling word,
 And let Thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

3 Look, as when Thy pitying eye
 Was closed, that we might live;
 "Father," at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasped, "forgive!"
 Surely with that dying word, [done!]
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis
 O my loving, bleeding Lord,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

59 (Second Tune.)

ATONEMENT. 76767876.

Bohemian Chorale.

**60** (*First Tune.*)**ST. PHILIP. 777.***W. H. Monk.*

1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

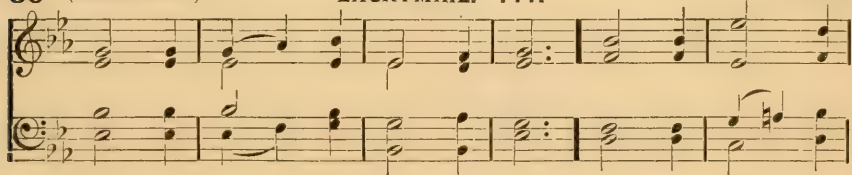
3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die.

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe,
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

60 (*Second Tune.*)**LACRYMAE. 777.***A. Sullivan.*

61 (*First Tune.*)**HOLY CHURCH. 7676D.***A. H. Brown.***1** MY sins, my sins, my Saviour!

They take such hold on me,
I am not able to look up,
Save only, Christ, to Thee,
In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace,
My shadow and my sunshine
The brightness of Thy face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!

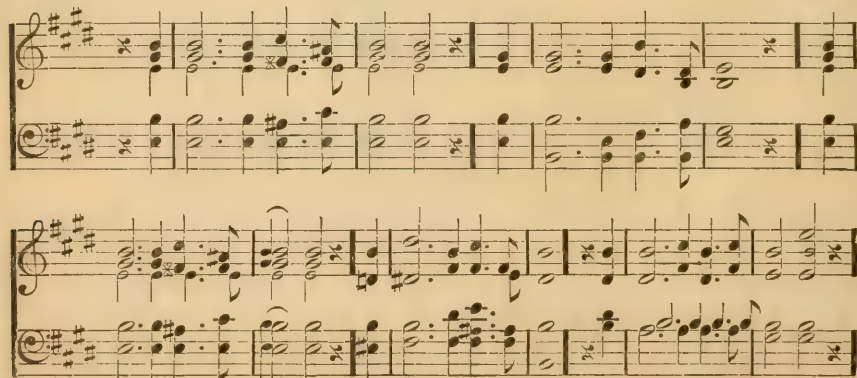
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all;
I know they are forgiven,
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

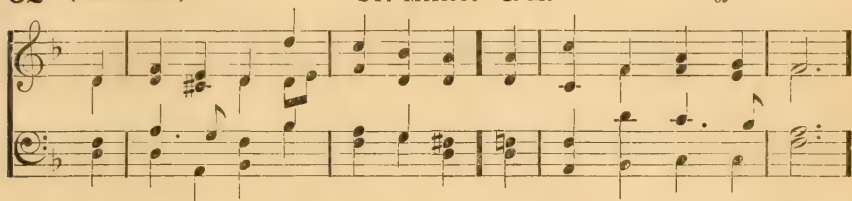
3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!

Their guilt I never knew
Till, with Thee, in the desert
I near Thy Passion drew;
Till, with Thee, in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,

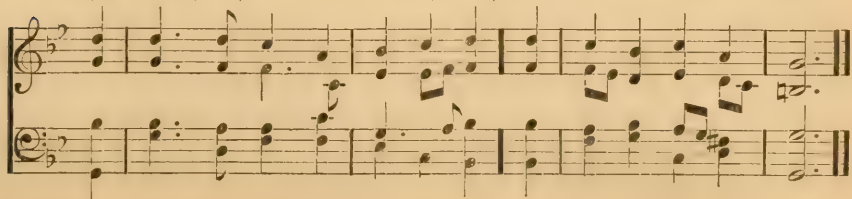
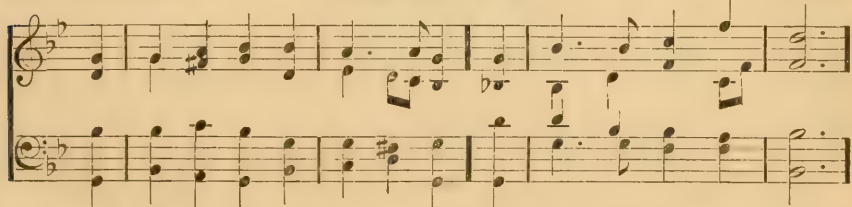
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below:
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

61 (*Second Tune.*)**HODNET. 7676D.***S. Thalberg.*

**62** (*First Tune.*)**ST. MARY. C. M.***Playford's Psalter.*

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 If on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 3 If trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,

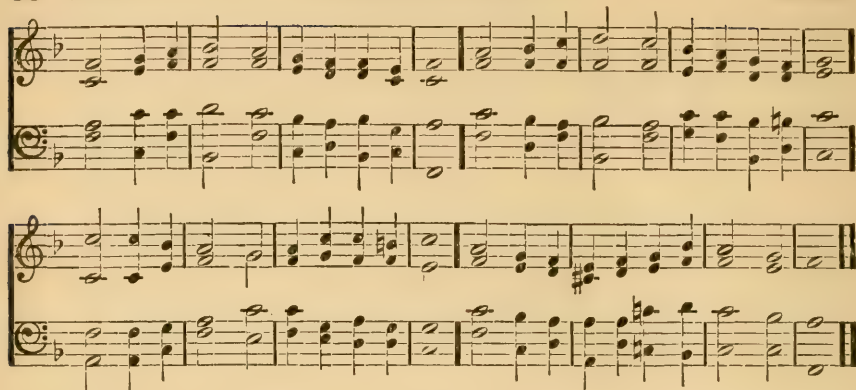
- O let my strength be as my day:
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 If worn with pain, disease and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest and kind relief:
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 And O, when in the hour of death
I bow to Thy decree,
Jesus! receive my parting breath;
Dear Lord, remember me.

62 (*Second Tune.*)**DOWLAND. C. M.***J. Dowland.*

63 (First Tune.)

TOULON. 10101010.

C. Goudimel.

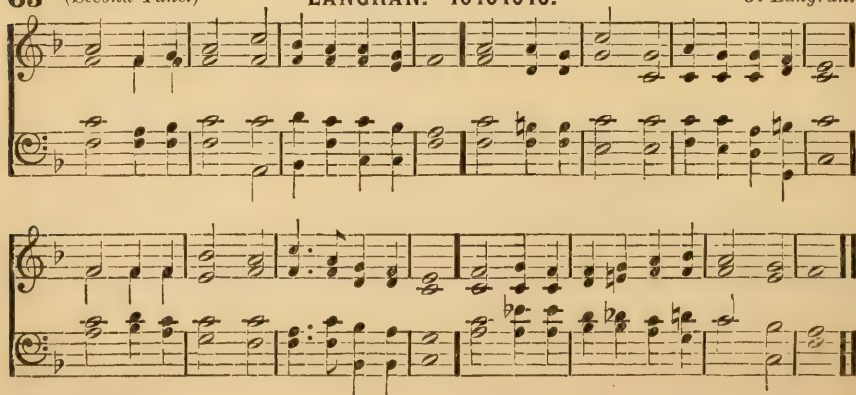


- 1 WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me
"Come."
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne ap-
pear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw
me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly
way,
Evil is ever with me, day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed
from all."
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw
me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the
throne.
- 5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly
wild, [child,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's
And day by day, whereby my soul may
live, [give.
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will
- 6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous
Lord: [reward;
Thine all the merits, mine the great
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the
golden crown, [down,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid

63 (Second Tune.)

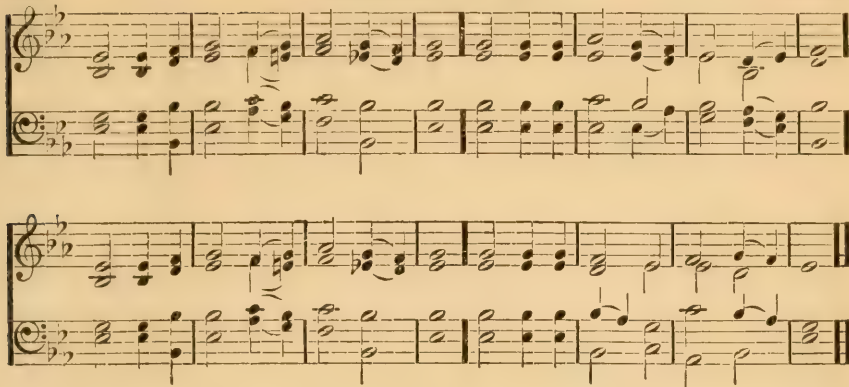
LANGRAN. 10101010.

J. Langran.



64

HAMBURG. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

1 My God! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

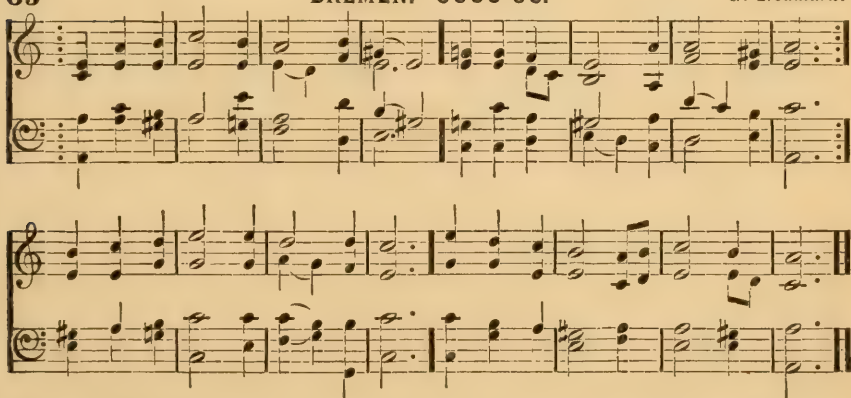
2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?

Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord! can draw me hence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign!

65

BREMEN. 8888-88.

G. Neumark.

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod;
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face:

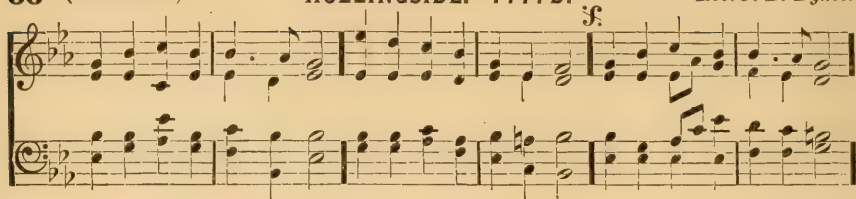
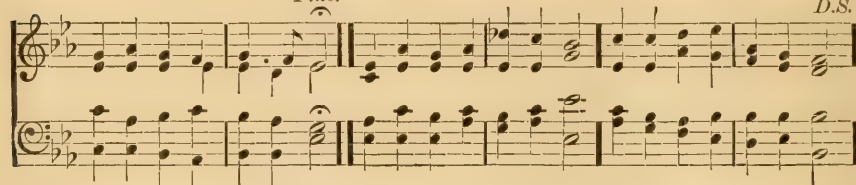
Open Thine arms and take me in:
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore:
O for Thy truth and mercy's sake
Forgive, and bid me sin no more.
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

66 (First Tune.)

HOLLINGSIDE. 7777D.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

*Fine.**D.S.*

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God His wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
 I have long withstood His grace;
 Long provoked Him to His face;
 Would not hearken to His calls;
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

2 Kindled His relentings are;
 Me He now delights to spare;
 Cries, How shall I give Thee up?
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
 There for me the Saviour stands;
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His
 God is love, I know, I feel; [hands:
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

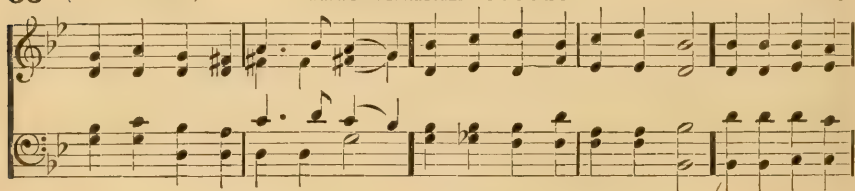
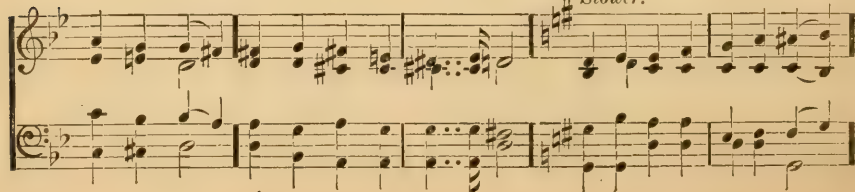
3 Jesus, answer from above,
 Is not all Thy nature love?
 Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
 Lo, I fall before Thy feet.
 If I rightly read Thy heart,
 If Thou all compassion art,
 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow!
 Pardon and accept me now.

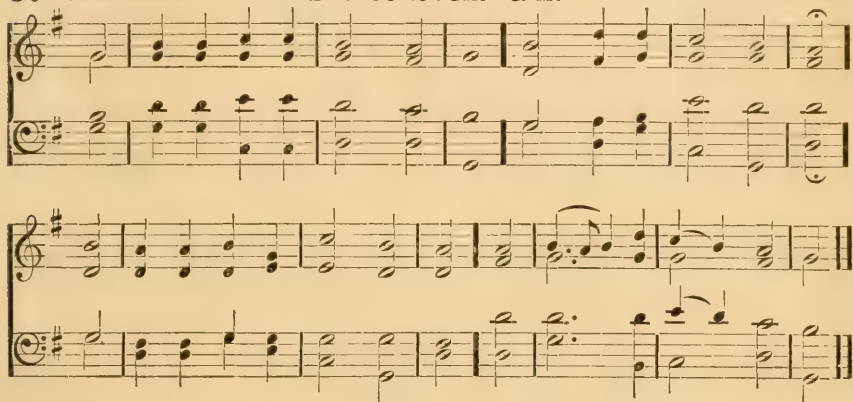
4 Pity from Thine eye let fall;
 By a look my soul recall;
 Now the stone to flesh convert,
 Cast a look and break my heart.
 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my fall lament;
 Deeply my revolt deplore;
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

66 (Second Tune.)

MAGDALENA. 7777D.

J. Barnby.

*Slower.*

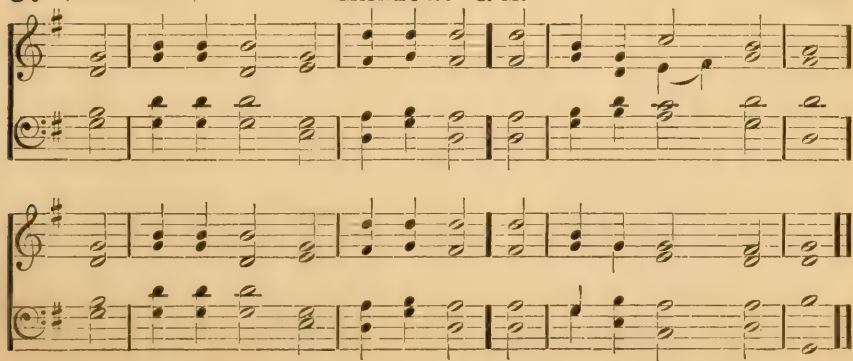
**67** (*First Tune.*)**PETERBOROUGH. C. M.***R. Harrison.*

1 LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

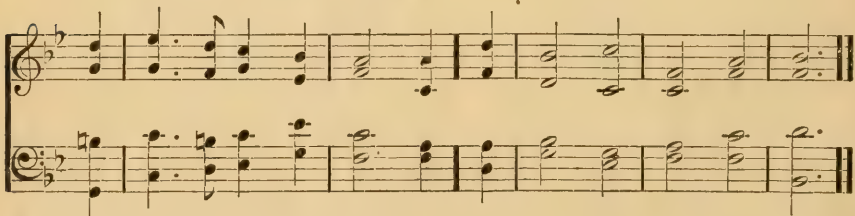
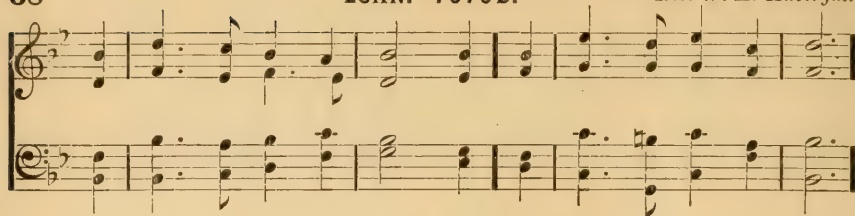
3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
That is not wholly Thine.

4 May faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

67 (*Second Tune.*)**MARLOW. C. M.***Dr. L. Mason.*

68

ZOAN. 7676D.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.

1 COME, faithful shepherd, bind me
 With cords of love to Thee,
 And evermore remind me
 That Thou hast died for me;
 O may the Holy Spirit
 Set this before mine eyes,
 That I Thy death and merit
 Above all else may prize.

2 Am I of my salvation
 Assured through Thy love;
 May I on each occasion
 To Thee more faithful prove;

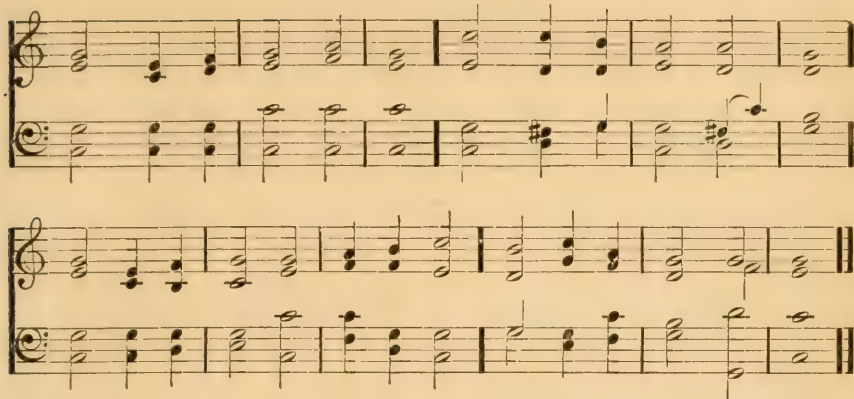
Hast Thou my sins forgiven,
 Then, leaving things behind,
 May I press on to heaven,
 And bear the prize in mind.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake me,
 Though I am oft to blame;
 As Thy reward, oh, take me
 Anew, just as I am;
 Grant me henceforth, dear Saviour,
 While in this vale of tears,
 To look to Thee, and never
 Give way to anxious fears.

69

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
Doth He Himself impart,

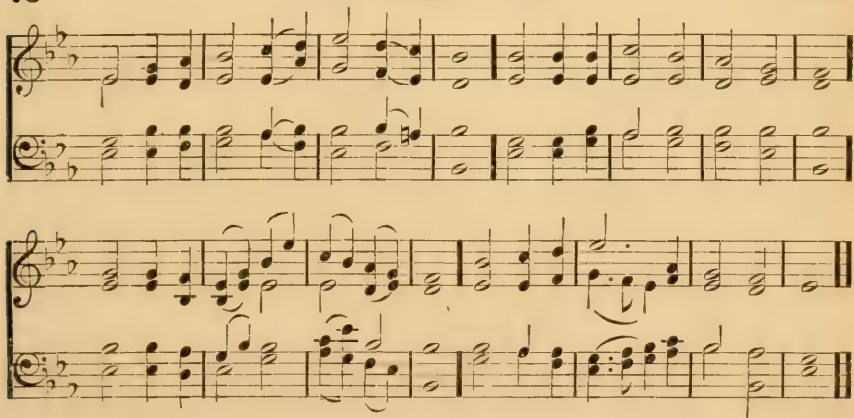
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 Lord! we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

70

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. Hatton.



1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search has
known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 From Thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place does earth afford?
O where can I Thy influence shun,
Or whither from Thy presence run?

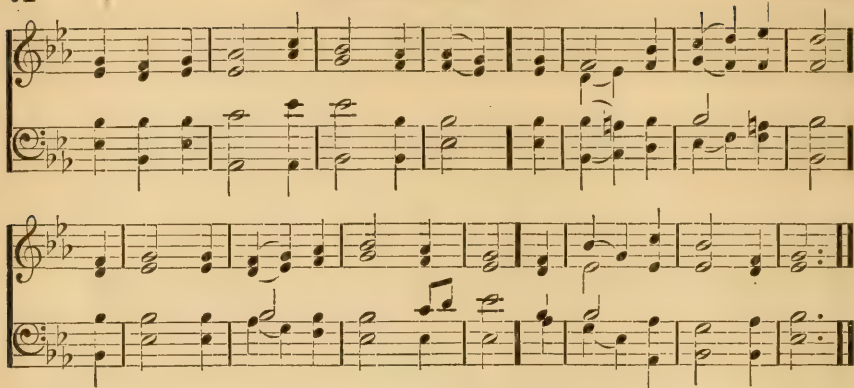
3 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from Thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades Thou findest
Thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and
If mischief lurk in any part; [heart,
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

71

ECKARDTSHEIM. C. M.

C. Zeuner.



1 WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can free the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,

One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

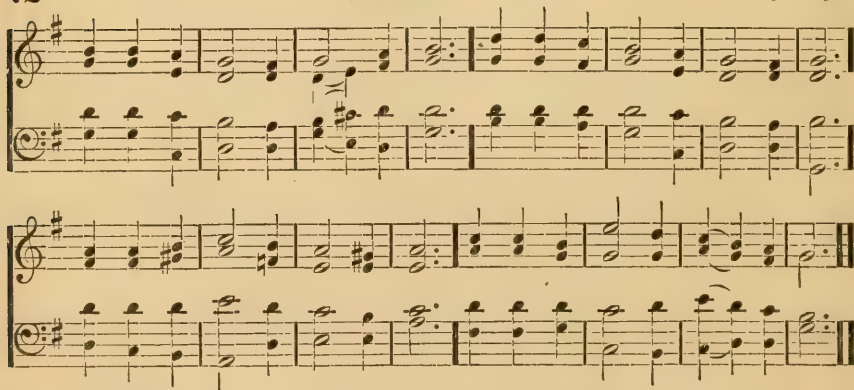
4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief;
His heart that's touched with all our joy
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

72

POLYCARP. L. M.

Ig. Pleyel.



1 LORD JESUS, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.

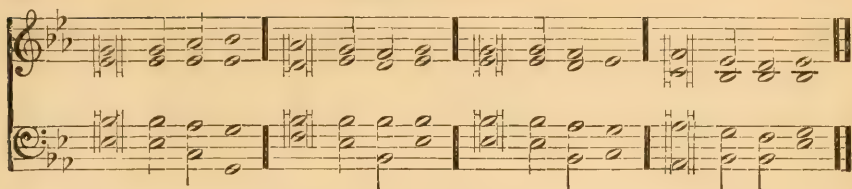
2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love,
The sinful world that lies below!

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

73

TROYTE. NO. 1.

A. H. D. Troyte.

1 God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us Holy Trinity.

2 Father, hear Thy children's call:
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,

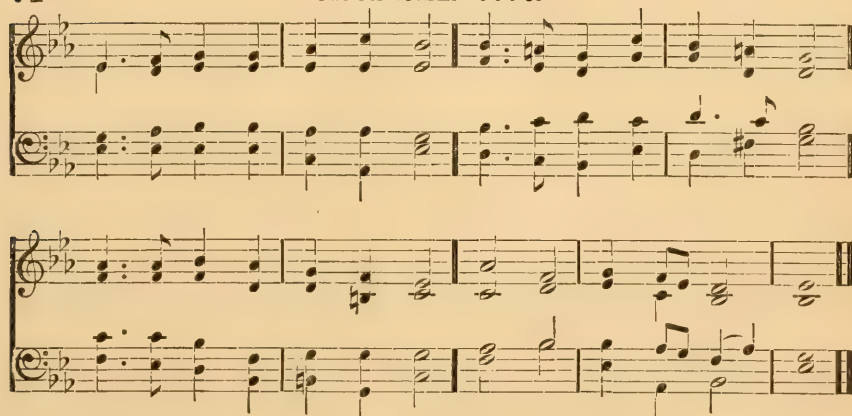
Penitent we breathe Thy name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten, and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

74

ST. JEROME. 7776.

A. H. Brown.

1 THOU, Who leaving crown and throne
Camest here an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save Thine own,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Thou despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgression bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Thou Who on the cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy blood our stain,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 That in Thy pure innocence
We may wash our foul offence,
And find truest penitence,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

5 That to sin forever dead
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

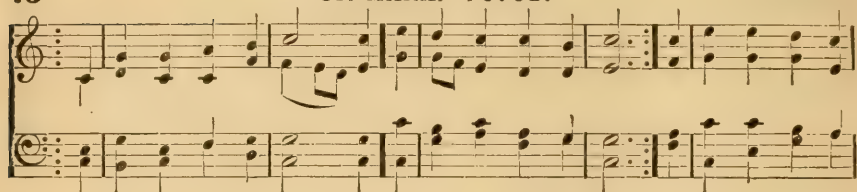
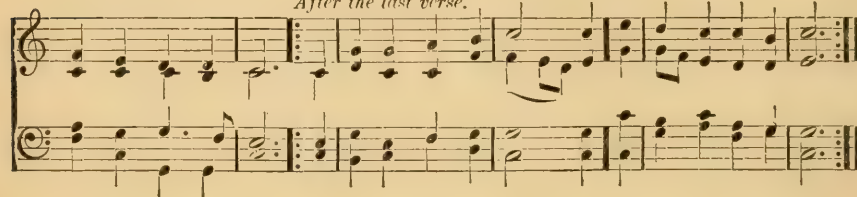
6 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er
Grant Thy peace for evermore,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

PASSION WEEK AND GOOD FRIDAY.

75

ST. MARK. 7676D.

M. Teschner.

*After the last verse.*

1 ALL glory, laud and honor,
 To Thee, Redeemer, King!
 To Whom the lips of children
 Made sweet Hosannas ring.
 Thou art the King of Israel,
 Thou David's royal Son,
 Who in the Lord's name comest,
 The King and Blessed One.

2 All glory, laud and honor,
 To Thee, Redeemer, King!
 To Whom the lips of children
 Made sweet Hosannas ring.
 The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high;
 And mortal men, and all things
 Created, make reply.

3 All glory, laud and honor,
 To Thee, Redeemer, King!
 To Whom the lips of children
 Made sweet Hosannas ring.

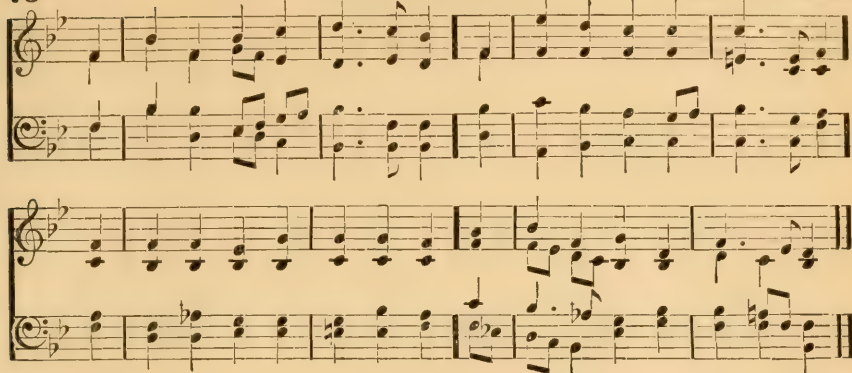
The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went:
 Our praise and prayer and anthems
 Before Thee we present.

4 All glory, laud and honor,
 To Thee, Redeemer, King!
 To Whom the lips of children
 Made sweet Hosannas ring.
 To Thee before thy Passion
 They sang their hymns of praise:
 To Thee, now high exalted,
 Our melody we raise.

5 All glory, laud and honor,
 To Thee, Redeemer, King!
 To Whom the lips of children
 Made sweet Hosannas ring.
 Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, etc.

76

DROSTANE. L. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

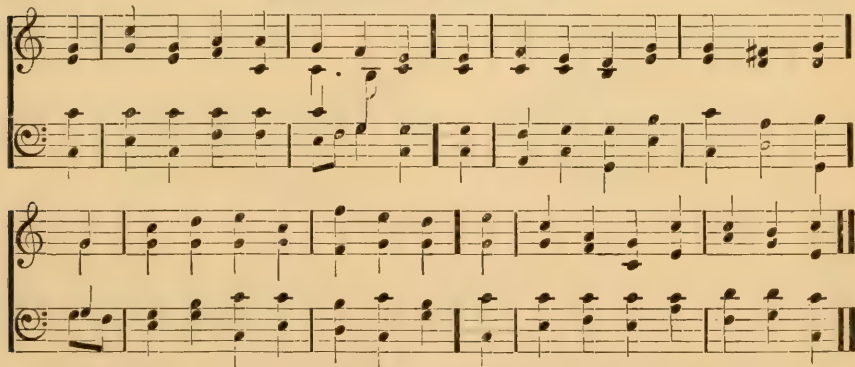
- 1 RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd.
- 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wing'd squadrons of the sky

Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th'approaching sacrifice.

- 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

77

WINCHESTER NEW. L. M.

Crassellius.

- 1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
Sweetly resound from Sion's hill?
- 2 Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings;
The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
- 3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;

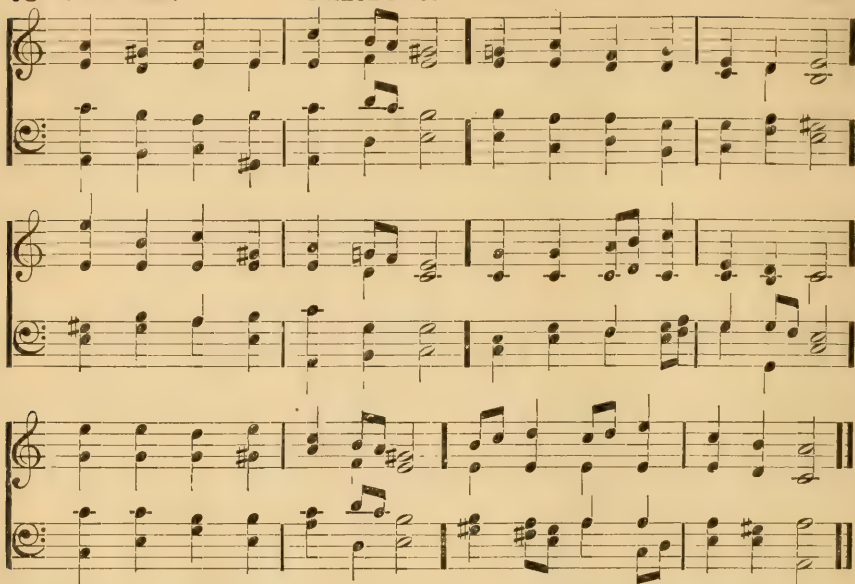
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord their righteousness.

- 4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, He bled for you,
And we will sing Hosanna, too.
- 5 Proclaim Hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear;
Glory and praise on earth be given,
Hosanna in the highest heaven.

78 (First Tune.)

PRESBURG. 777777.

C. E. Bach.



1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned:
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

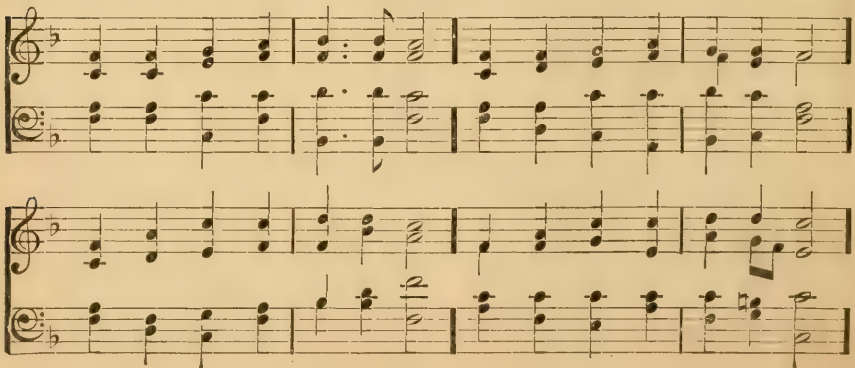
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen—He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

78 (Second Tune.)

DOW. 777777.

R. Redhead.





79 (First Tune.)

AYLESBURY. S. M.

Chetham.



- 1 ARE there no wounds for me !
Hast Thou received them all !
How can I, Lord, the anguish see,
Beneath which Thou didst fall !
- 2 Shedding such tears for me !
Sweating such drops of blood !
That by Thy stripes my soul might be
Saved from the wrath of God !
- 3 'Tis over now, I know—
That suffering life of Thine ;

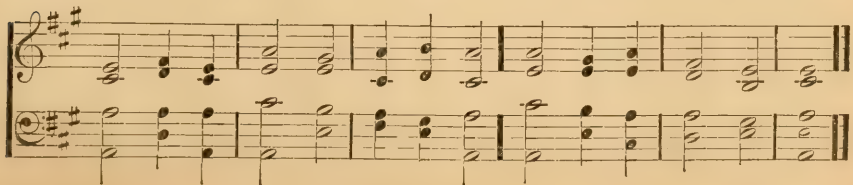
Thy precious blood has ceased to flow,
Thou wear'st Thy crown divine.

- 4 But yet, I weeping see
The thorns which pierced Thy head ;
Thou faint'st beneath Thy cross for me,
For me to death art led !
- 5 Stretched on the cruel tree,
And fastened by my sin—
Lord, at Thy cross, with shame I see
How guilty I have been.

79 (Second Tune.)

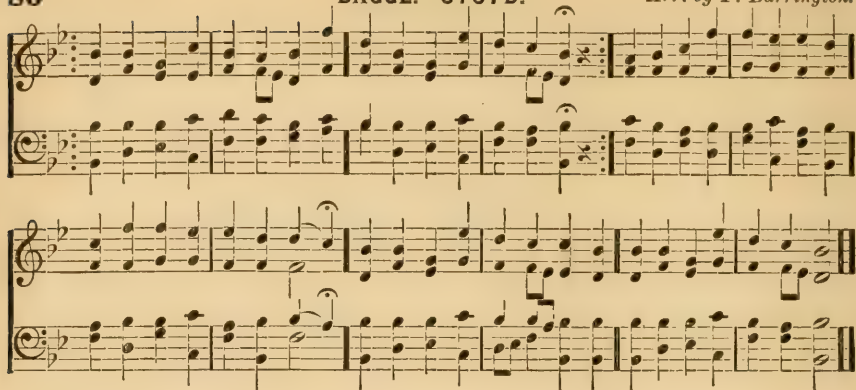
OLMUTZ. S. M

Dr. L. Mason.



80

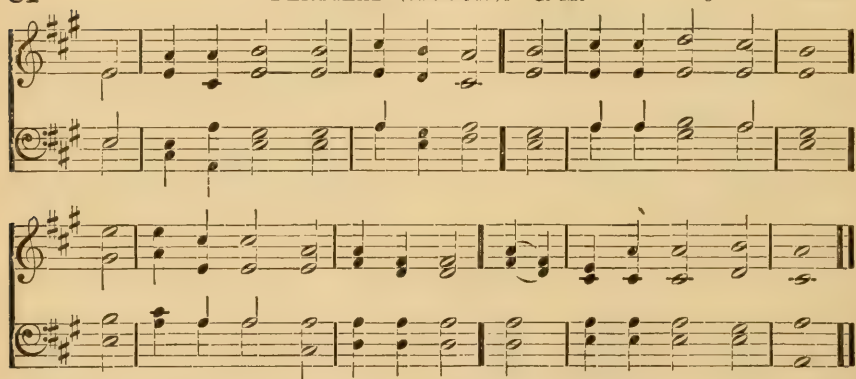
BAGGE. 8787D.

Arr. by F. Barrington.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 GREAT High-priest, we view Theestooing
 With our names upon Thy breast,
 In the garden, groaning, drooping,
 To the ground with horrors pressed:
 Angels saw, struck with amazement,
 Their Creator suffer thus;
 We are filled with deep abasement,
 Since we know 't was done for us.</p> | <p>2 Jesus, to the garden lead us,
 To behold Thy bloody sweat;
 Though Thou from the curse hast freed us,
 May we ne'er the cost forget;
 Be Thy groans and cries rehearsed
 By Thy Spirit in our ears,
 Till we, viewing Whom we piercèd,
 Melt in penitential tears.</p> |
|--|---|

81

DENFIELD (AZMON). C. M.

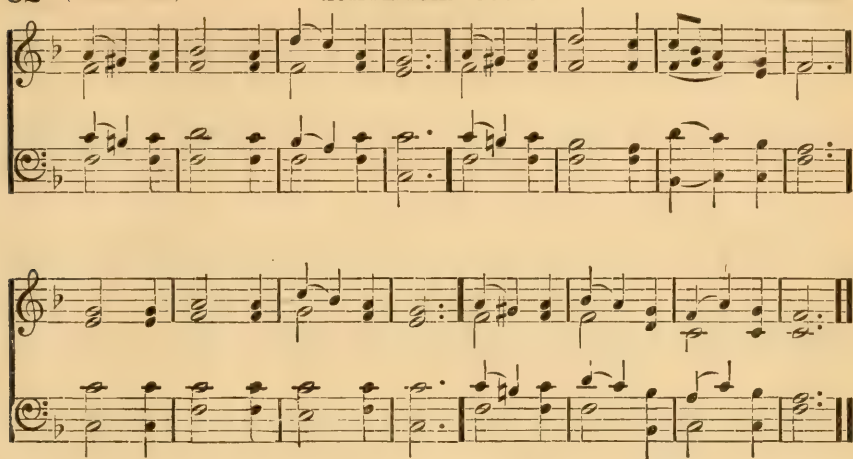
Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
 I mark their wrathful mien;
 Their shouts of "crucify" appall,
 With blasphemy between.</p> <p>2 And of that shouting multitude
 I feel that I am one;
 And in that din of voices rude,
 I recognize my own.</p> <p>3 I see the scourges tear His back,
 I see the piercing crown,
 And of that crowd who smite and mock
 I feel that I am one.</p> | <p>4 Around yon cross the throng I see,
 Mocking the sufferer's groan;
 Yet still my voice it seems to be,
 As if I mocked alone.</p> <p>5 'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,
 I nailed Him to the tree,
 I crucified the Christ of God,
 I joined the mockery.</p> <p>6 Yet not the less that blood avails
 To cleanse away my sin;
 And not the less that cross prevails
 To give me peace within.</p> |
|---|---|

82 (*First Tune.*)

ESHTEMOA. 7777.

T. B. Mason.



1 IN the Lord's atoning grief
Be our rest and sweet relief;
Store we deep in heart's recess
All that shame and bitterness.

2 Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance,
Wounds, our treasure that enhance;
Vinegar, and gall, and reed,
And the pang His soul that freed.

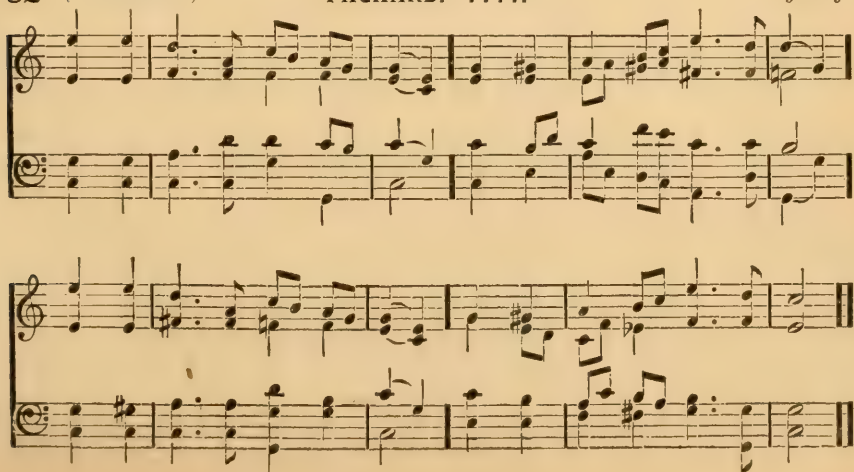
3 Crucified! we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore;
We with saintly bands unite
In the realms of heavenly light.

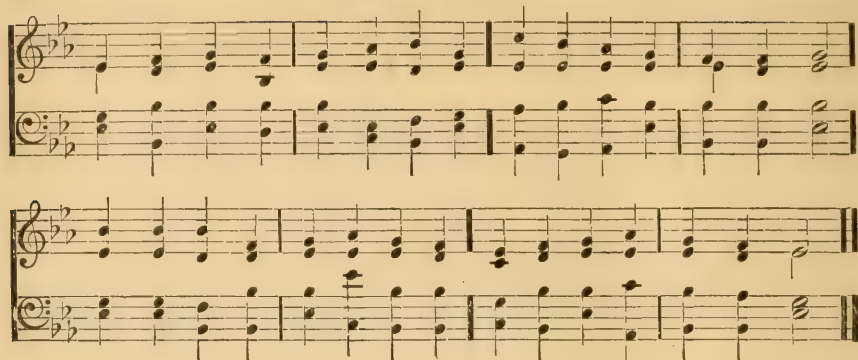
4 Christ, by coward hands betrayed,
Christ, for us a captive made,
Christ, upon the bitter tree,
Slain for man, be praise to Thee.

82 (*Second Tune.*)

PACKARD. 7777.

Lysburg.



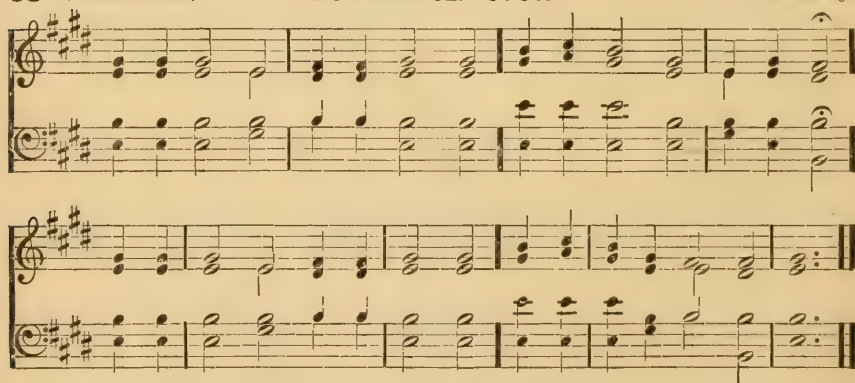
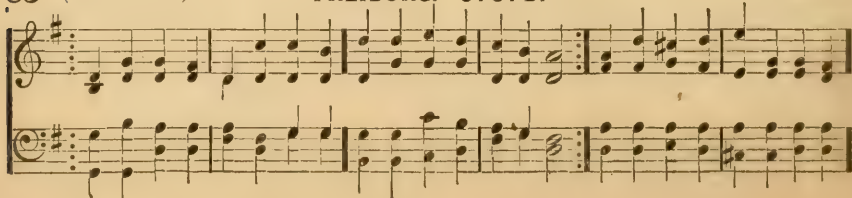
83 (*First Tune.*)**BATTY. 8787.***German.*

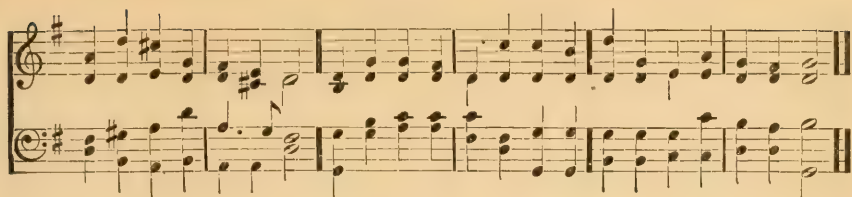
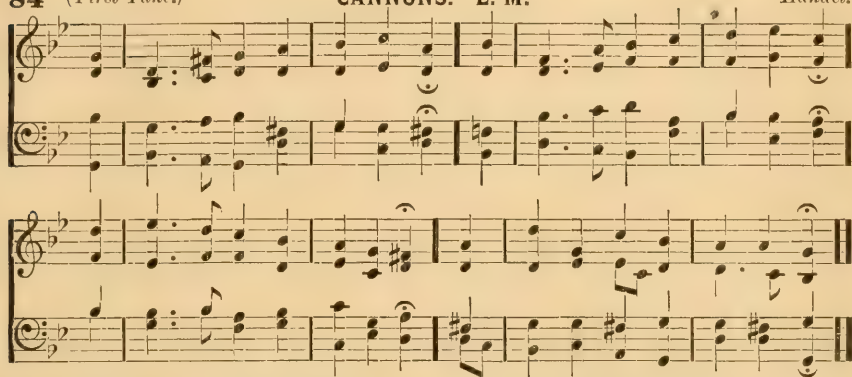
1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I rest, forever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His cross to lie;
Whilst I see divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation
And Thine unveiled glory see.

83 (*Second Tune.*)**DORRANCE. 8787.***I. B. Woodbury.***83** (*Third Tune.*)**FREIBURG. 8787D.***German.*

**84** (*First Tune.*)**CANNONS. L. M.***Handel.*

1 O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus our Lord is crucified.

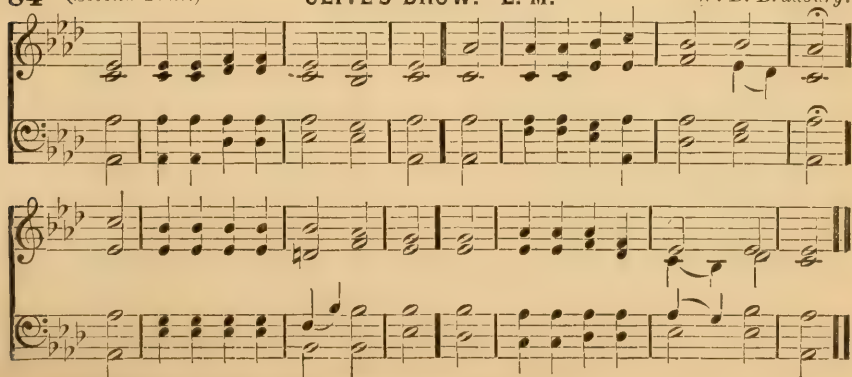
2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus our Lord is crucified.

3 How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood;
Jesus our Lord is crucified.

4 Seven times Hespake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the sons of men;
Jesus our Lord is crucified.

5 Come, let us stand beneath the cross,
So may His blood from out His side
Fall gently on us drop by drop;
Jesus our Lord is crucified.

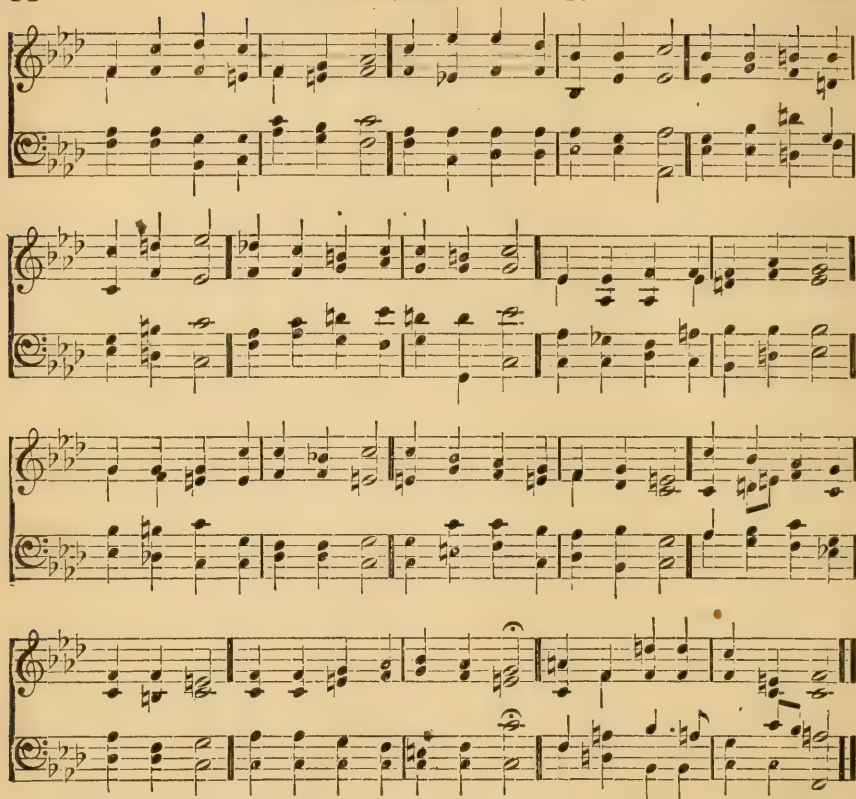
6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied:
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us wast crucified.

84 (*Second Tune.*)**OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.***W. B. Bradbury.*

85

MOUNT MORIAH. 77777D.

J. Turle.



1 BOUND upon th' accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, Who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou.

2 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, Who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By the earth enwrapt in gloom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side;
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

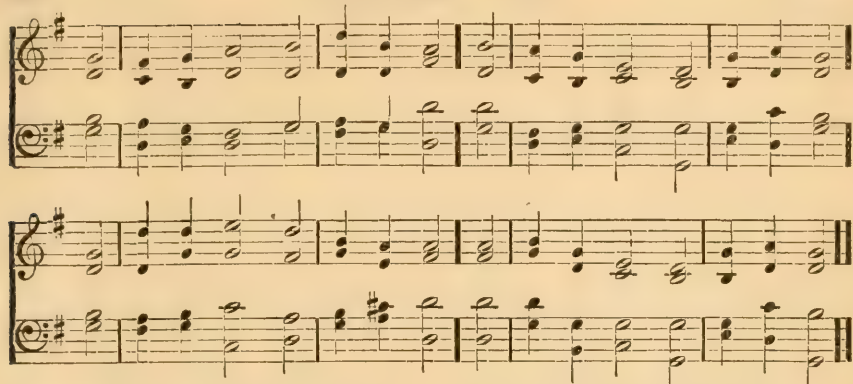
3 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, Who is He?
By the last and bitter cry
Going up in agony,
By the lifeless body, laid
In the chambers of the dead,
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified, we know Thee now,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

4 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, Who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

86

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to Thy blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

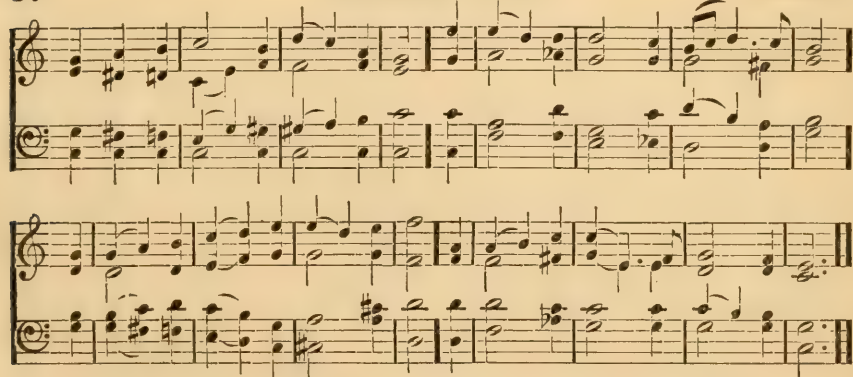
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

87

SALVADOR. L. M.

E. Pieraccini.



- 1 "Tis finished:" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died:
"Tis finished:" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 "Tis finished:" all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 "Tis finished:" Aaron now no more
Must stain His robes with purple gore:

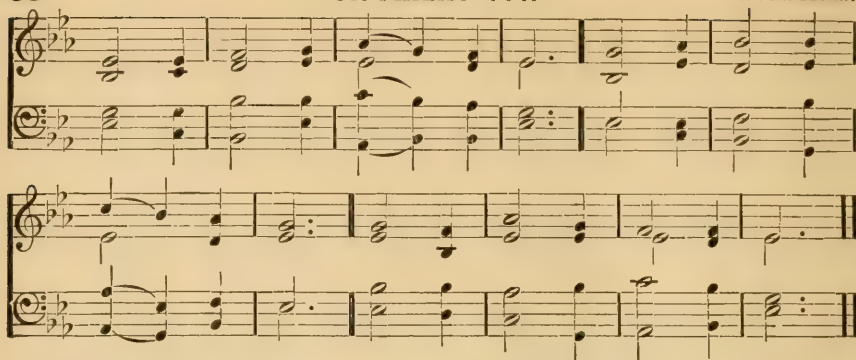
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

- 4 "Tis finished:" this My dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this, My last expiring breath.
- 5 "Tis finished:" let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"Tis finished:" let the echo fly [and sky,
Through heaven and hell, through earth

88

ST. PHILIP. 777.

W. H. Monk.



1 JESUS! gentle sufferer, say,
How shall we this dreadful day
Near Thee draw, and to Thee pray?

2 We, whose proneness to forget
Thy dear love in Olivet,
Bathed Thy brow with bloody sweat;

3 We, whose sins with awful power,
Like a cloud did o'er Thee lower
In that God-excluding hour;

4 Canst Thou pardon us, and pray
As for those who on this day
Took Thy precious life away?

5 Yes! Thy blood is all my plea,
It was shed, and shed for me,
Therefore to Thy cross I flee.

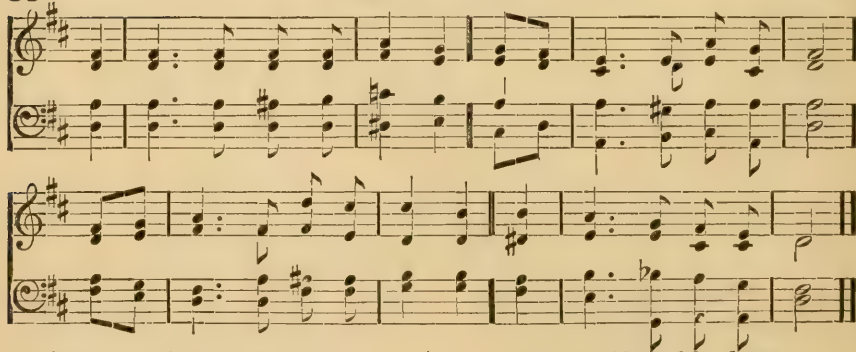
6 At Thy feet in dust and shame
I dare breathe Thy holy Name,
And a great salvation claim.

7 Save me, Jesus: stoop and take
Pity on my soul, and make
This day bright, for Thy dear sake.

89

MILLER. 7676.

Mehul.



1 "FORGIVE them, O my Father,
They know not what they do;"
The Saviour spake in anguish,
As the sharp nails went through.

2 No pained reproaches gave He
To them that shed His blood,
But prayer, and tenderest pity,
Large as the love of God.

3 For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need His wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

4 It was my pride and hardness
That hung Him on the tree;
Those cruel nails, O Saviour,
Were driven in by me.

5 And often have I slighted
Thy gentle voice that chid;
Forgive me, too, Lord Jesus;
I knew not what I did.

6 O depth of sweet compassion!
O Lord Divine, and true!
Save Thou the souls that slight Thee,
And know not what they do.

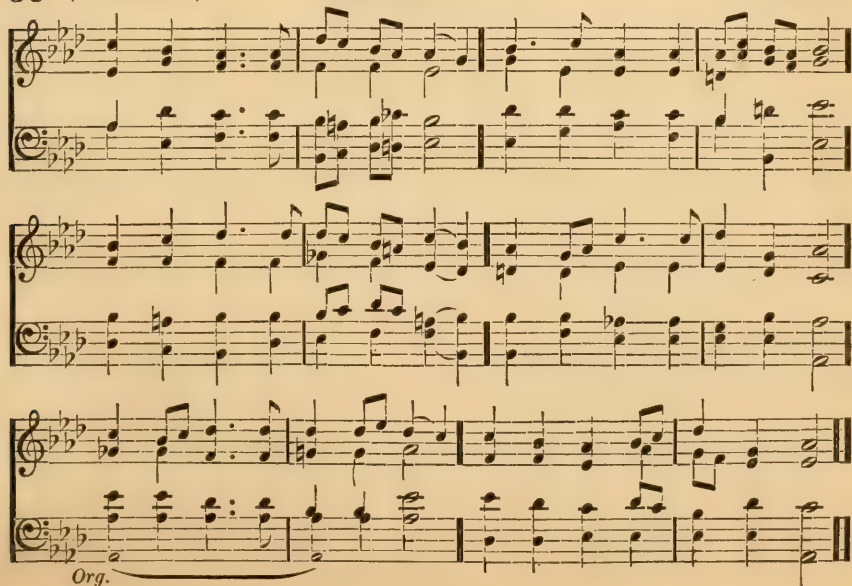
90 (*First Tune.*)**GETHSEMANE. 777777.***Rev. F. A. G. Ouseley.*

1 THRONED upon the awful Tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee;
Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown,
Hold Thee silent and alone.

2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till th'appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

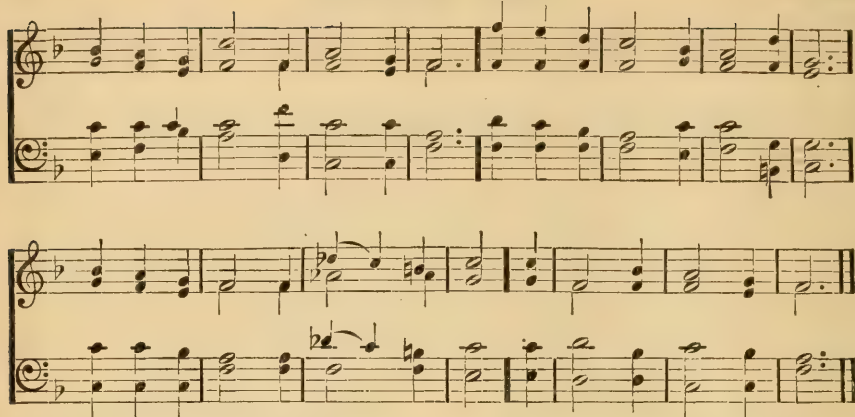
3 Hark that cry that peals aloud,
Upward through the whelming cloud;
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him,—can it be?—
“Why hast Thou forsaken Me?”

4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft,
Thou, whose own might not be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

90 (*Second Tune.*)**REQUIEM. 777777.***W. Schultes.*

91

ST. FABIAN. 8886.

J. Summers.

1 His are the thousand sparkling rills
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills,
And yet He saith "I thirst."

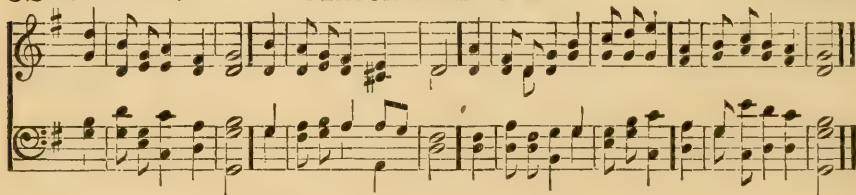
2 All fiery pangs on battle fields,
On fever beds where sick ones toss,
Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the cross.

3 But more than pains that racked Him then,
Was the deep longing thirst Divine,
That thirsted for the souls of men;
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

4 O Love most patient give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee:
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst was all for me.

92 (First Tune.)

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

T. Lindley.

1 O PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finished now;
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone,
Of all the Father willed;
His toils, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scriptures have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share,
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care,
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned Head,
And on His sinless soul,

Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

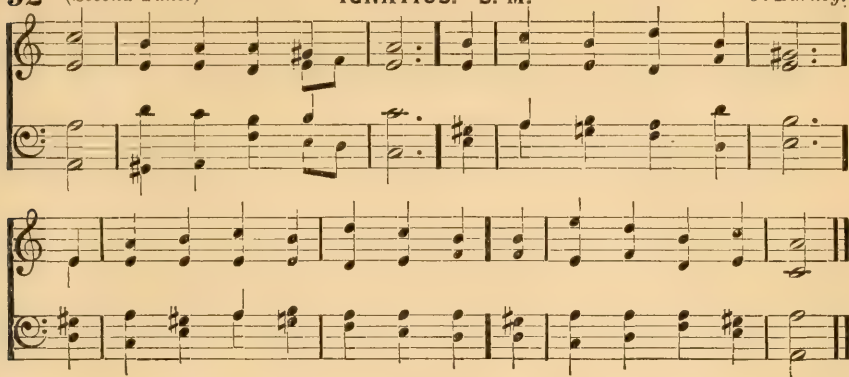
5 In perfect love He dies:
For me He dies, for me;
O all-atoning sacrifice
I cling by faith to Thee:

6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

7 Yet work, O Lord, in me
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be,
To grace Thy love has brought.

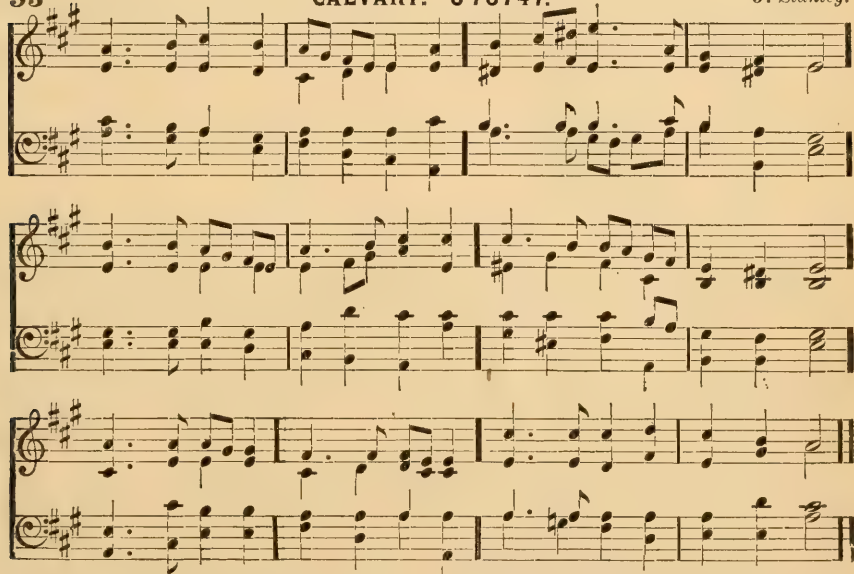
92 (*Second Tune.*)

IGNATIUS. S. M.

J. Barnby.

93

CALVARY. 878747.

J. Stanley.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 "It is finished!"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

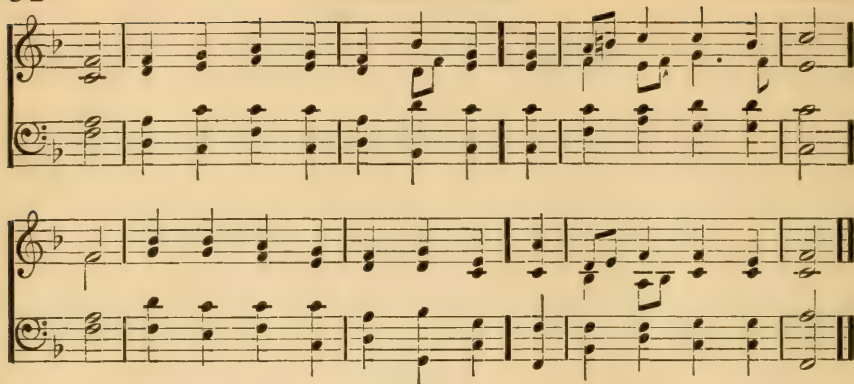
2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
 Do the precious words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 "It is finished!"
 Saints the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law;
 Finished all that God had promised:
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 "It is finished!"
 Saints from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Strike them to Emmanuel's name;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join the triumph to proclaim,
 Alleluia!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

94

FARRANT. C. M.

R. Farrant.

1 THE royal banner is unfurled,
The cross is reared on high,
On which the Saviour of the world
Is stretched in agony.

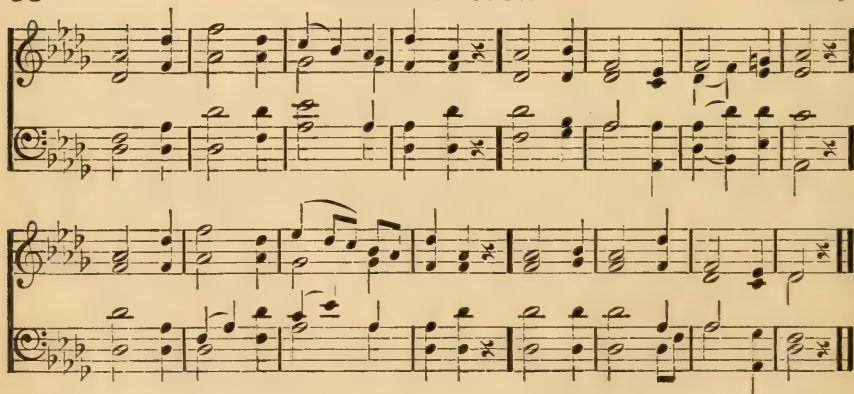
2 See, through His holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive:
Our ransom thus is made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.

3 And see, the spear hath pierced His side,
And shed that sacred flood,
That holy reconciling tide,
The water and the blood.

4 So let us praise the Saviour's name,
And, with exulting cry,
The triumph of the cross proclaim
To all eternity.

95

RATHBUN. 8787.

I. Conkey.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

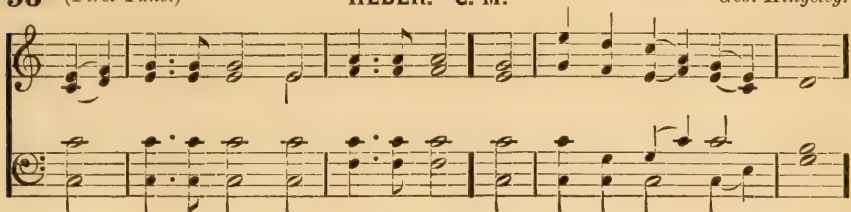
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

96 (First Tune.)

HEBER. C. M.

Geo. Kingsley.



1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

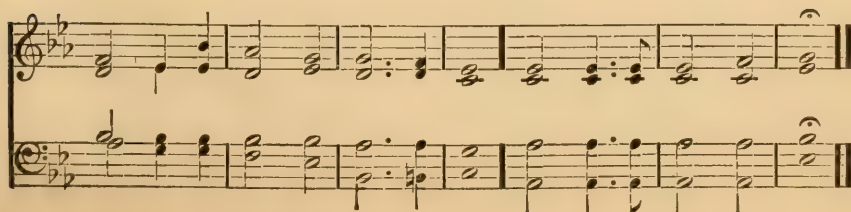
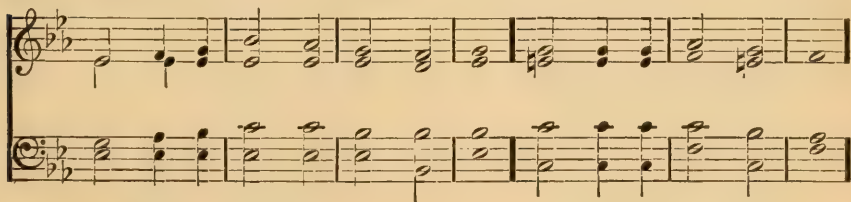
3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, for 'tis Thy blood alone,
Can purify my heart.

4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

96 (Second Tune.)

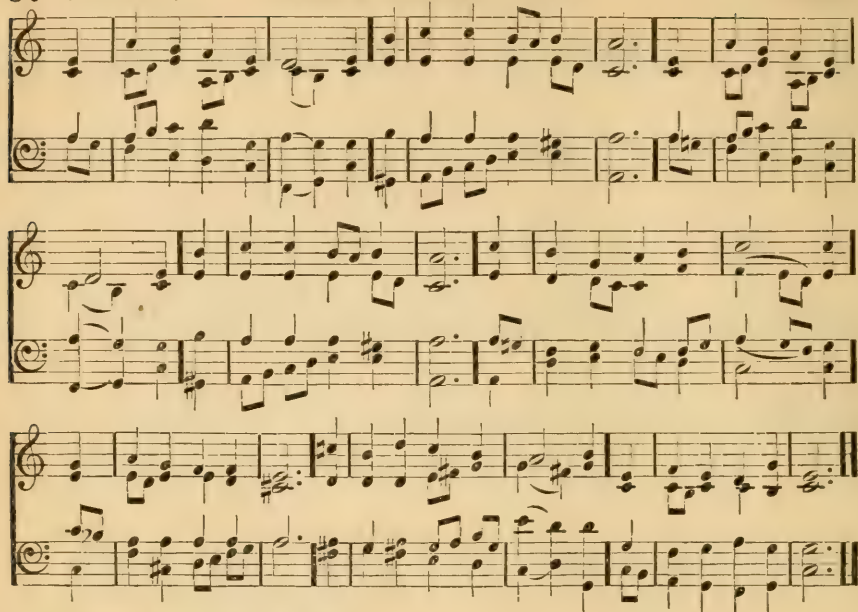
AZPELL. C. M.

J. P. Jewson.



97 (First Tune.)

PASSION CHORALE. 7676D.

H. Hassler.

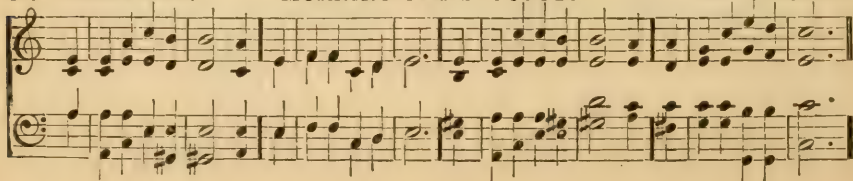
- 1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down,
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns Thine only crown.
 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss till now was Thine!
 Yet, though despised and gory,
 I joy to call Thee mine.
- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
 Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joys beside,
 When in Thy body broken
 I thus with safety hide.

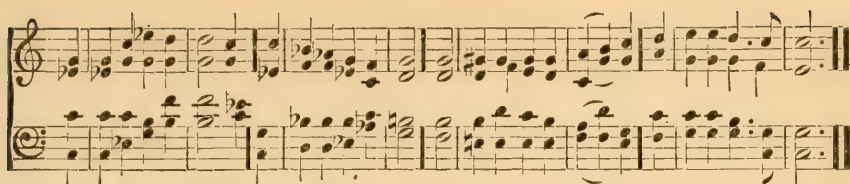
Lord of my life, desiring
 Thy glory now to see,
 Beside the cross expiring,
 I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

- 4 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 O make me Thine forever!
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to Thee.
- 5 Be near me when I'm dying,
 O show Thy cross to me:
 And to my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free.
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move:
 For he, who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy love.

97 (Second Tune.)

MORNING STAR. 7676D.

Rev. E. Seymour.



98 (First Tune.)

SANCTUARY. 8787D.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



1 HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King;
Who didst suffer to release us;
Who didst free salvation bring!
Hail, Thou universal Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame;
By Whose merit we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name!

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

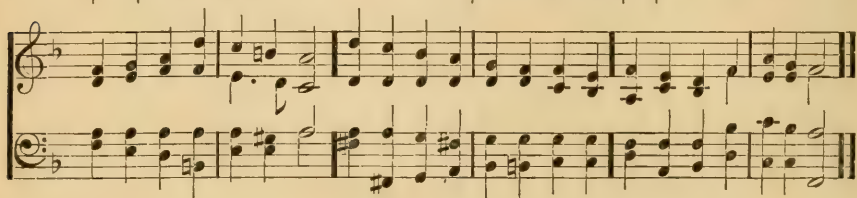
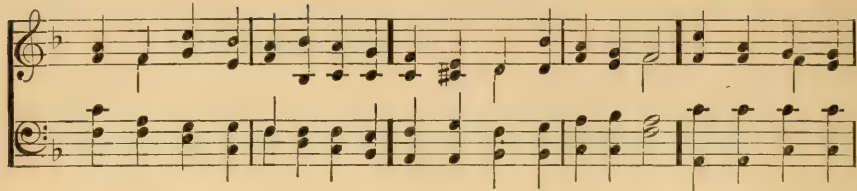
3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side;
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
"Spare them yet another year;"
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Jesus' merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

98 (Second Tune.)

SALVATOR. 8787D.

Sir J. Goss.



1 HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King;
Who didst suffer to release us;
Who didst free salvation bring!
Hail, Thou universal Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame;
By Whose merit we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name!

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

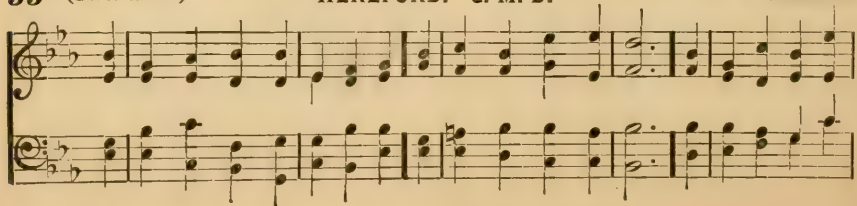
3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side,
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
"Spare them yet another year;"
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

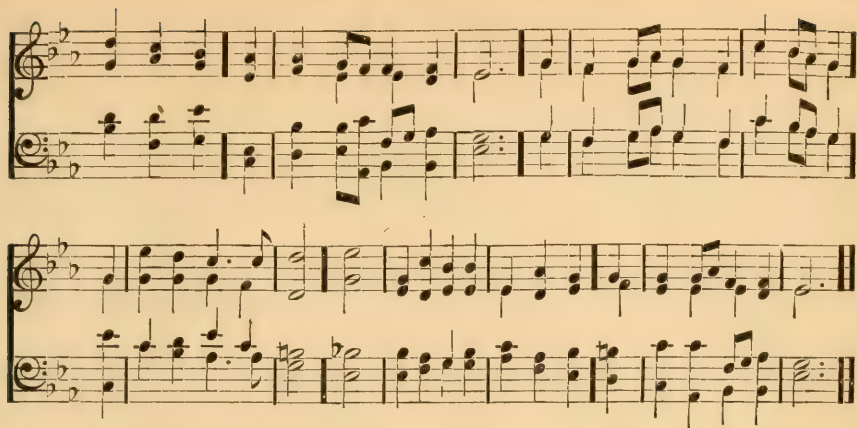
4 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Jesus' merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

99 (First Tune.)

HEREFORD. C. M. D.

H. J. Gauntlett.





1 MY JESUS! say what wretch has dared
Thy sacred hands to bind?
And who has dared to buffet so
Thy face so meek and kind?
'Tis I have so ungrateful been
Yet, Jesus, pity take!
Oh, spare and pardon me, my Lord,
For Thy sweet mercy's sake.

2 My Jesus! whose the hands that wove
That cruel thorny crown?
Who made that hard and heavy cross,
That weighs Thy shoulders down?
'Tis I, etc.

3 My Jesus! who has mocked Thy thirst
With vinegar and gall?

Who held the nails that pierced Thy
And made the hammer fall? [hands
'Tis I, etc.

4 My Jesus! say who dared to nail
Those tender feet of Thine?
And whose the arm that raised the lance
To pierce the heart Divine?
'Tis I, etc.

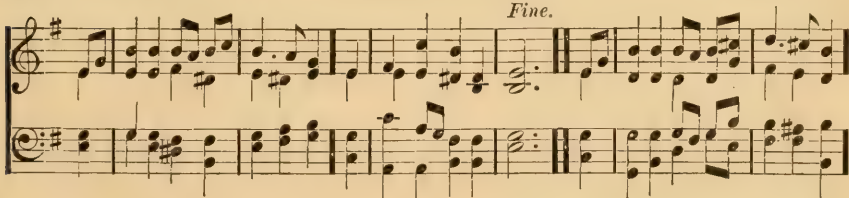
5 And Father! who has murdered thus,
The loved and Holy One?
Canst Thou forgive the bloodstained
That crucified Thy Son? [hand
'Tis I have thus ungrateful been
To Jesus and to Thee,
Forgive me, Lord, for His sweet sake,
And mercy grant to me.

99 (Second Tune.)

HOLBORN. C. M. D.

St. Alban's Book.

Fine.



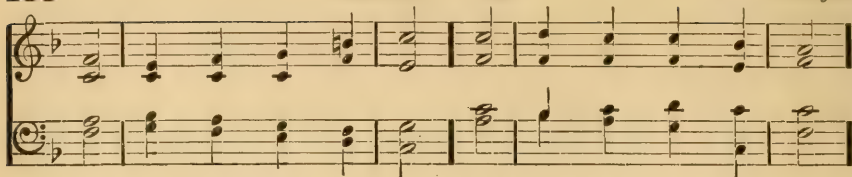
D.C.



100

MOCCAS. S. M.

A. R. Reinagle.



- 1 ONLY one prayer to-day,
One earnest tearful plea;
A litany from out the heart,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!
- 2 Because of Jesus' cross,
And that unfathomed sea,

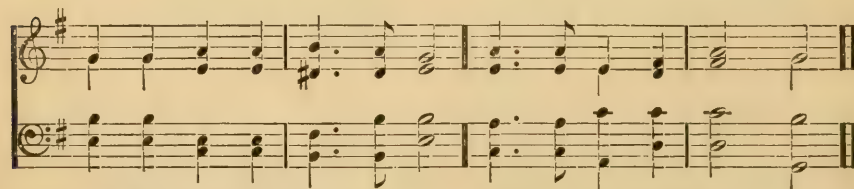
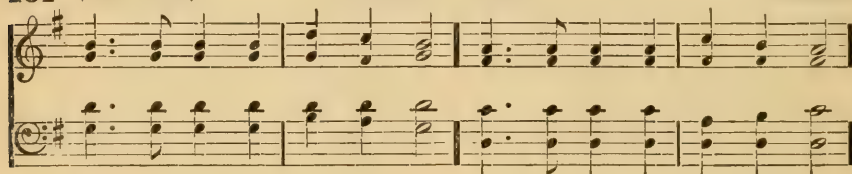
The crimson tide which heaves the world,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

- 3 No other name than His,
My hope, my help may be;
O, by that one all-saving name,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

101 (First Tune.)

EVELYN. 7776.

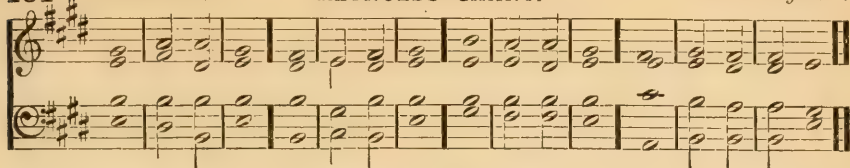
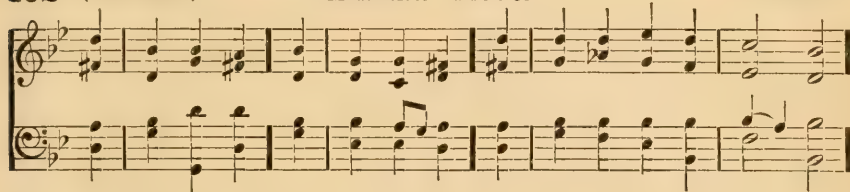
A. Sullivan.



- 1 JESUS, Who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 2 By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray
That the cup might pass away,
So Thou mightest still obey,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 3 By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed and crown of thorn,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 4 By Thy nailing to the tree,
By the title over Thee,

By the gloom of Calvary,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

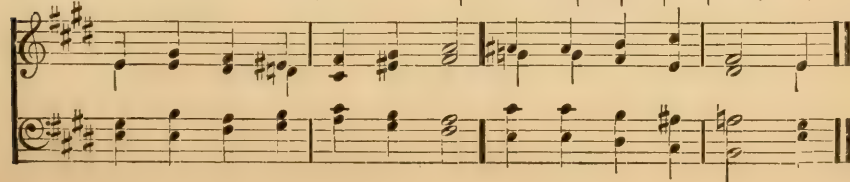
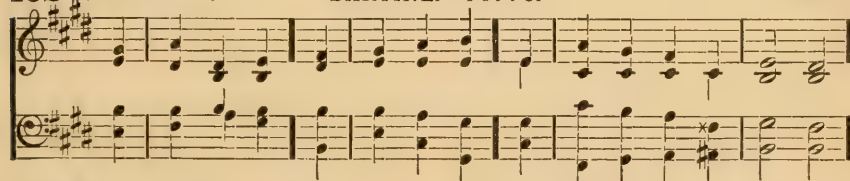
- 5 By Thy seven words there said,
By the bowing of Thy head,
By Thy numbering with the dead,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 6 While on stormy seas we toss,
Let us count all things as loss
But Thee only on Thy cross,
Save us, Holy Jesus.
- 7 So, with Thee in hope made fast,
When death's bitterness is past
We may see Thy face at last,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

101 (*Second Tune.*)**REYNOLDS' CHANT.***W. L. Reynolds.***102** (*First Tune.*)**MINDEN. 44776.***Ch. Peter.*

- 1 THOU, sore oppressed,
The Sabbath rest
In yon still grave art keeping,
All Thy labor now is done,
Past is all Thy weeping.
- 2 The strife is o'er,
Naught hurts Thee more:
The heart at last hath slumbered,
That in conflict sore for us,
Bore our sins unnumbered.
- 3 Thou awful tomb,
Once filled with gloom,

How blessed and how holy
Art thou now, since in the grave
Slept the Saviour lowly.

- 4 O lead us Thou
To rest e'en now,
With all, who sorely anguished
'Neath the burden of their sins,
Long in woe have languished.
- 5 O Lord, our Rock,
Soon grant Thy flock
To see Thy Sabbath morning;
Strife and pain will all be past
When that day is dawning.

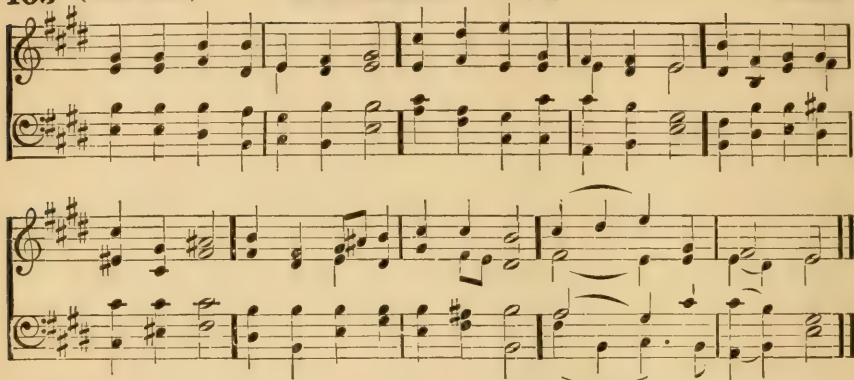
102 (*Second Tune.*)**BARTINE. 44776.***F. C. Maker.*

EASTER.

103 (First Tune.)

WIRTEMBURG. 77774.

German.



1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day;
Who did once upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly King,

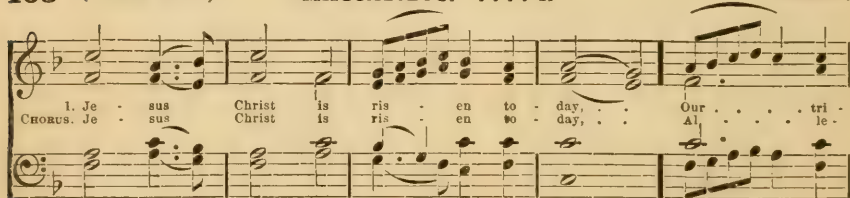
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's king,
Where the angels ever sing
Alleluia!

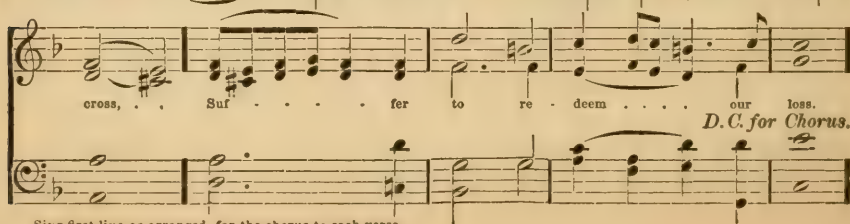
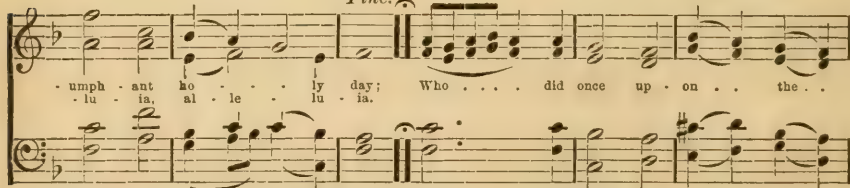
103 (Second Tune.)

MACCABÆUS. 77774.

Handel.



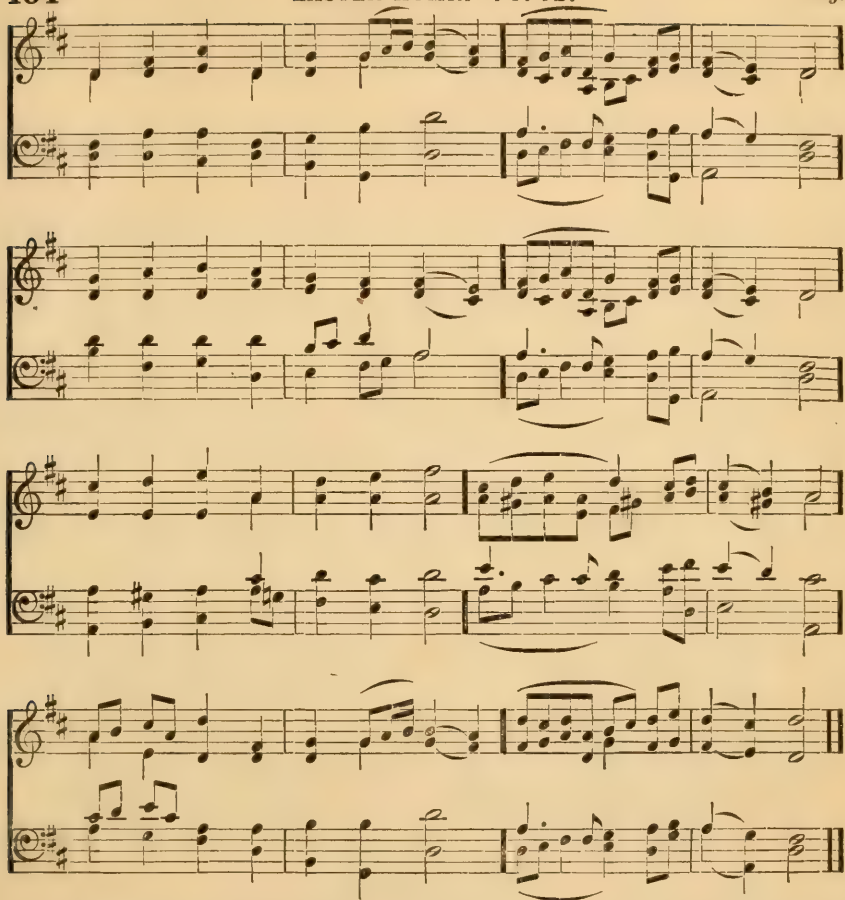
Fine.



Sing first line as arranged, for the chorus to each verse.

104

EASTER HYMN. 7474D.

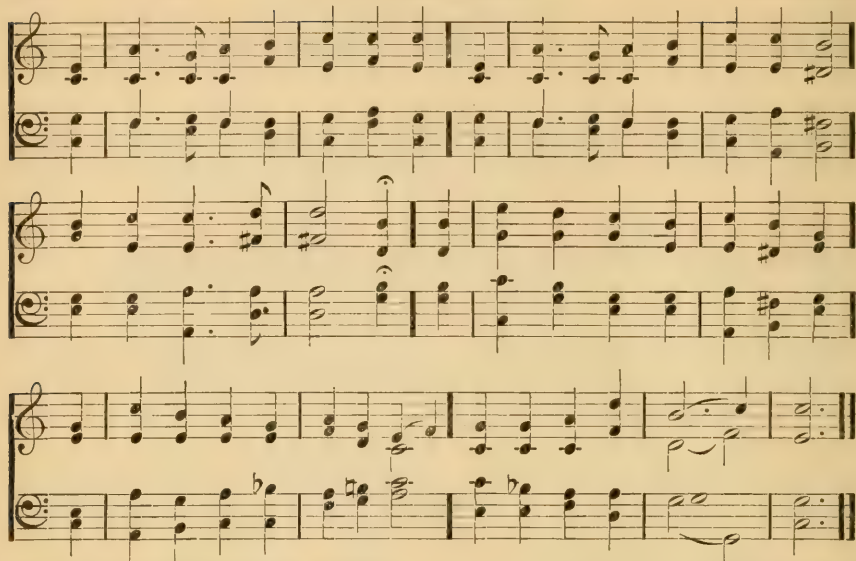
H. Carey.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
 Alleluia!
 Sons of men and angels say :
 Alleluia!
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Alleluia!
 Sing, ye heavens ; and earth, reply.
 Alleluia!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Alleluia!
 Fought the fight, the victory won ;
 Alleluia!
 Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
 Alleluia!
 Lo! He sets in blood no more.
 Alleluia!

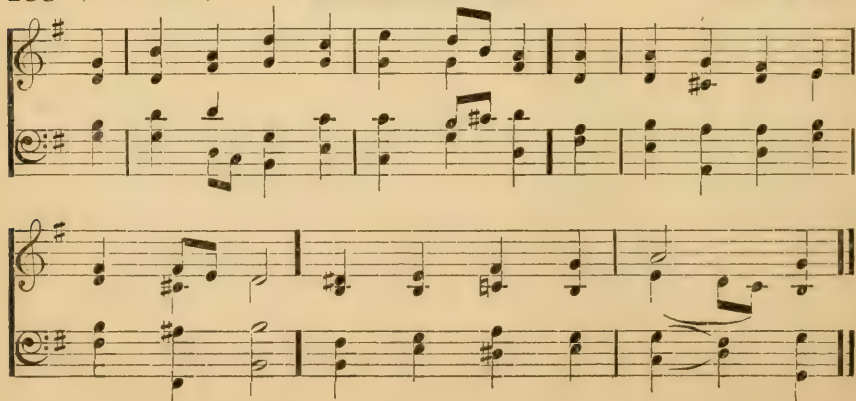
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Alleluia!
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
 Alleluia!
 Death in vain forbids Him rise,
 Alleluia!
 Christ hath opened Paradise.
 Alleluia!

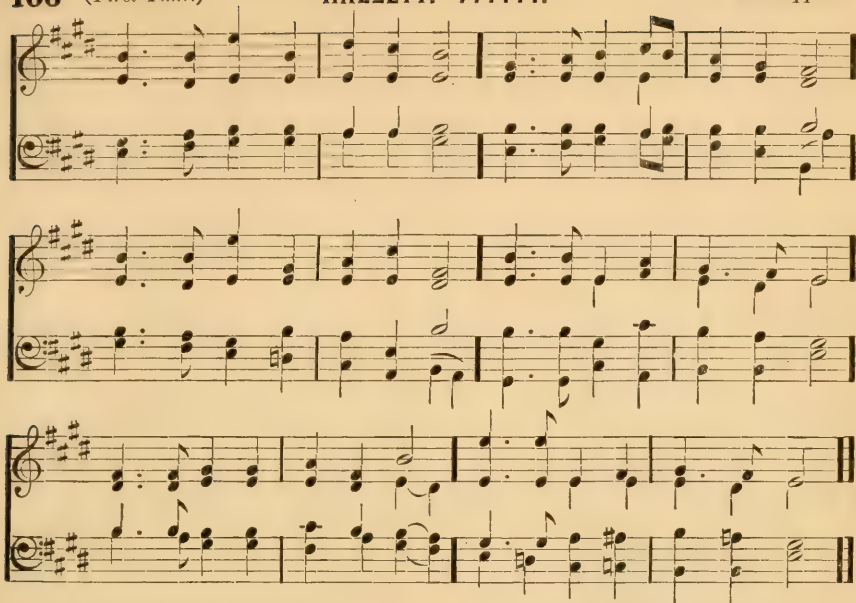
4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Alleluia!
 Following our exalted Head,
 Alleluia!
 Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
 Alleluia!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
 Alleluia!

105 (*First Tune.*)**ALLELUIA. 886D.***O. Goldschmidt.*

- 1 To Him Who for our sins was slain,
To Him for all His dying pain,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 2 To Him the Lamb our Sacrifice,
Who gave His blood our ransom-price,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 3 To Him who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 4 To Him who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

- 5 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in'all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 6 To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 7 To Him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Alleluia!
- 8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia!

105 (*Second Tune.*)**REDEMPTION. 886.***Lord B. Cecil.*

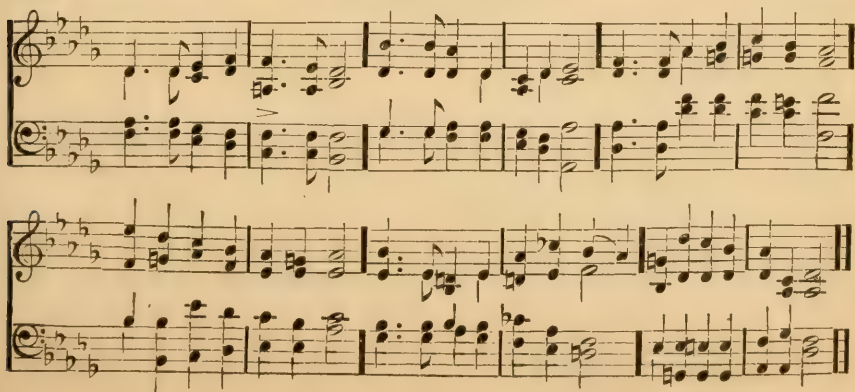
106 (*First Tune.*)**HALLETT. 777777.***J. H. Sheppard.*

1 ONCE the angel started back,
 When he saw the blood-stained door,
 Pausing on his vengeful track,
 And the dwelling passing o'er.
 Once the sea from Israel fled,
 Ere it rolled o'er Egypt's dead.

2 Now our Passover is come,
 Dimly shadowed in the past,
 And the very Paschal Lamb,

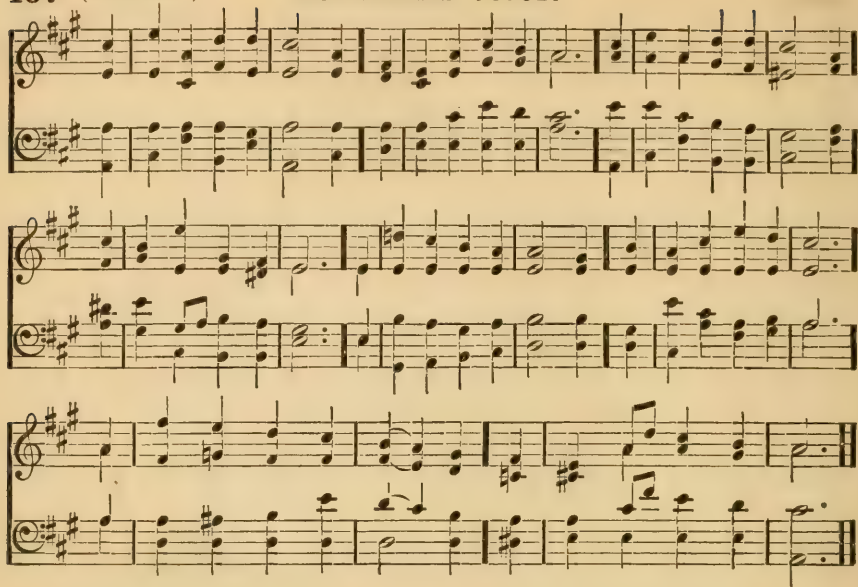
Christ the Lord, is slain at last.
 Then, with hearts and hands made meet,
 Our unleavened bread we'll eat.

3 Blessèd Victim sent from heaven,
 Whom all angel hosts obey,
 To Whose will all earth is given,
 At Whose word hell shrinks away,
 Thou hast conquered death's dread strife,
 Thou hast brought us light and life.

106 (*Second Tune.*)**MARKLEY. 777777.***J. Stainer.*

107 (*First Tune.*)

ROTTERDAM. 7676D.

B. Tours.

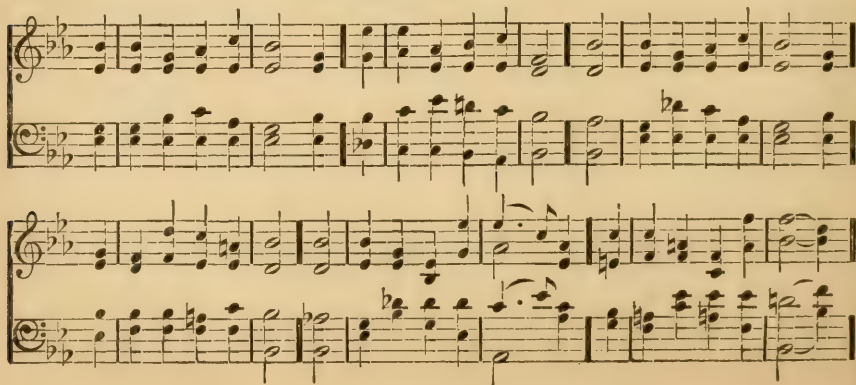
- 1 THE day of Resurrection!
 Earth, tell it out abroad;
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God.
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ has brought us over
 With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection light:

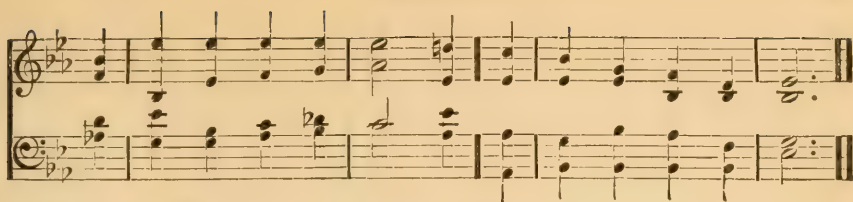
And, listening to His accents,
 May hear so calm and plain
 His own "All hail," and, hearing,
 May raise the victor strain.

- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
 Let earth her song begin,
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein;
 Invisible and visible
 Their notes shall all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord is risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.

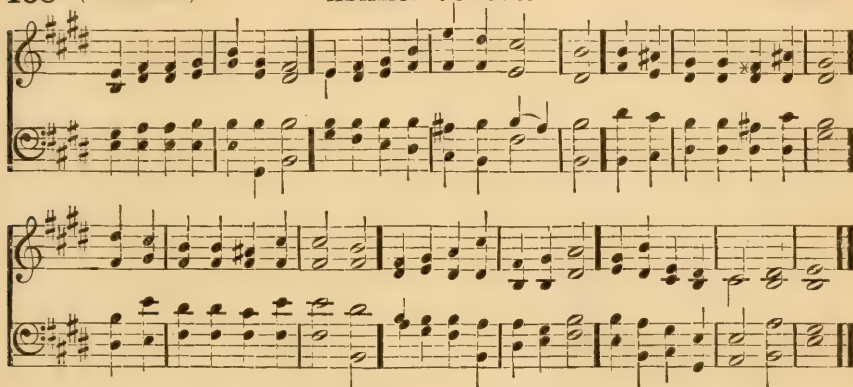
107 (*Second Tune.*)

LANCASHIRE. 7676D.

H. Smart.

108 (*First Tune.*)

ADAMS. 787877.

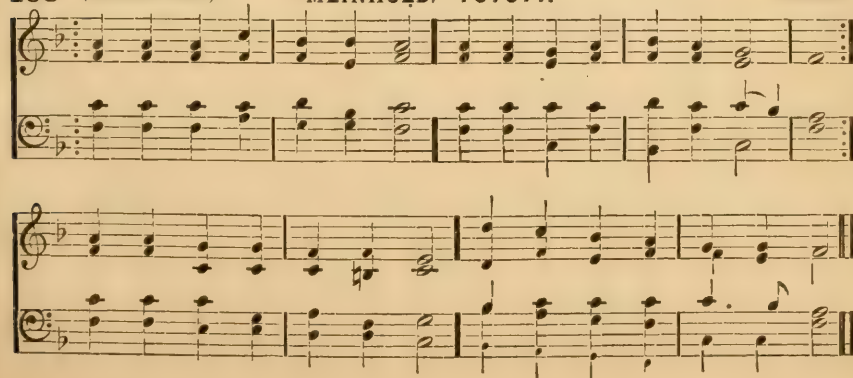
A. Sullivan.

- 1 Jesus lives, and so shall I;
 Death, thy sting is gone forever;
 He who deigned for me to die
 Lives, the bands of death to sever,
 He shall raise me with the just;
 Jesus is my Hope and Trust.
- 2 Jesus lives, and reigns supreme;
 And, His kingdom still remaining,
 I shall also be with Him,
 Ever living, ever reigning.
 God has promised; be it must;
 Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

- 3 Jesus lives, and I am sure
 Naught shall e'er from Jesus sever;
 Satan's wiles and Satan's power,
 Pain or pleasure, ye shall never!
 Christian armor cannot rust,
 Jesus is my Hope and Trust.
- 4 Jesus lives, and death is now
 But my entrance into glory;
 Courage! then, my soul, for thou
 Hast a crown of life before thee;
 Thou shall find thy hopes were just,
 Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

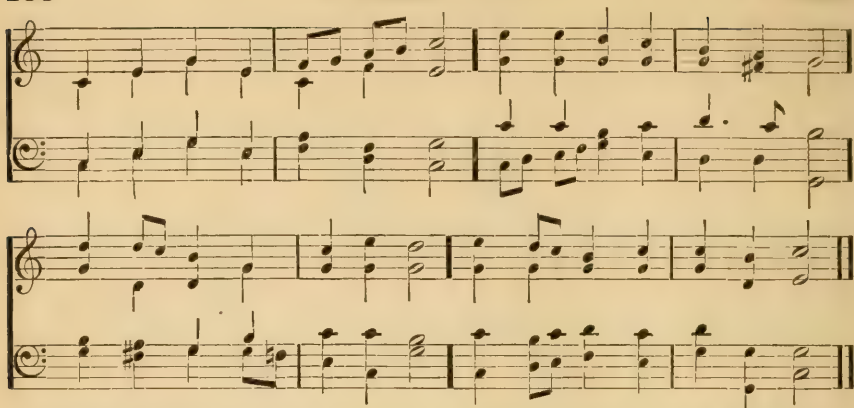
108 (*Second Tune.*)

MEINHOLD. 787877.

German.

109

MONKLAND. 7777.

J. P. Wilkes.

1 CHRIST is risen from the dead;
He has set His people free;
Bruised for us the Serpent's head,
Won for us the victory!

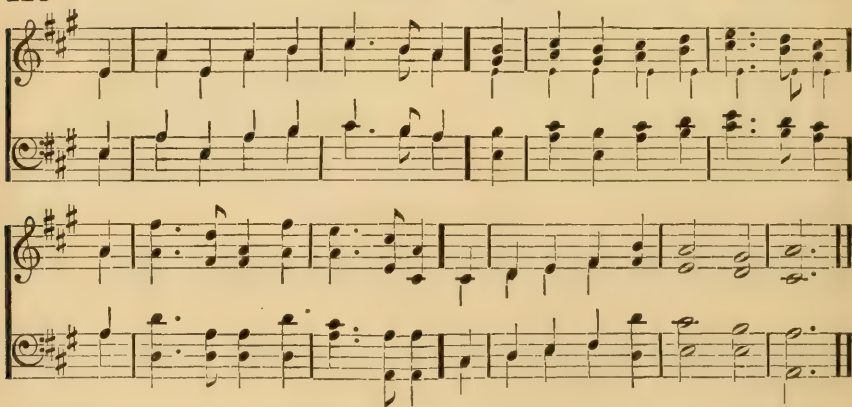
2 Christ is risen from the dead,
Mighty in His power to save!
And, as our Ascended Head,
Reaps the harvest of the grave.

3 Now, before the Throne He stands,
Crowned the Victor in the strife,
Shows His wounded feet and hands,
In the power of endless life.

4 As our First-Fruits He appears,
In Him all His people rise;
And through everlasting years,
Share His glory in the skies.

110

ISRAEL. L. M.

Sir J. Goss.

1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives, eternally to save.

2 He lives, to still His servants' fears;
He lives, to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansions to prepare;
He lives, to bring them safely there.

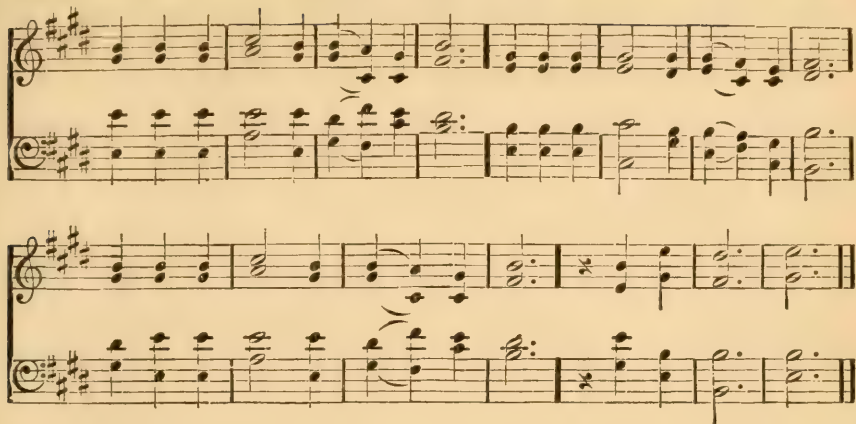
3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears;
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.

4 His saints He loves and never leaves;
The contrite sinner He receives;
Abundant grace will He afford,
Till all are present with the Lord.

111 (First Tune.)

PALESTRINA. 8884.

G. P. Palestrina.



1 THE strife is o'er, the battle done!
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun,
Alleluia!

2 The powers of Death have done their worst
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

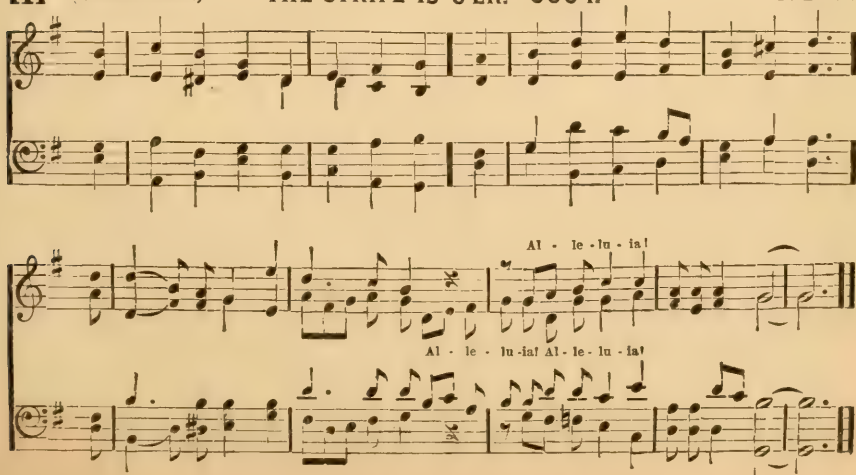
4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

111 (Second Tune.)

THE STRIFE IS O'ER. 8884.

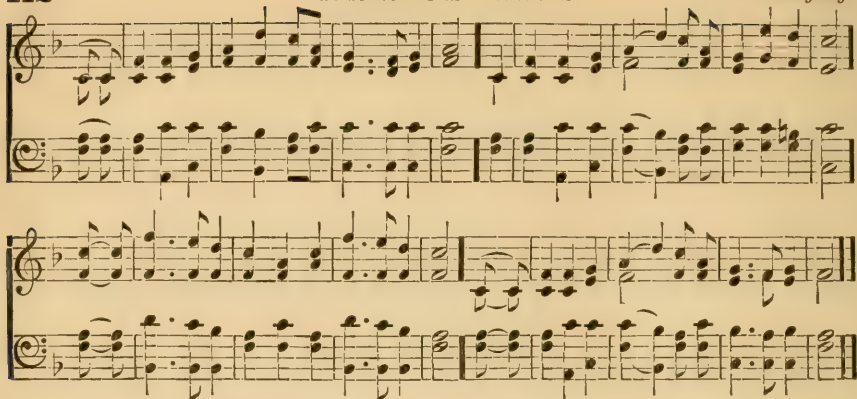
J. Turle.



112

FREDERICK. 11111111.

G. Kingsley.



1 I WOULD not live away; I ask not to
stay

Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way;

The few lurid mornings that dawn on
us here

Are enough for life's woes, full enough
for its cheer.

2 I would not live away, thus fettered
by sin,

Temptation without, and corruption
within;

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled
with fears,

And the cup of thanksgiving with peni-
tent tears.

3 I would not live away; no, welcome
the tomb:

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not
its gloom;

There sweet be my rest, till He bid me
arise

To hail Him in triumph descending the
skies.

4 Who, who would live away, away from
his God;

Away from yon heaven, that blissful
abode!

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er
the bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally
reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet

Their Saviour and brethren transported
to greet;

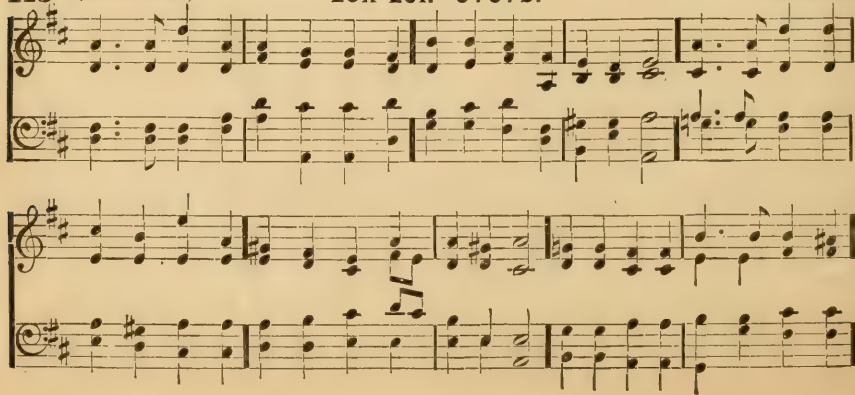
While the songs of salvation unceas-
ingly roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast
of the soul!

113 (First Tune.)

LUX EOI. 8787D.

A. Sullivan.



**1 ALLELUIA! Alleluia!**

Hearts to heaven, and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise,
He, who on the cross a Victim,
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the first fruits

Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

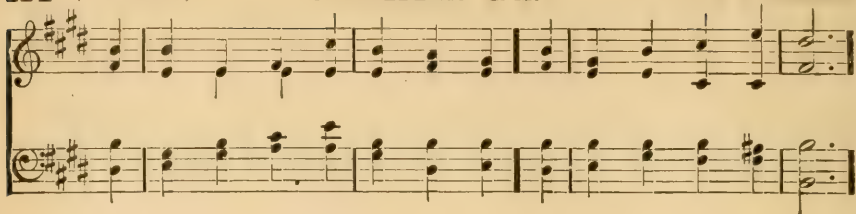
3 Christ is risen, we are risen;

Shed upon us, heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face;
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

4 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

113 (Second Tune.)**REX GLORIÆ. 8787D.***H. Smart.*

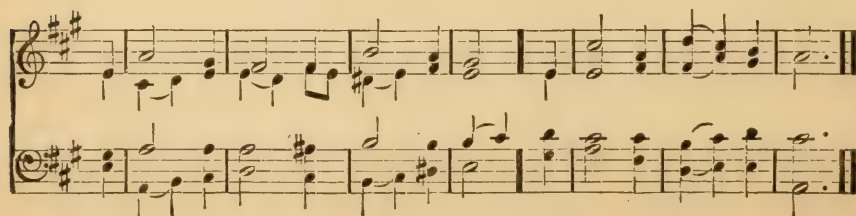
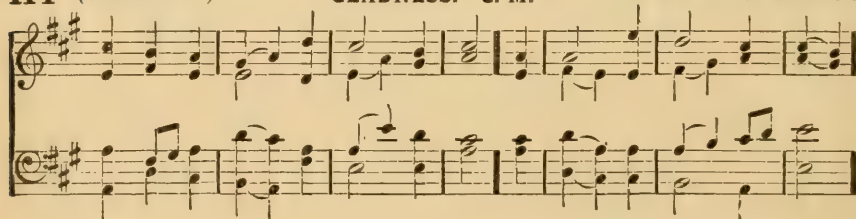
114 (*First Tune.*)**ST. FULBERT. C. M.***H. J. Gauntlett.*

1 YE choirs of new Jerusalem!
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

2 For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the Serpent's head;
And cries aloud through death's domains
To wake th' imprisoned dead.

3 Devouring depths of hell their prey
At His command restore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

4 Triumphant in His glory now
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

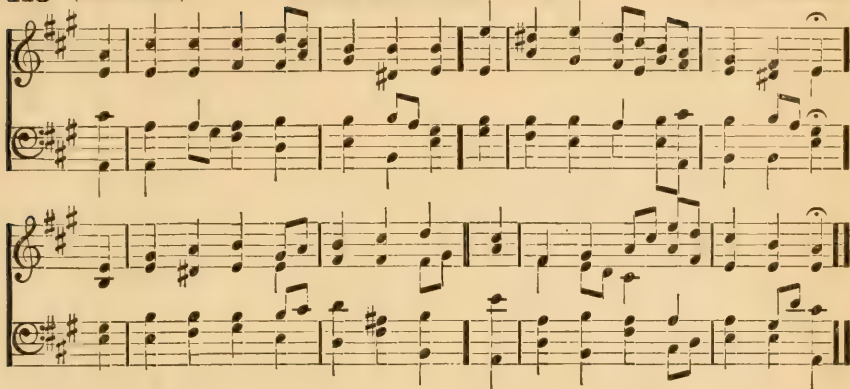
114 (*Second Tune.*)**GLADNESS. C. M.***Rev. G. W. Torrance.*

ASCENSION.

115 (First Tune.)

MORNING HYMN. L. M.

F. H. Bartholomew.



- 1 O SAVIOUR, who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,
Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory, left for us,—to die.
- 2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.
- 3 The Angel host enraptured waits:
“Lift up your heads, eternal gates!”
O God and man! The Father’s Throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.
- 4 Our great High Priest and Shepherd Thou
Within the veil art entered now,

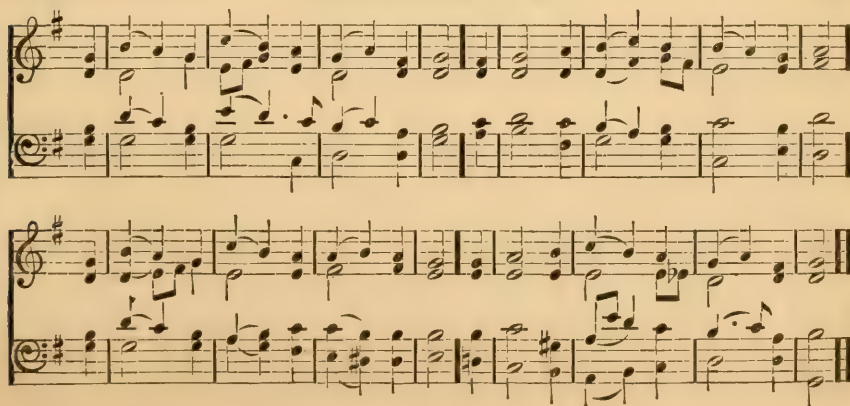
To offer there Thy precious blood,
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

- 5 And thence the church, Thy chosen Bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.
- 6 O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heavenward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign.
- 7 All praise from every heart and tongue
To Thee, ascended Lord, be sung;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

115 (Second Tune.)

INTERCESSION. L. M.

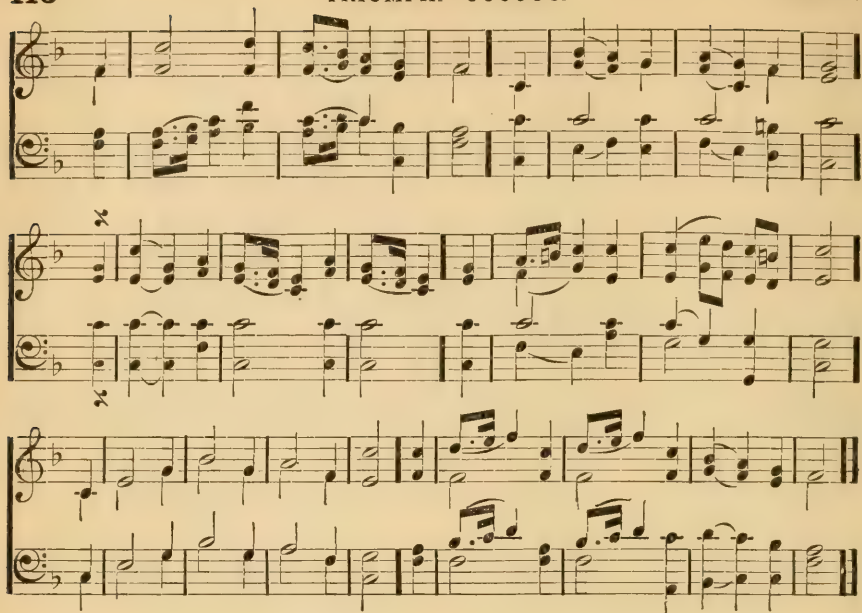
Anon.



116

TRIUMPH. '666688.

Lockhart.



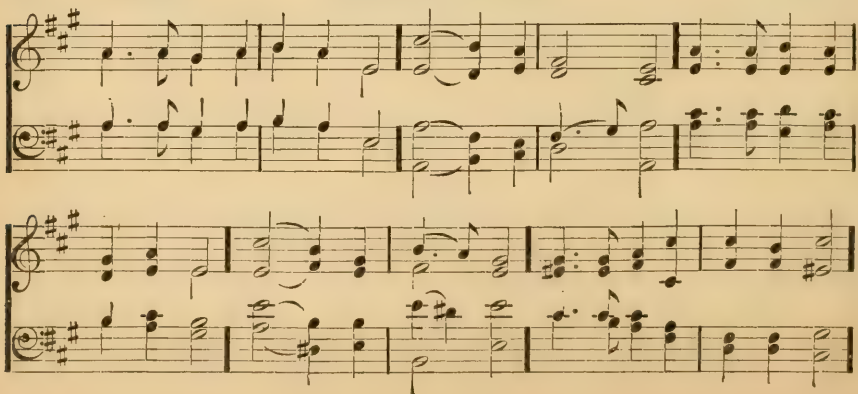
- 1 REJOICE! the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore:
Ye saints! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love!
When He had washed our stains,

- He took His seat above.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

117 (First Tune.)

BAYFORD. 7474D.

A. H. Brown.





1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise
 Alleluia!
 To His throne above the skies:
 Alleluia!
 Christ the Lamb for sinners given,
 Alleluia!
 Enters now the highest heaven.
 Alleluia!

2 There for Him high triumph waits,
 Lift your heads, eternal gates—
 He hath conquered death and sin,
 Take the King of glory in.
 Alleluia!

3 Lo! the heaven its Lord receives,
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
 Though returning to His throne
 Still He calls mankind His own.
 Alleluia!

4 See! He lifts His hands above,
 See! He shows the prints of love;
 Hark! His gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on His Church below.
 Alleluia!

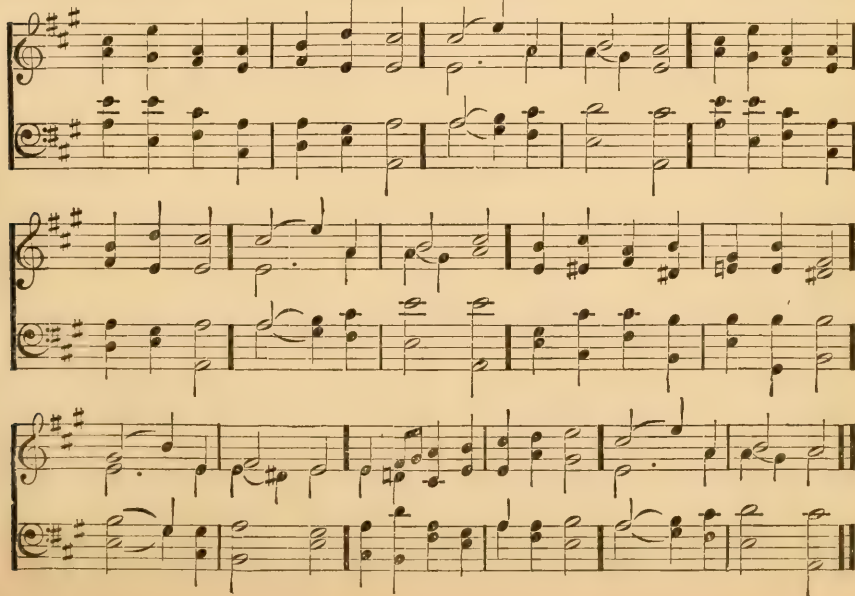
5 Still for us He intercedes,
 His prevailing death He pleads,
 Near Himself prepares our place,
 He the first-fruits of our race.
 Alleluia!

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
 Alleluia!
 Far above yon azure height,
 Alleluia!
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Alleluia!
 Following Thee beyond the skies.
 Alleluia!

117 (Second Tune.)

ASCENSION. 7474D.

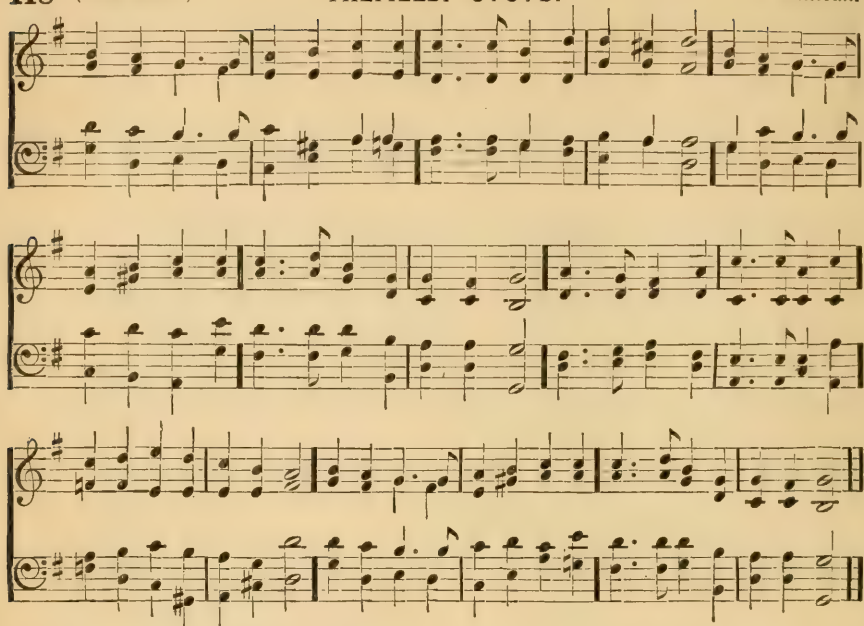
W. H. Monk.



118 (First Tune.)

FALFIELD. 8787D.

A. Sullivan.



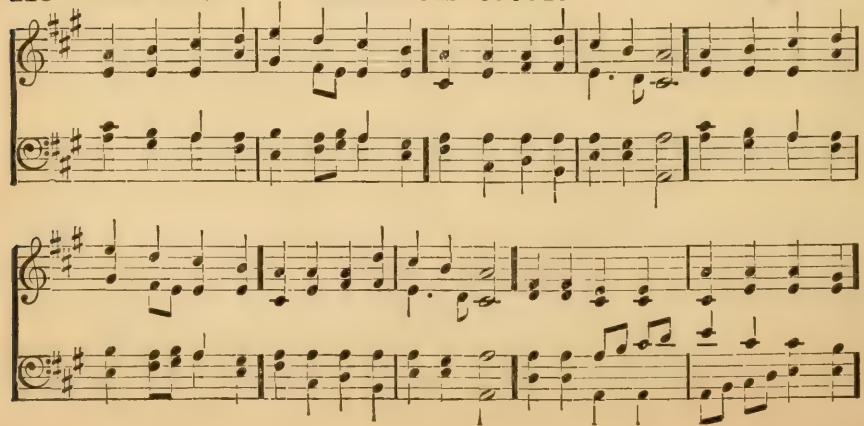
1 SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
 See the King in royal State
 Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
 To His heavenly palace gate.
 Hark! the choirs of angel voices
 Joyful Alleluias sing,
 And the portals high are lifted
 To receive their Heavenly King.

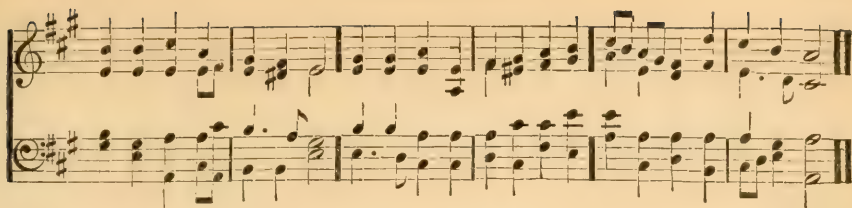
2 Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the tramp of jubilee?
 Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He has gained the victory!
 He Who on the cross did suffer,
 He Who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

118 (Second Tune.)

WERBURGH. 8787D.

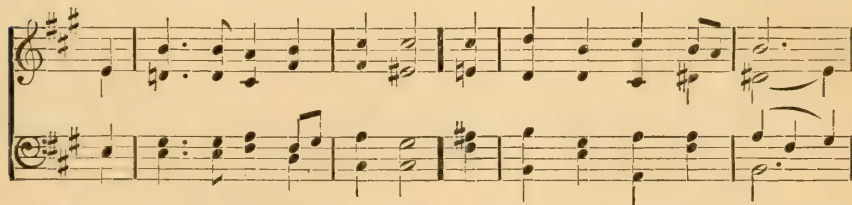
M. Haydn.



119 (*First Tune.*)

ALFORD. 7686D.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light.
 'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

2 What rush of Alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky;
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph night!

O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made;
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand fold repaid!

3 Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 And take Thy power and reign.
 Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home;
 Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

119 (Second Tune.)

EASTHAM. 7686D.

Rev. F. A. G. Ouseley.



1 TEN thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light.
 'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

2 What rush of Allelnias
 Fills all the earth and sky;
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!

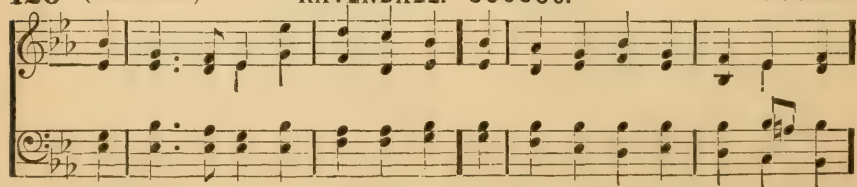
O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made;
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand fold repaid!

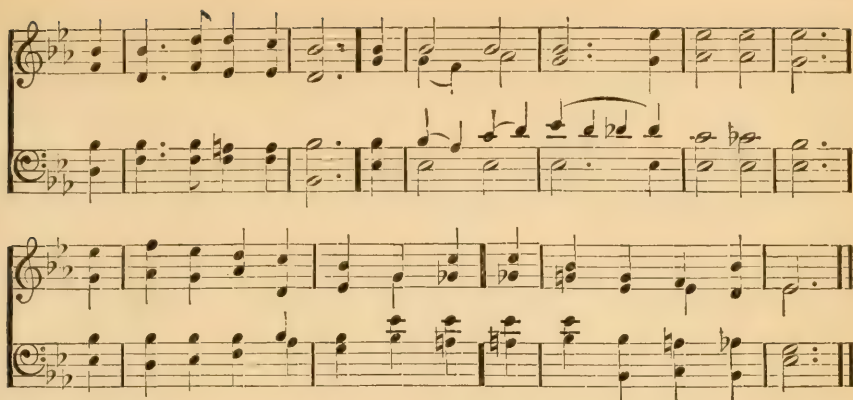
3 Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 And take Thy power and reign.
 Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home;
 Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

120 (First Tune.)

RAVENDALE. 886886.

W. Stokes.





1 O BLESSÈD Jesus, Lamb of God!
 Who hast redeemed us with Thy blood
 From sin and death and shame;
 With joy and praise Thy people see
 The crown of glory won by Thee,
 And worthy Thee proclaim.

2 Exalted by the Father's love,
 All thrones, and powers, and names
 On earth below or heaven; [above,
 Wisdom and riches, power divine,
 Blessing and honor, Lord, are Thine,
 All things to Thee are given.

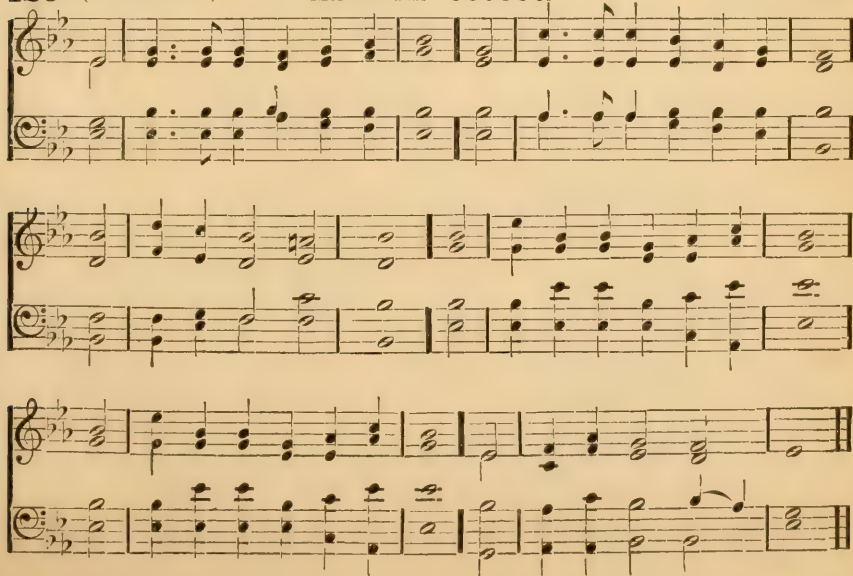
3 Head of the Church! Thou sittest there;
 Thy Bride shall all Thy glory share;
 Thy fullness, Lord, is ours;
 Our life Thou art—Thy grace sustains;
 Thy strength in us the victory gains
 O'er sin and Satan's powers.

4 Soon shall the day of glory come;
 The Bride shall reach the Father's home,
 And all Thy beauty see;
 And O, what joy to see Thee shine,
 To hear Thee own us, Lord, as Thine,
 And ever dwell with Thee.

120 (Second Tune.)

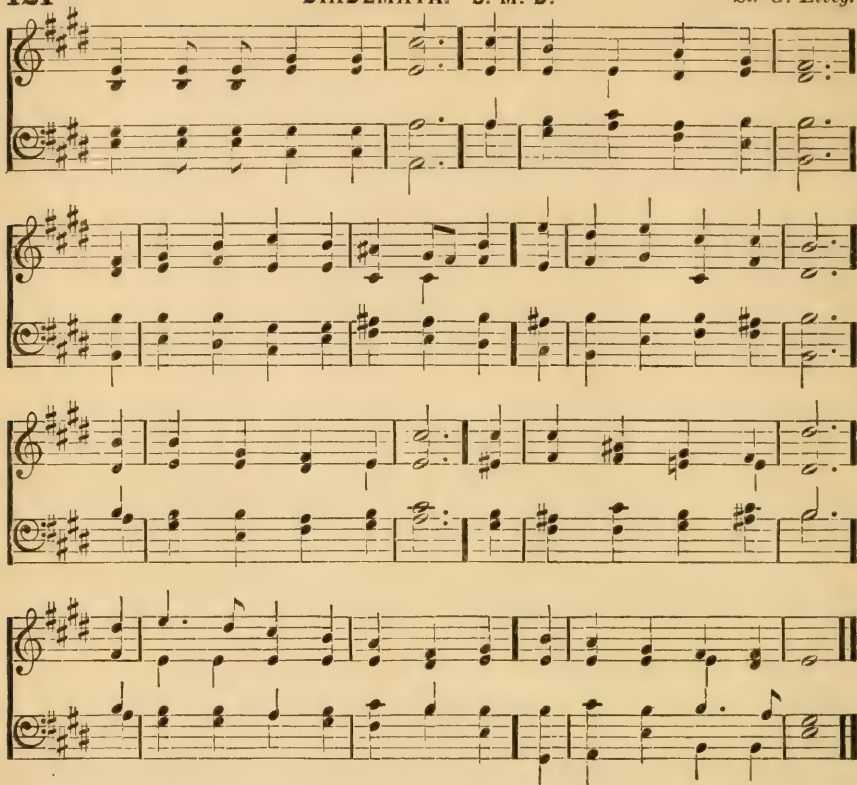
MERIBAH. 886886.

Dr. L. Mason.



121

DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

Sir G. Elvey.

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon His throne;
 Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
 All music but its own!
 Awake, my soul, and sing
 Of Him Who died for thee;
 And hail Him as thy matchless King
 Through all-eternity.

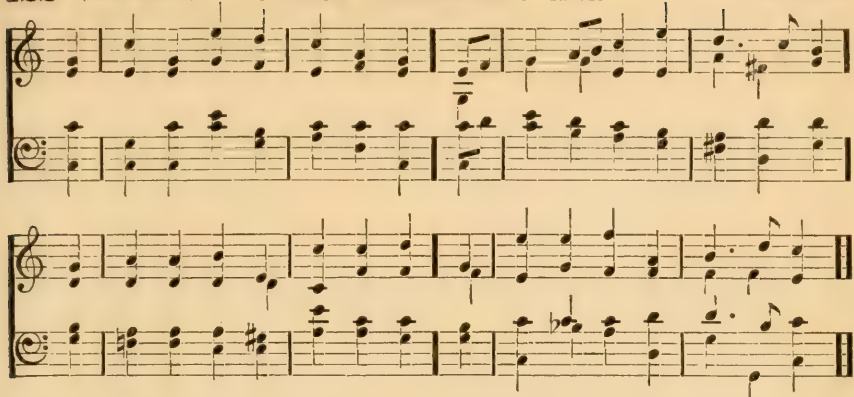
2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
 The God Incarnate born,
 Whose arm those crimson trophies won
 Which now His brow adorn.
 Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
 True Branch of Jesse's stem,
 The Root whence mercy ever flows,—
 The Babe of Bethlehem!

3 Crown Him the Lord of love!
 Behold His hands and side,—
 Those wounds, yet visible above,
 In beauty glorified:

No angel in the sky
 Can fully bear that sight,
 But downward bends his wondering eye
 At mysteries so bright.

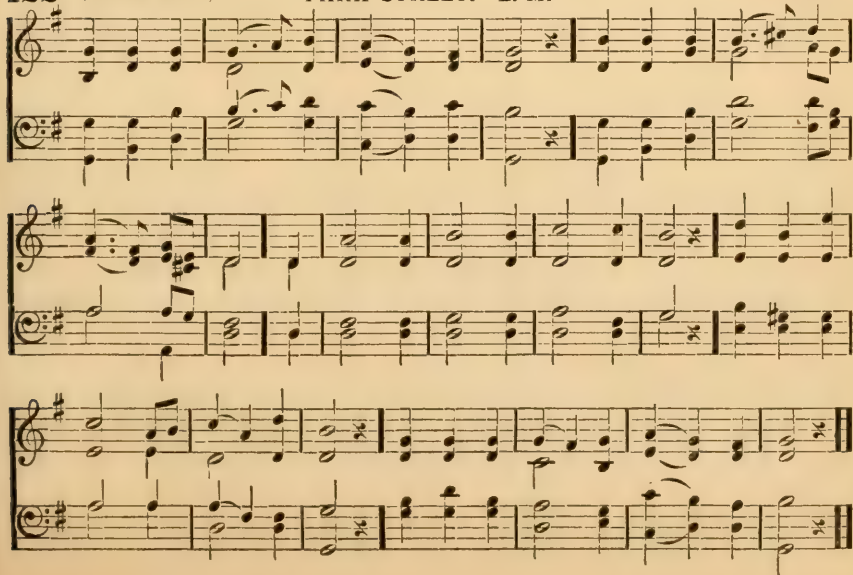
4 Crown Him the Lord of peace!
 Whose power a sceptre sways
 In heaven and earth, that wars may cease,
 And all be prayer and praise.
 His reign shall know no end;
 And round His pierced feet
 Fair flowers of Paradise extend
 Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven!
 One with the Father known,—
 And the blest Spirit, through Him given
 From yonder Triune throne!
 All hail, Redeemer, hail!
 For Thou hast died for me!
 Thy praise and glory shall not fail
 Throughout eternity.

122 (*First Tune.*)**CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. L. M.***J. W. Elliott.*

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

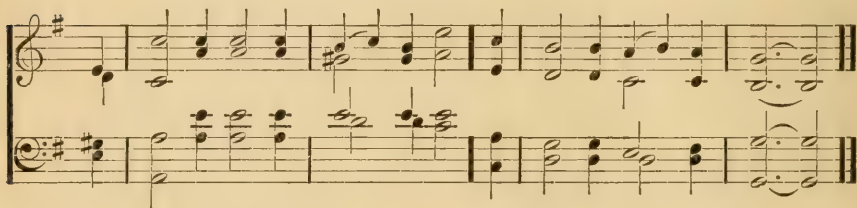
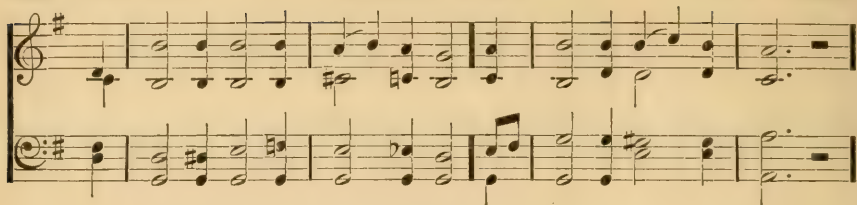
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, Who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, Who?
The Lord of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels, too,
God over all, for ever blest.

122 (*Second Tune.*)**PARK STREET. L. M.***Venua.*

123 (First Tune.)

PEORIA. C. M.

G. F. Lumsden.



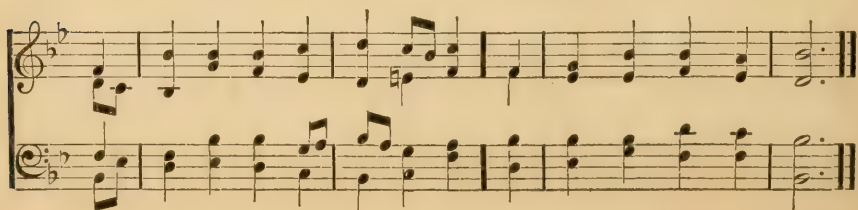
- 1 THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
Decked with resplendent wounds;
While shouts of victory rend the sky,
And heaven with joy resounds.
- 2 Eternal gates their leaves unfold,
Receive the conquering King,
The angels strike their harps of gold,
And saints triumphant sing.

- 3 Sinners, rejoice, He died for you,
For you prepares a place;
His spirit sends you to endow
With every gift and grace.
- 4 His blood, which did for you atone,
For your salvation pleads;
And seated on His Father's throne,
He reigns and intercedes.

123 (Second Tune.)

MILES' LANE. C. M.

W. Shrubsole.



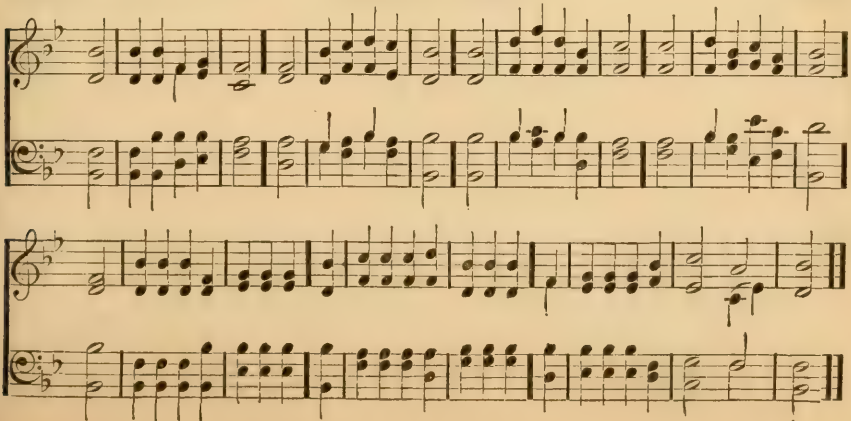
124 (*First Tune.*)**ADORATION. 666688.***Rev. W. H. Havergal.*

1 TH'atoning work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead;
He stands in heaven, their great High Priest,
He bears their names upon His breast.

2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But justice now withstands no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His.
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

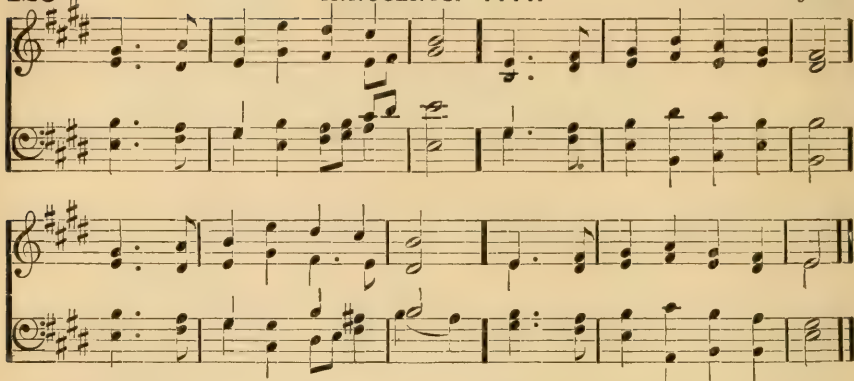
4 And though a while He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again;
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

124 (*Second Tune.*)**LENOX. 666688.***L. Edson.*

WHIT-SUNDAY

125

INNOCENTS. 7777.

G. B. Pergolesi.

1 RULER of the hosts of light,
Death hath yielded to Thy might,
And Thy blood hath marked a road
Which will lead us back to God.

2 From Thy dwelling place above,
From Thy Father's throne of love,
With Thy look of mercy bless
Those, without Thee comfortless.

3 Bitter were Thy throes on earth,
Giving to the Church her birth,

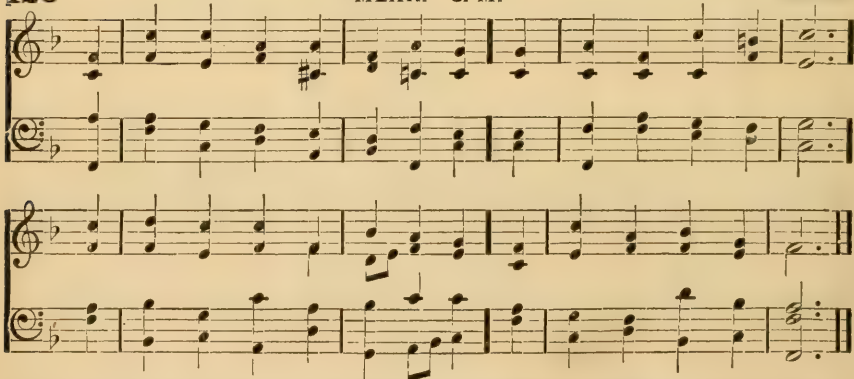
From the spear-wound opening wide
In Thine own life-giving side.

4 Now in glory Thou dost reign,
Won by all Thy toil and pain;
Thence the promised Spirit send,
While our prayers to Thee ascend.

5 Jesus, praise to Thee be given
With the Father high in heaven;
Holy Spirit, praise to Thee,
Now, and through eternity.

126

MEAR. C. M.

A. Williams.

1 WHEN God of old came down from
In power and wrath He came; [heaven,
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame;

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;

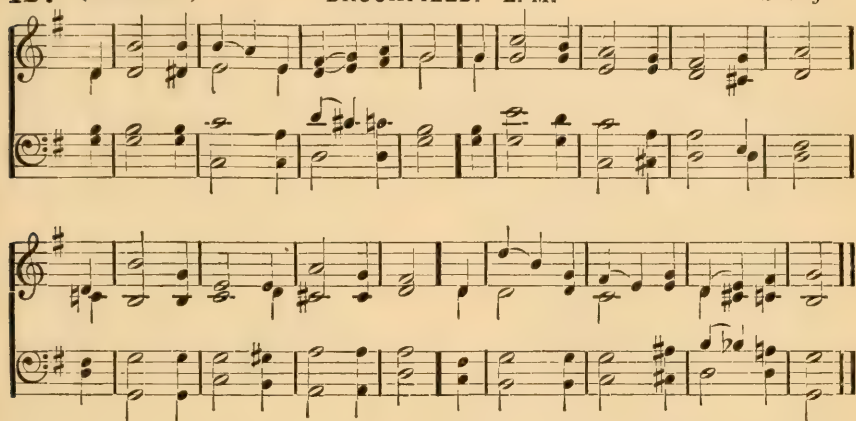
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love and
Open our ears to hear; [Power,
Let us not miss th'accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

127 (First Tune.)

BROOKFIELD. L. M.

Southgate.



1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth and love,
O shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;

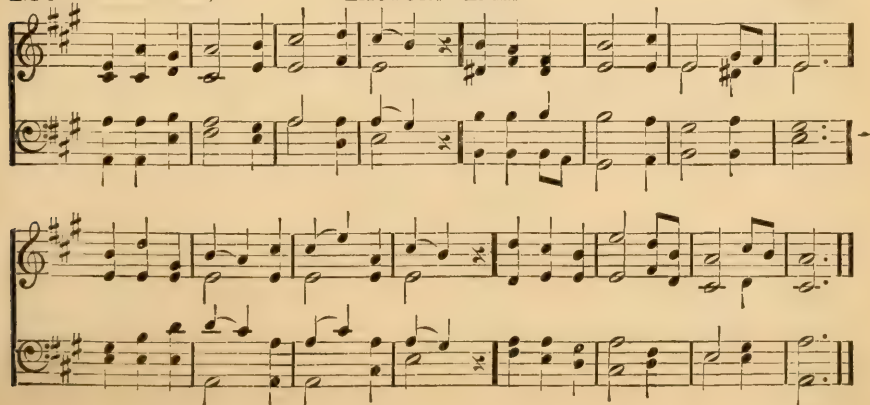
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

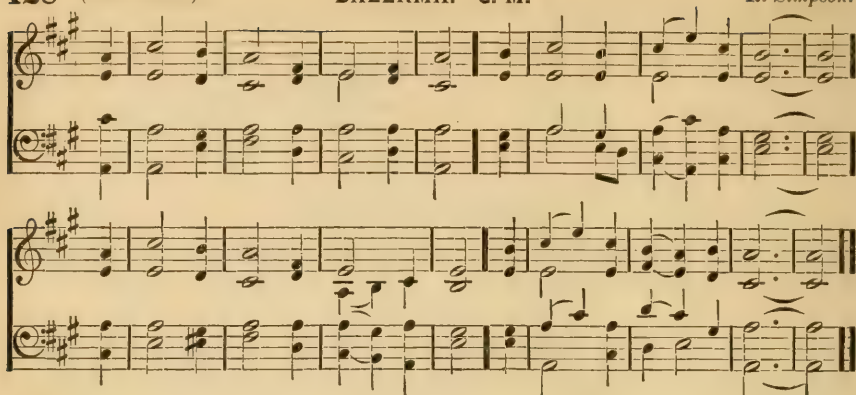
3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth and love.

127 (Second Tune.)

EASTON. L. M.

Mozart.



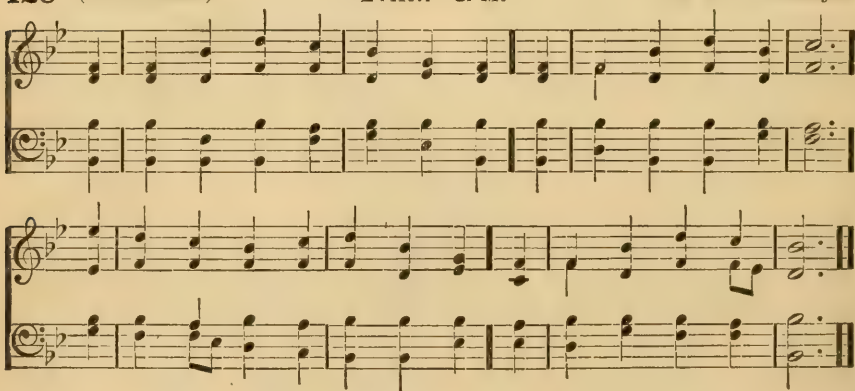
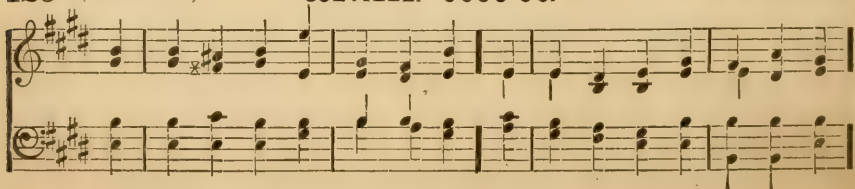
128 (*First Tune.*)**BALERMA. C. M.***R. Simpson.*

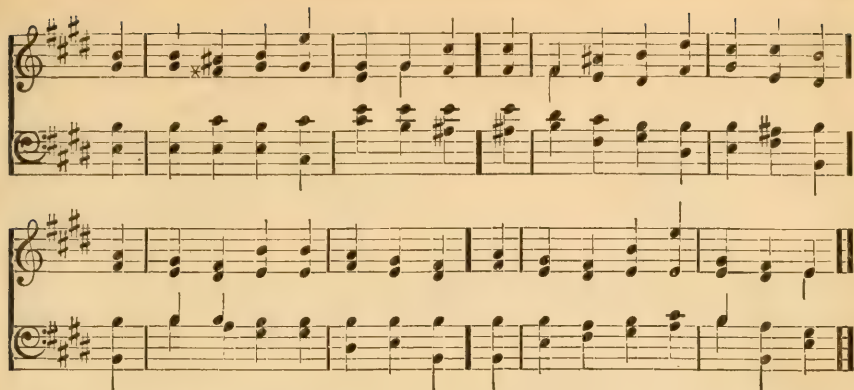
1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

128 (*Second Tune.*)**EVAN. C. M.***Rev. W. H. Havergal.***129** (*First Tune.*)**COLVILLE. 8888-88.***H. J. Gauntlett.*



1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring.
To sanctify us while we sing.

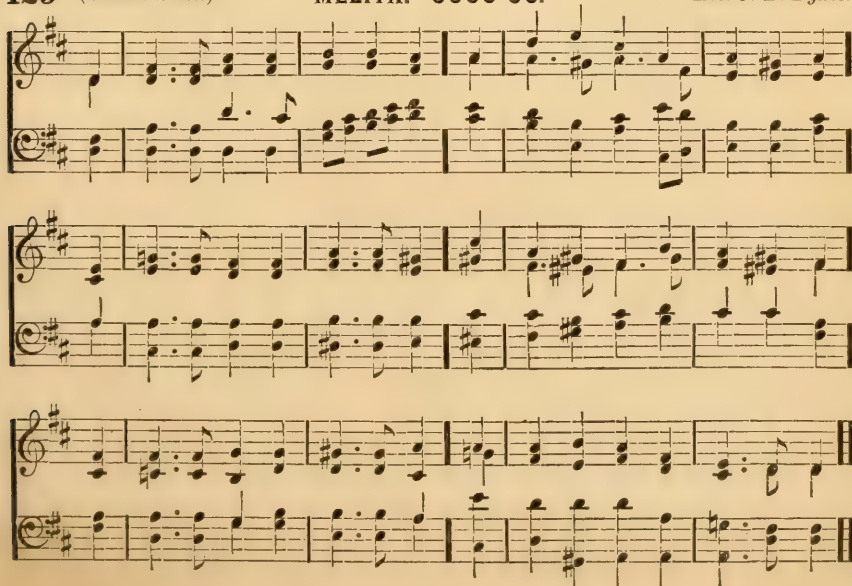
3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

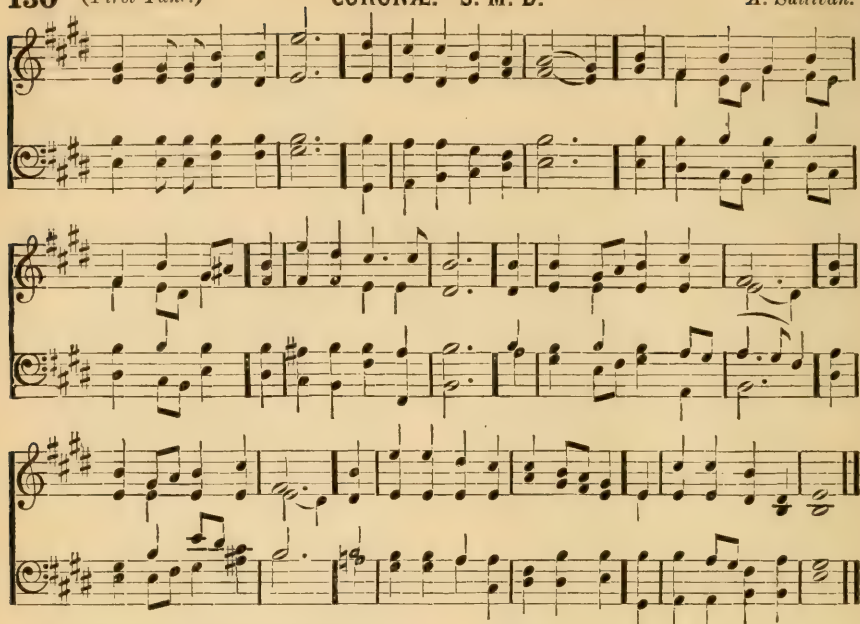
4 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

129 (Second Tune.)

MELITA. 8888-88.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



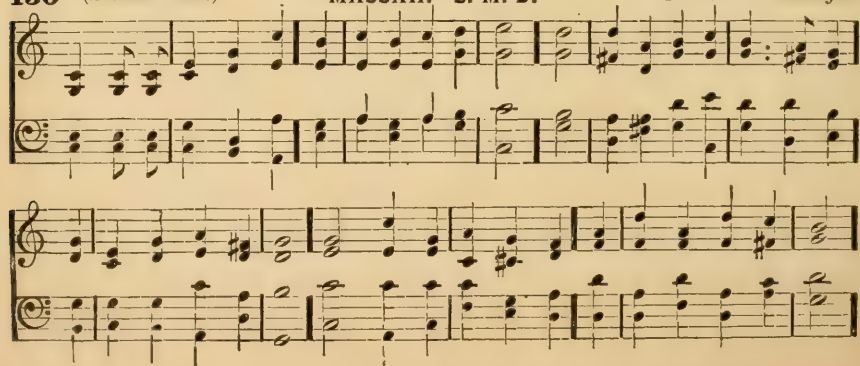
130 (*First Tune.*)**CORONÆ. S. M. D.***A. Sullivan.*

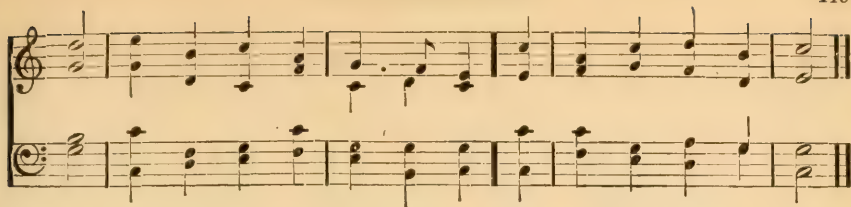
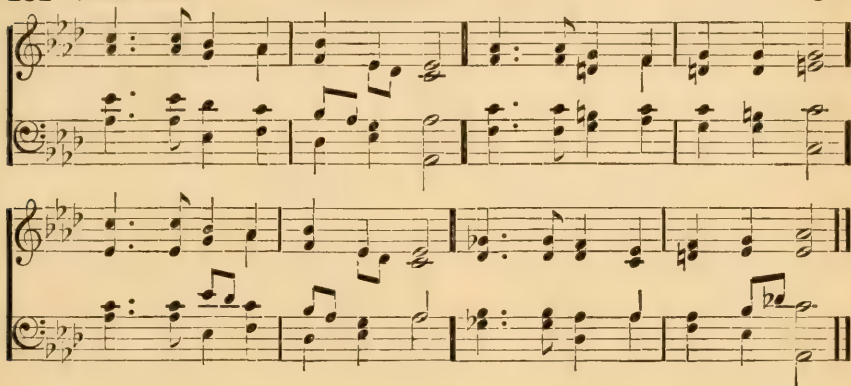
1 LORD GOD, the Holy Ghost,
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all Thy power;
 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind,
 One soul, one feeling breathe:

The young, the old, inspire
 With wisdom from above;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire
 To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day:
 Spirit of truth, be Thou
 In life and death our Guide;
 O Spirit of adoption, now
 May we be sanctified.

130 (*Second Tune.*)**MASSAH. S. M. D.***Rev. W. H. Havergal.*

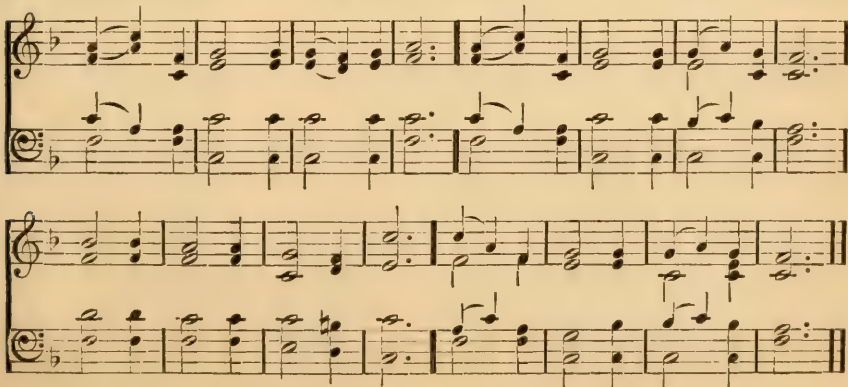
**131** (*First Tune.*)**PARACLETE. 7777.***J. T. Cooper.*

1 GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer
Sent, the gracious Comforter,
Promise of our parting Lord
Jesus, to His heaven restored.

2 God, the everlasting God,
Makes with mortals His abode;
Whom the heavens cannot contain
He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

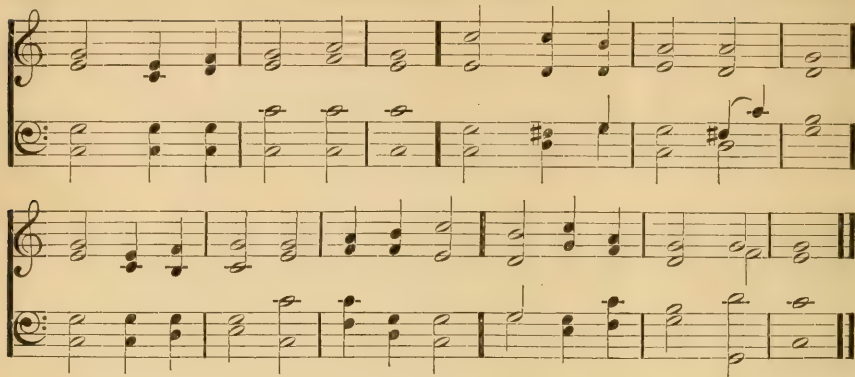
3 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted breast:
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the Gospel fire.

4 Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life:
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver, too!

131 (*Second Tune.*)**ALETTA. 7777.***W. B. Bradbury.*

132

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

1 SPIRIT of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
Make Thou to us Christ's Godhead
Apply His precious blood. [known,

2 His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see;
Jesus, Who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

3 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living Word.

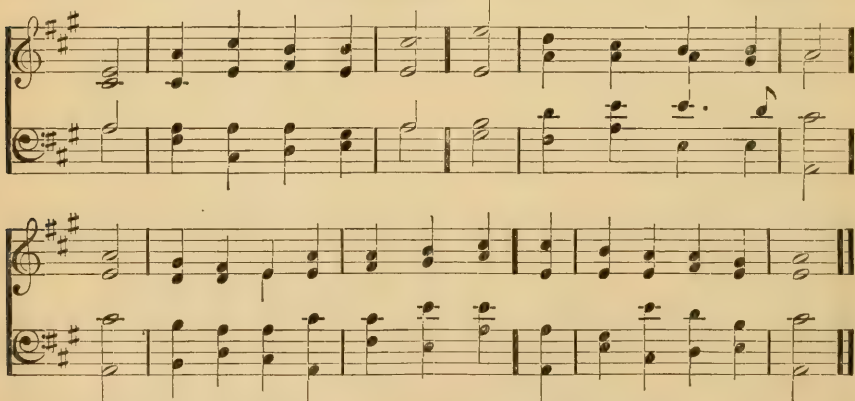
4 Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

5 Oh, that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb;
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of His name.

6 The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
Oh, testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

133

ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

Day's Psalter.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
The Bride, the Church of Christ pro-
To all His children, "Come." [claims

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, "Come:"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

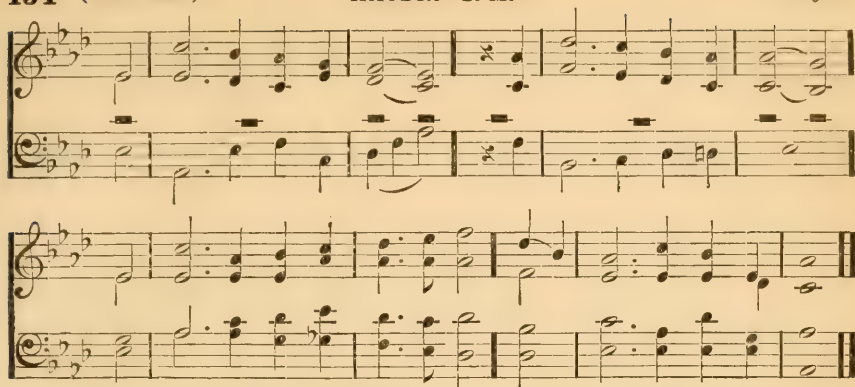
3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come."
Lord! even so; I wait Thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

134 (First Tune.)

HAYDN. S. M.

Haydn.

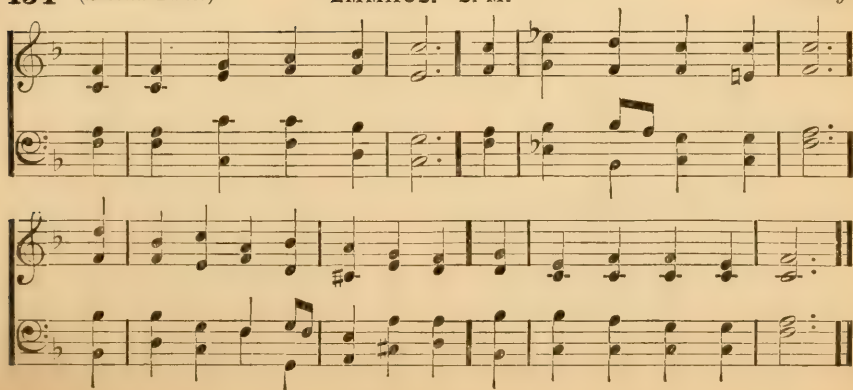


- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercy of our God.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

134 (Second Tune.)

EMMAUS. S. M.

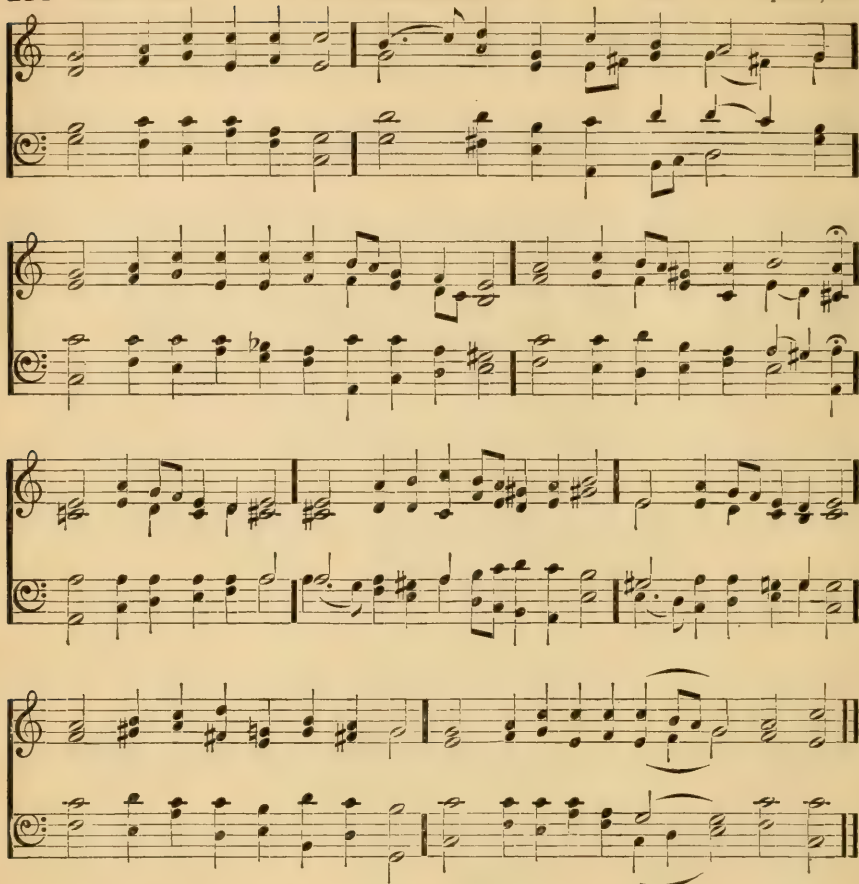
J. Barnby.



135 (First Tune.)

WILKESBARRE. P. M.

Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr.



1 BLOW on, Thou mighty Wind,
 The cloven tongues descending,
 Fanned by Thy dewy breath shall blaze
 and burn,
 A sacred flame unending.
 Soon shall that Fire behold
 Vile earth transformed to fine wrought
 gold,
 And gloom of shadowy night
 That flame shall kindle into light:
 Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

2 Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
 And waft to realms unbounded
 The notes of Faith and Hope, and tender
 Love,
 The Gospel trump hath sounded,

Those sweetly piercing tones,
 That charm all woes and tears and
 groans,
 Through earth and sea and sky,
 Upon Thy rushing wings shall fly:
 Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

3 Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
 For tempest tossed and lonely
 The Church upon the rolling billows
 rides,

And trusts in Thy Breath only.
 She spreads her swelling sails
 For Thee to fill with favoring gales
 Till, through the stormy sea,
 Thou bring her home where she would be:
 Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

135 (Second Tune.)

HOPKINS. P. M.

W. W. Gilchrist.

Therefore, Thou

migh - ty Wind, blow on, Therefore, Thou migh - ty Wind, blow on.

blow on.

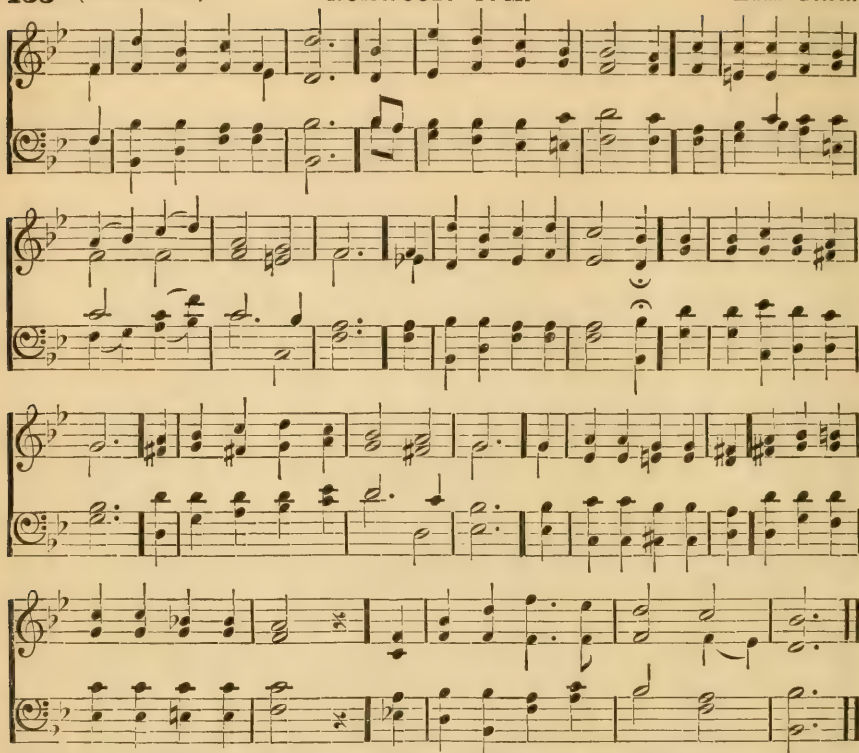
4 Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
 On hearts contrite and broken,
 And bring in quickening power the gra-
 cious words
 That Jesus' lips have spoken.
 Lo! then, from death and sleep,
 The listening soul to life shall leap:
 Then love shall reign below,
 And joy the whole wide world o'erflow:
 Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

5 To God the Father, Son,
 By all in earth and heaven,
 And to the Holy Spirit, Three in one,
 Eternal praise be given,
 As once triumphant rang
 When morning stars together sang;
 Is now, as aye before:
 And shall be so for evermore,
 World without end. Amen. Amen.

135 (Third Tune.)

NORWOOD. P. M.

Adam Geibel.



1 BLOW on, Thou mighty Wind,
The cloven tongues descending,
Fanned by Thy dewy breath shall blaze
and burn,

A sacred flame unending.
Soon shall that Fire behold [gold,
Vile earth transformed to fine wrought
And gloom of shadowy night
That flame shall kindle into light:
Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

2 Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
And waft to realms unbounded,
The notes of Faith and Hope, and tender
Love,

The Gospel trump hath sounded,
Those sweetly piercing tones,
That charm all woes and tears and groans,
Through earth and sea and sky,
Upon Thy rushing wings shall fly:
Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

3 Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
For tempest tossed and lonely
The Church upon the rolling billows rides,
And trusts in Thy Breath only.

She spreads her swelling sails
For Thee to fill with favoring gales
Till, through the stormy sea, [be;
Thou bring her home where she would
Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

4 Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
On hearts contrite and broken,
And bring in quickening power the gra-
cious words

That Jesus' lips have spoken.
Lo! then, from death and sleep,
The listening souls to life shall leap:
Then love shall reign below,
And joy the whole wide world o'erflow:
Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

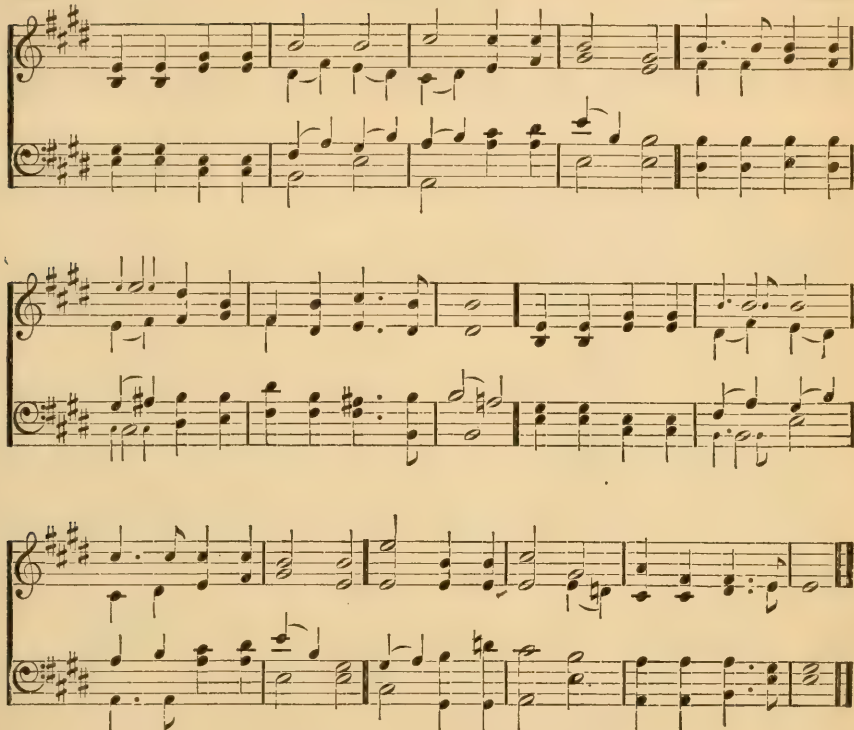
5 To God the Father, Son,
By all in earth and heaven,
And to the Holy Spirit, Three in one,
Eternal praise be given,
As once triumphant rang
When morning stars together sang;
Is now, as aye before:
And shall be so for evermore,
World without end. Amen. Amen.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

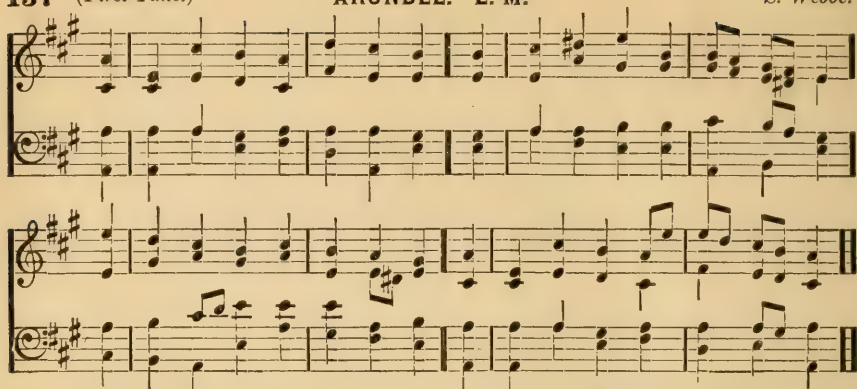
136

NICÆA. P. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



- 1 HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three persons, blessed Trinity!
 - 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
 - 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- (Fourth verse in unison.)
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

137 (*First Tune.*)**ARUNDEL. L. M.***S. Webbe.*

1 Be present, Holy Trinity,
Like splendor, and one Deity;
Of things above, and things below,
Beginning that no end shall know.

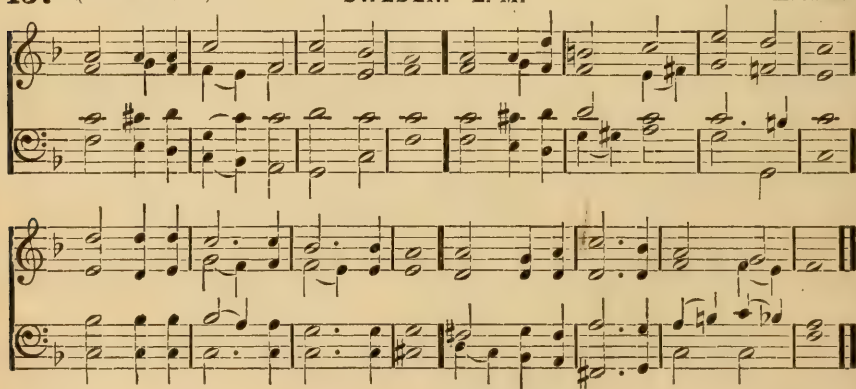
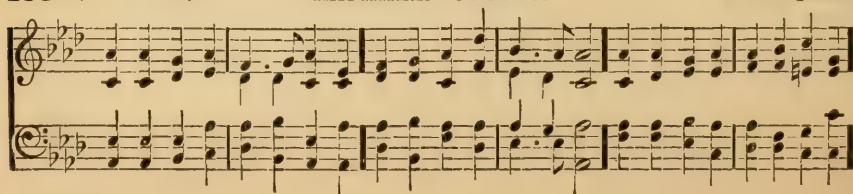
2 Thee all the armies of the sky
Adore and laud and magnify;
And Nature, in her triple frame,
For ever sanctifies Thy name.

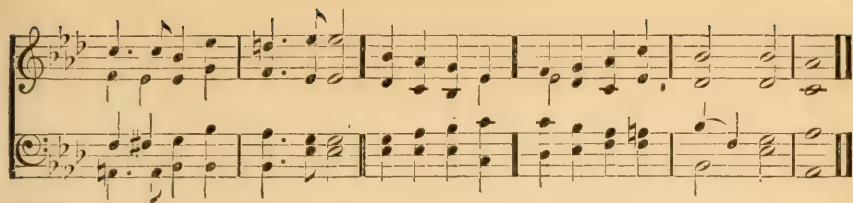
3 And Thee, too, thanks and homage pay
Thine own adoring flock to-day;

O join to that celestial song
The praises of our suppliant throng.

4 Light, Sole and One, we Thee confess,
With triple praise we rightly bless;
And Alpha and Omega own;
With every spirit round Thy throne.

5 To Thee, O unbegotten One,
And Thee, the sole begotten Son,
And Thee, O Holy Ghost, we raise
Our equal and eternal praise.

137 (*Second Tune.*)**SWEDEN. L. M.***H. Hiles.***138** (*First Tune.*)**RAPHAEL. 878747.***E. J. Hopkins.*



1 HOLY Father, great Creator,
Source of mercy, love and peace,
Look upon the Mediator,
Clothe us with His righteousness;
Heavenly Father,
Through the Saviour hear and bless.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy name;
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

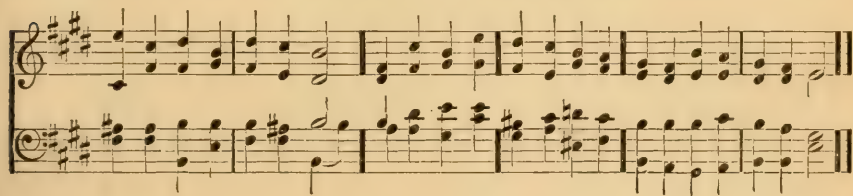
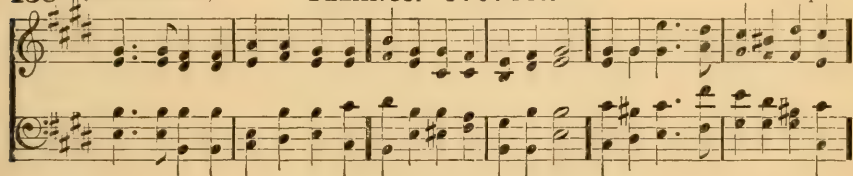
3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

138 (Second Tune.)

DELANCO. 8787447.

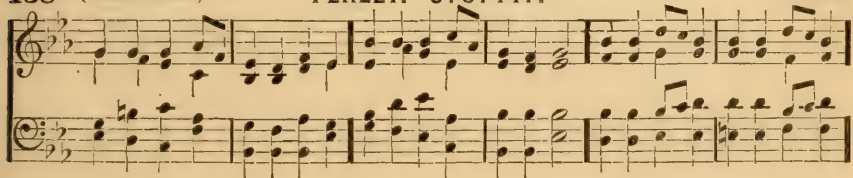
W. Newport.



138 (Third Tune.)

PERLET. 8787447.

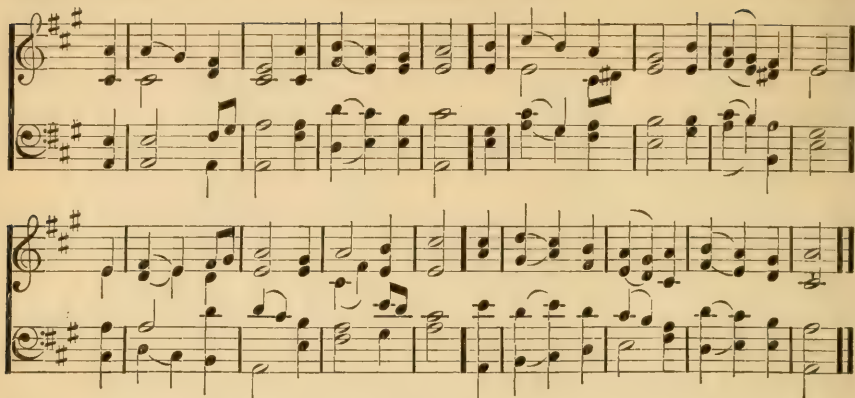
C. Gounod.



139 (First Tune.)

WAREHAM. L. M.

W. Knapp.

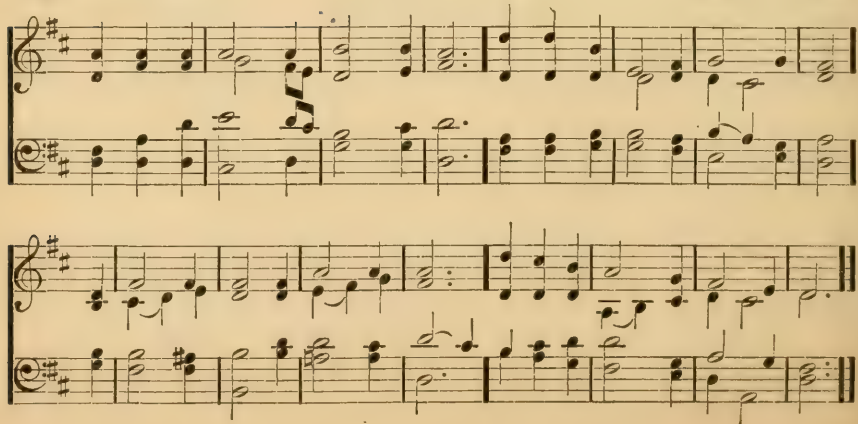


- 1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy name,
For ever be Thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.
- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.
- 3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou Source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.
- 4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

139 (Second Tune.)

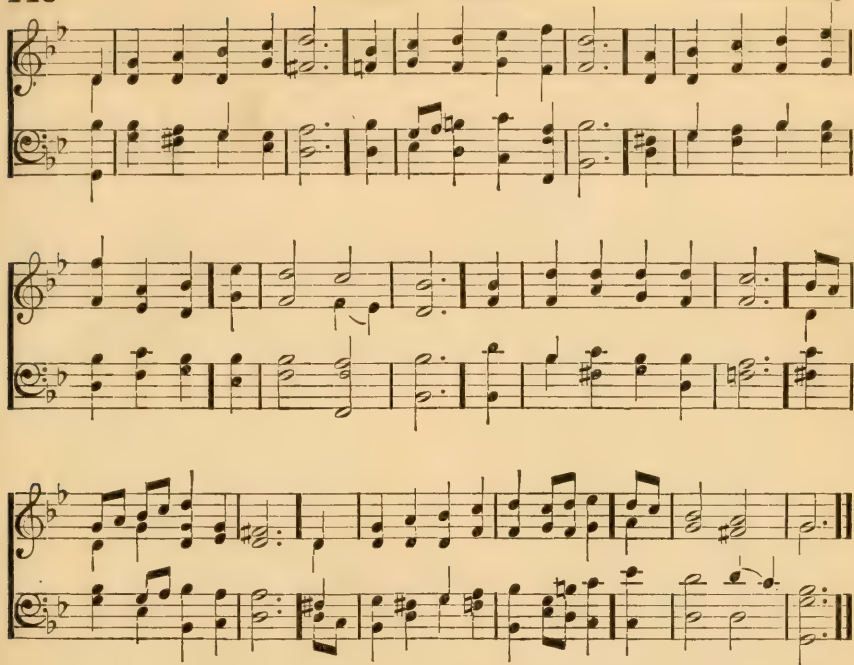
RIVAUXX. L. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



140

LEONI. 6684D.

Hebrew Melody.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love;
 Jehovah, great I AM,
 By earth and heaven confessed;—
 I bow and bless the sacred Name,
 Forever blessed.

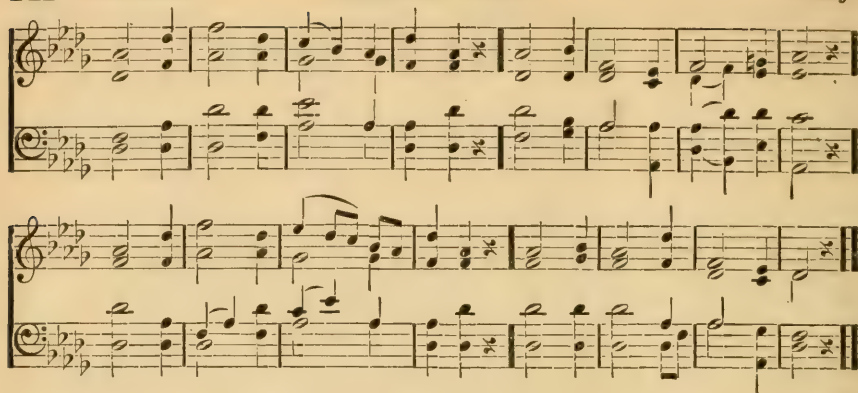
2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At Whose supreme command
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At His right hand:
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame and power;
 And Him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn,
 I on His oath depend,
 I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend:
 I shall behold His face,
 I shall His power adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 For evermore.

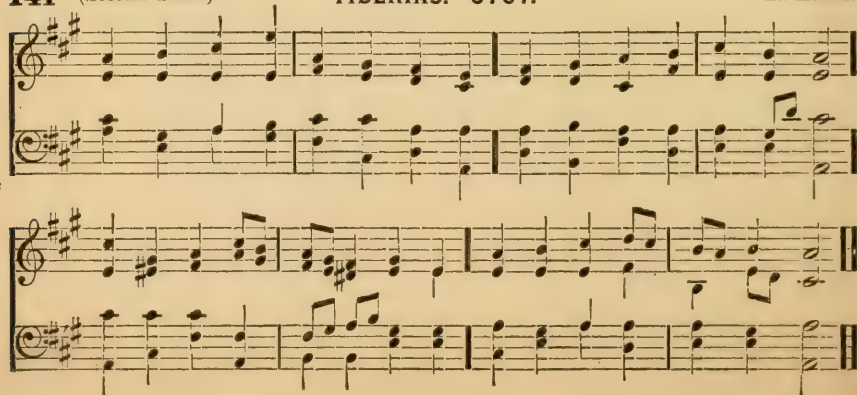
4 There dwells the Lord, our King,
 The Lord, our Righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace;
 On Sion's sacred height
 His kingdom He maintains,
 And, glorious with His saints in light,
 Forever reigns.

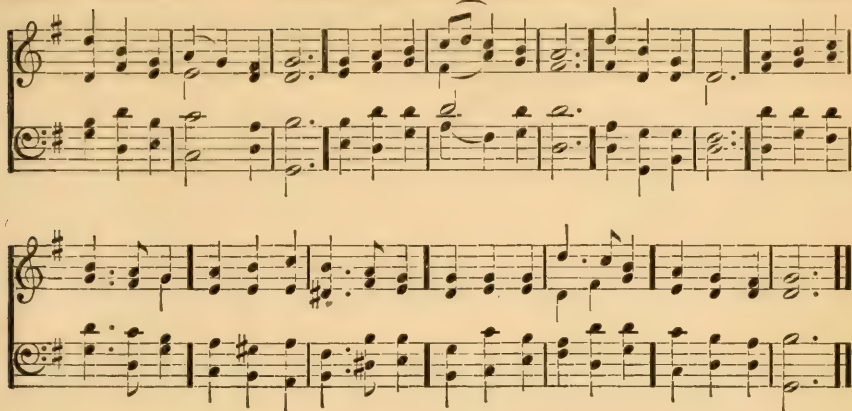
5 The God Who reigns on high
 The great arch-angels sing:
 And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
 "Almighty King,
 Who was and is the same,
 And evermore shall be;
 Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
 We worship Thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high;
 "Hail, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,"
 They ever cry:
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
 I join the heavenly lays;
 All might and majesty are Thine,
 And endless praise.

141 (*First Tune.*)**RATHBUN. 8787.***I. Conkey.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 God the Father, Who didst make me,
To adore and worship Thee,
Who didst fashion and create me
Thine forever more to be.</p> <p>2 Often from Thy ways I've wandered,
E'en each day, and every hour;
Time so precious, spent and squandered,
Let me now with tears deplore.</p> <p>3 Jesus Christ, Who didst redeem me
From eternal misery,
Who didst shed Thy blood to save me
On the cross of Calvary.</p> <p>4 O, what sorrow there I caused Thee,
O! what bitter agony;
By that cross, I now beseech Thee
Look with pity down on me.</p> | <p>5 Holy Ghost, Whose grace descended
Seven-fold to strengthen me,
By which grace my soul was cleansèd,
From a dark iniquity.</p> <p>6 Many gifts oft times I've slighted,
Gifts bestowed so lovingly,
But for love so ill-requested,
Now at length, Thy child I'll be.</p> <p>7 Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Ever blessèd Trinity:
O! what love from me They merit,
For such wondrous charity.</p> <p>8 Thou, O God, hast made and saved me;
Thou alone my Lord shall be;
Take me then to love and serve Thee
Now, and in eternity,</p> |
|---|---|

141 (*Second Tune.*)**TIBERIAS. 8787.***H. Albert.*

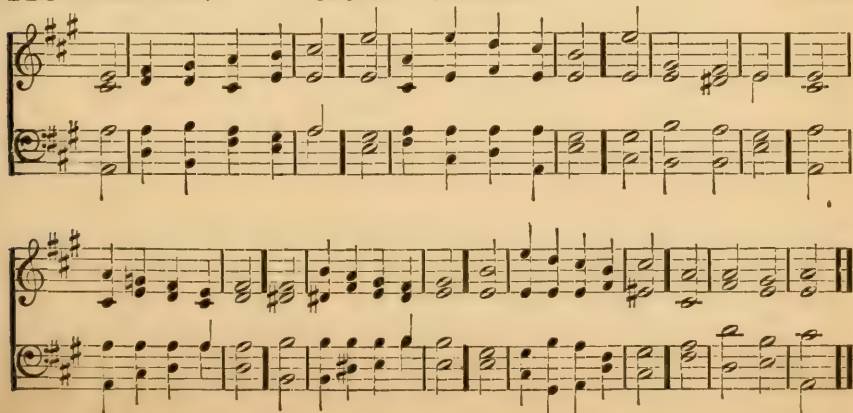
142 (*First Tune.*)**ITALIAN HYMN. 6646664.***Giardini.*

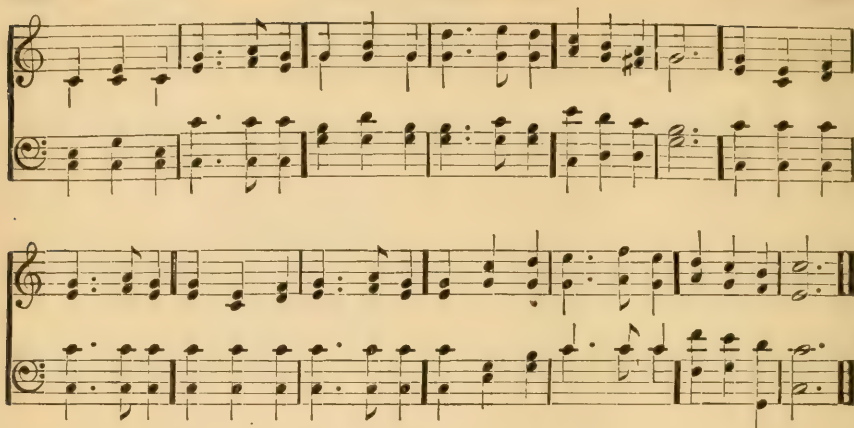
1 FATHER of Light and Love!
Who, from Thy throne above,
 Lookest on me,
Help me to seek Thy face;
Me in Thine arms embrace;
And, in Thy sovereign grace,
 Bring me to Thee!

2 Jesus, The Crucified!
Jesus! for me Who died,
 Teach me I pray,
All that Thy love can do;
My evil heart renew;
My stubborn will subdue
 To Thine, this day!

3 Spirit of Holiness!
Sent forth to guide and bless
 Those who are Thine,
Strengthen me with Thy might;
Cleanse Thou my spirit's sight;
And, in my heart, the light
 Of Jesus shine!

4 All-glorious Three in One!
To Thy great Name alone,
 In earth and heaven;
Thou undivided Three
All praise and glory be
Now and eternally,
 Joyously given!

142 (*Second Tune.*)**STÖBEL. 6646664.***Stöbel.*

143 (*First Tune.*)**DORT.** 6646664.*Dr. L. Mason.*

1 COME, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend;
 Come, and Thy people bless;
 And give Thy word success;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, Who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

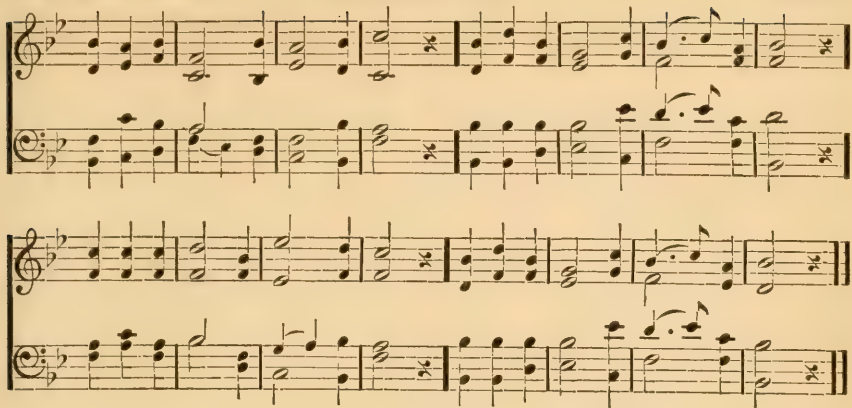
4 To the great One and Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore;
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

143 (*Second Tune.*)**VERRINDER.** 6646664.*C. G. Verrinder.*

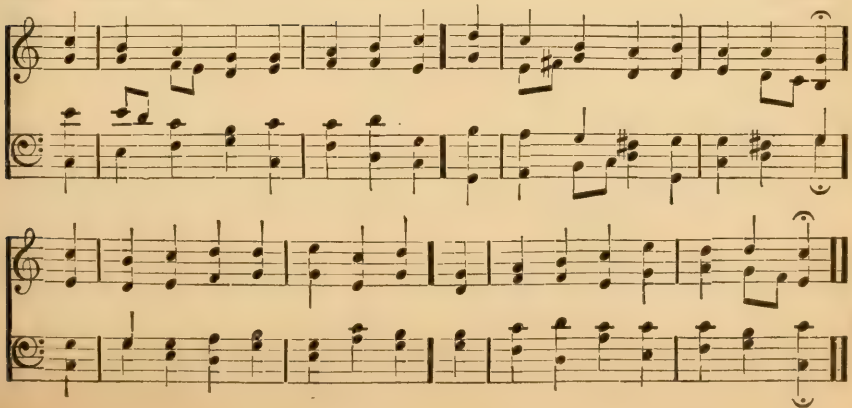
Voices in unison.

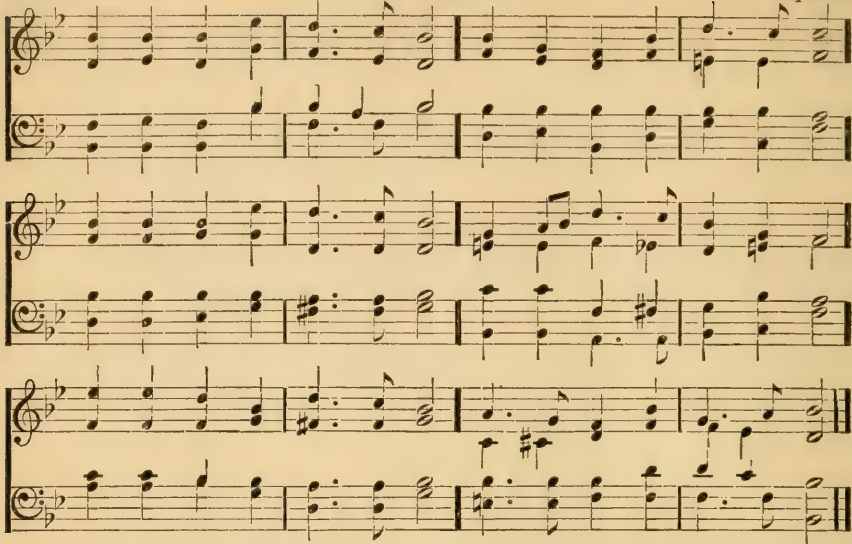
Organ.

Harmony.

144 (*First Tune.*)**MENDON. L. M.***German.*

- 1 ALL hail adorèd Trinity,
All hail eternal Unity,
O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, ever One!
- 2 Behold to Thee, this festal day,
We meekly pour our thankful lay;
O let our work accepted be,
That sweetest work of praising Thee.
- 3 Three Persons praise we evermore,
One only God our hearts adore;
In Thy sure mercy ever kind,
May we our true protection find.
- 4 O Trinity! O Unity!
Be present as we worship Thee;
And with the songs that angels sing,
Unite the hymns of praise we bring.

144 (*Second Tune.*)**GÖLDEL. L. M.***J. H. Schein.*

145 (*First Tune.*)**STURTEVANT. 777777.***E. J. Hopkins.*

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord
 God of hosts, eternal King,
 By the heavens and earth adored ;
 Angels and archangels sing,
 Chanting everlastingly
 To the blessed Trinity.

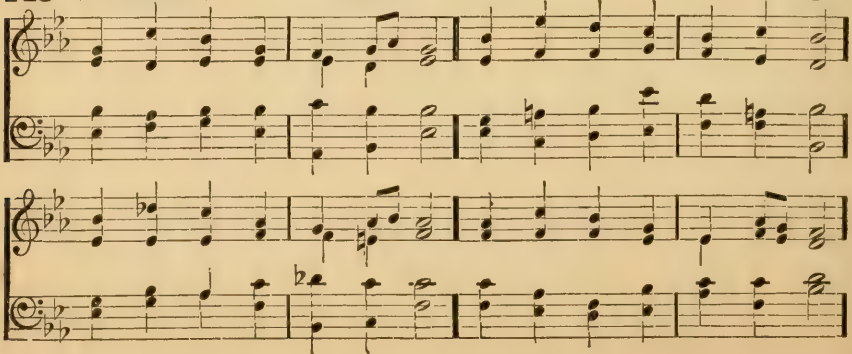
2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
 Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
 Speeding thence at Thy command ;
 And when Thy command is done,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessed Trinity.

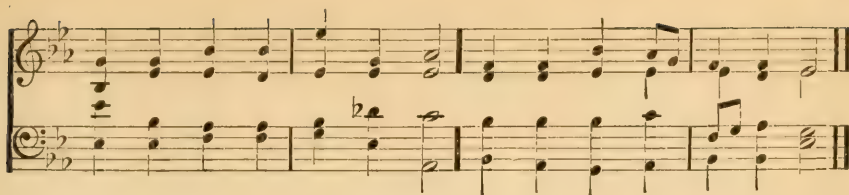
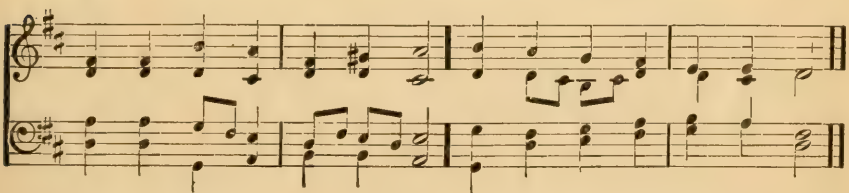
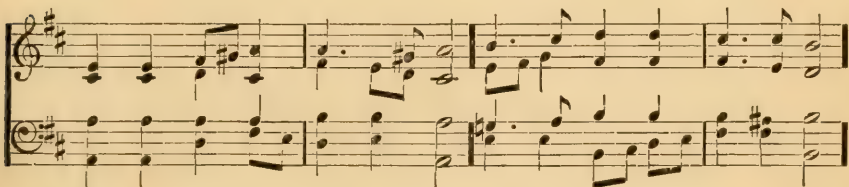
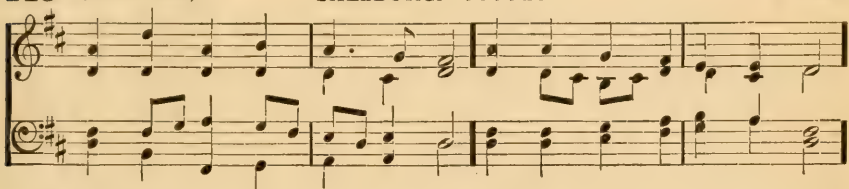
3 Cherubim and seraphim
 Veil their faces with their wings ;
 Eyes of angels are too dim

To behold the King of kings,
 While they sing eternally
 To the blessed Trinity.

4 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
 Thee, the noble martyr band,
 Praise, with solemn jubilee ;
 Thee the Church in every land ;
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessed Trinity.

5 Alleluia ! Lord, to Thee,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Join we with the heavenly host,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessed Trinity.

145 (*Second Tune.*)**COOPER. 777777.***A. S. Cooper.*

**146** (*First Tune.*)**SALZBURG. 7777D.***J. S. Bach.*

- 1** HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord
 God of Hosts! When heaven and earth,
 Out of darkness, at Thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sang, with one accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
- 2** Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore;

Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here, with glad accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

- 3** Holy, Holy, Holy! All
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices, swell one hymn
 Round the throne with full accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

146 (*Second Tune.*)**HOLLINGSIDE. 7777D.***Rev. J. B. Dykes.*

1 HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord
 God of Hosts! When heaven and earth,
 Out of darkness, at Thy word,
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sang, with one accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here, with glad accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore;

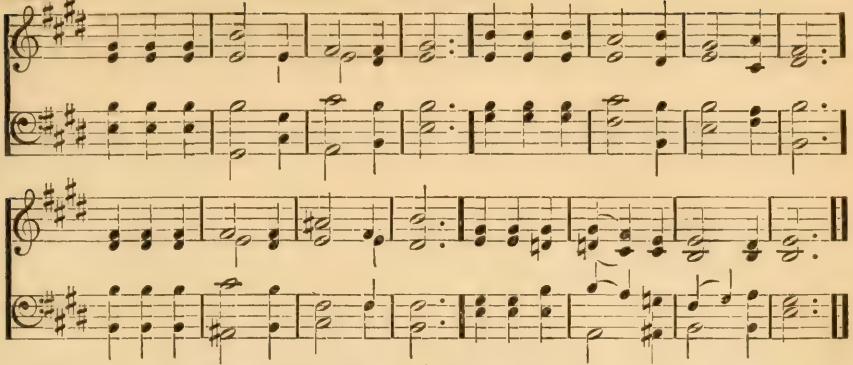
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! All
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices, swell one hymn
 Round the throne with full accord,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

147 (*First Tune.*)**BONN. L. M.***Sir J. Goss.*

147 (Second Tune.)

QUEBEC (WHITBORN). L. M.

H. Baker.



1 FATHER of all, Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

THE LORD'S DAY.

148

HORTON. 7777.

Von Whartensee.



1 MORN of morns, and day of days,
Beauteous were thy new-born rays;
Brighter yet, from death's dark prison,
Christ, the light of lights, is risen.

2 He commanded, and His Word
Death and the dread Chaos heard;
Oh! shall we, more deaf than they,
In the chains of darkness stay?

3 Nature yet in shadow lies;
Let the sons of light arise,
And prevent the morning rays
With sweet canticles of praise.

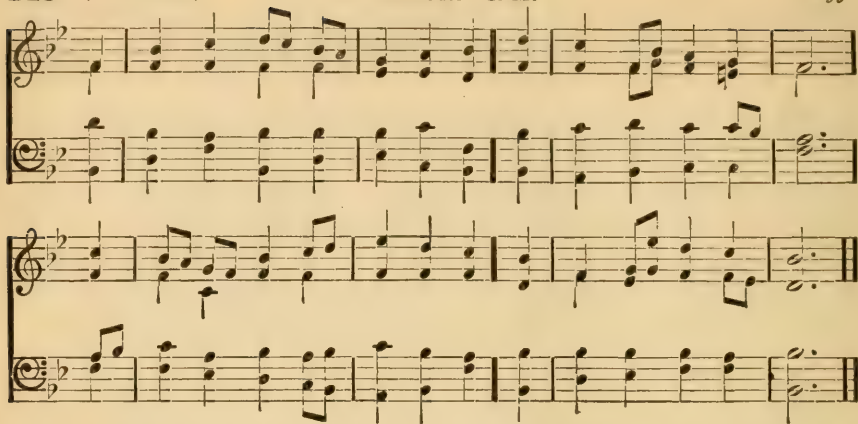
4 While the dead world sleeps around,
Let the sacred temple sound,
Law and prophets, and blest psalm,
Lit with holy light so calm.

5 Unto hearts, with slumber weak,
Let the heavenly trumpet speak;
And a newer walk express
Their new life in righteousness.

6 Grant us this, and with us be,
O Thou Fount of charity,
Thou, who dost the Spirit give,
Bidding the dead letter live.

149 (*First Tune.*)

TIVERTON. C. M.

Grigg.

1 THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround His throne.

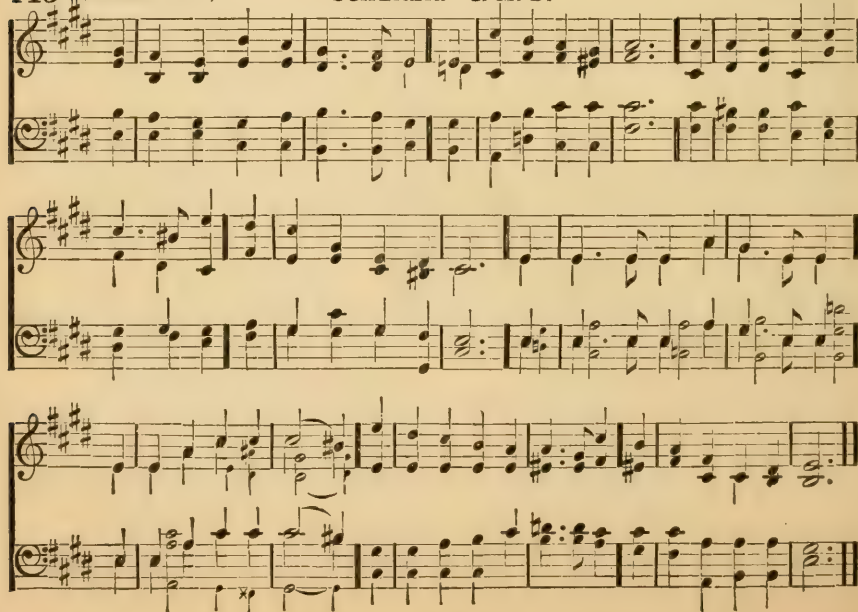
2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day, the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna! to th'Anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy Throne!

4 Hosanna! in the highest strains,
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

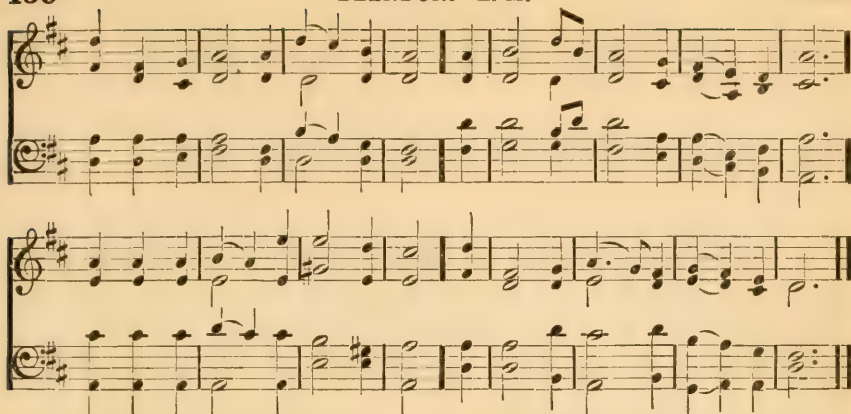
149 (*Second Tune.*)

SCHERER. C. M. D.

J. Stainer.

150

BLENDON. L. M.

Giardini.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day has begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.

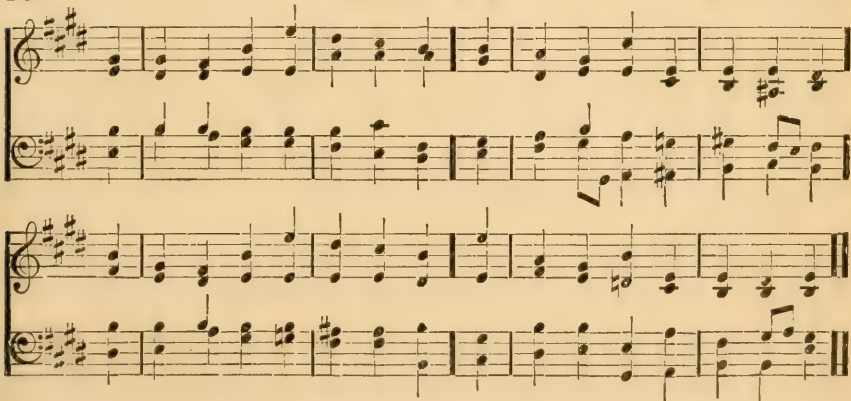
2 This day may our devotion rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

151

PETROX. L. M.

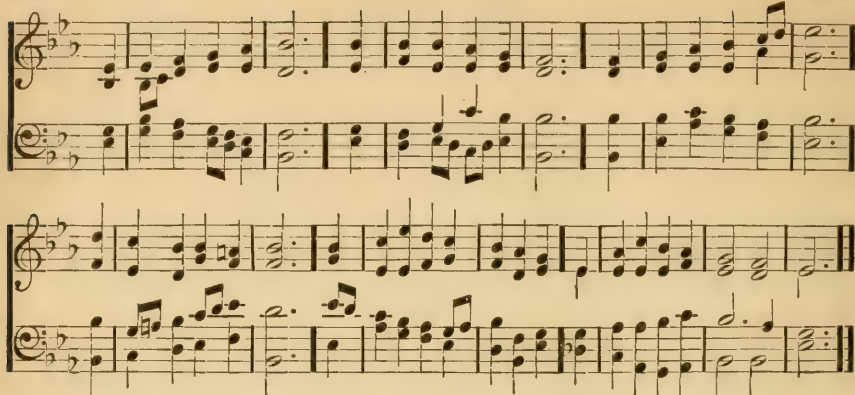
Rev. R. F. Dale.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be-
Let my religious hours alone: [gone;
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with Thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see Thy grace, to taste Thy love,
And feel Thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see Thy glories shine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from Thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in Thy temple let me know
The joys that from Thy presence flow.

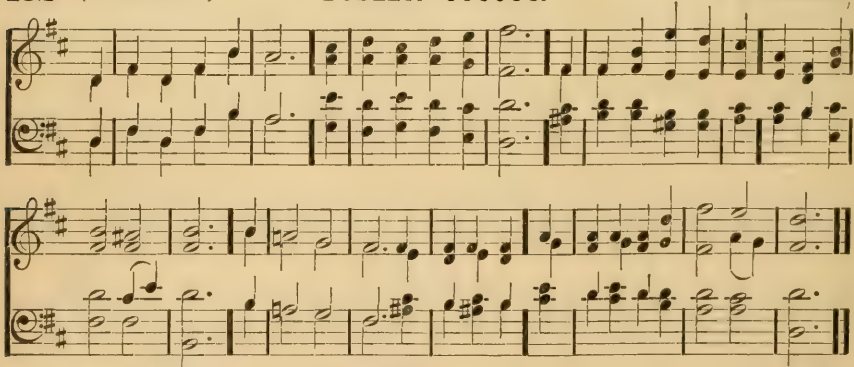
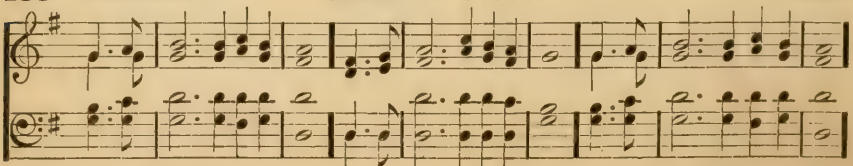
152 (*First Tune.*)**BEVAN. 666688.***Sir J. Goss.*

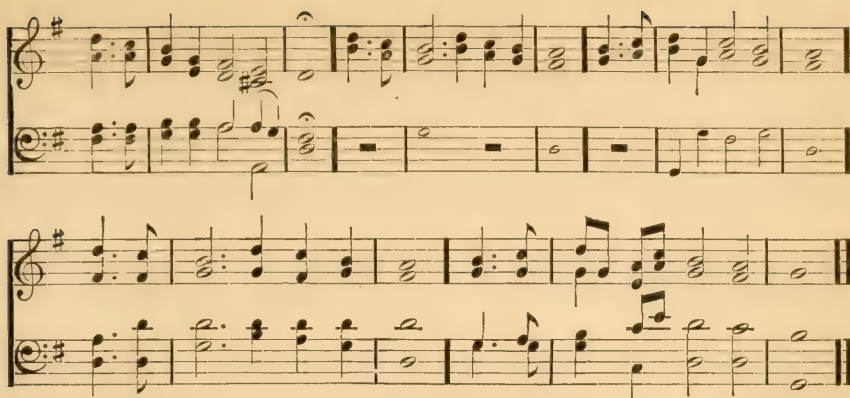
1 **AWAKE**, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Welcome the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain Thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

152 (*Second Tune.*)**DUDLEY. 666688.***E. F. Rimbault.***153** (*First Tune.*)**SABBATH. 7777D.***Dr. L. Mason*



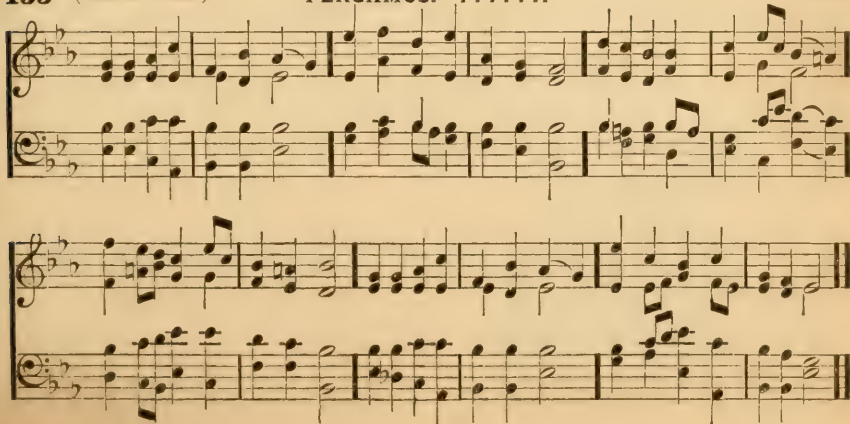
- 1 SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest!
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour
 Through the week our praise demand;
 Guarded by almighty power,
 Fed and guided by His hand:
 Though ungrateful we have been,
 And repaying love with sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconciled face,

- Drive away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this night with Thee.
- 4 Here we come Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes
 When we in Thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints;
 Such the days of rest we love,
 Till we join the Church above.

153 (Second Tune.)

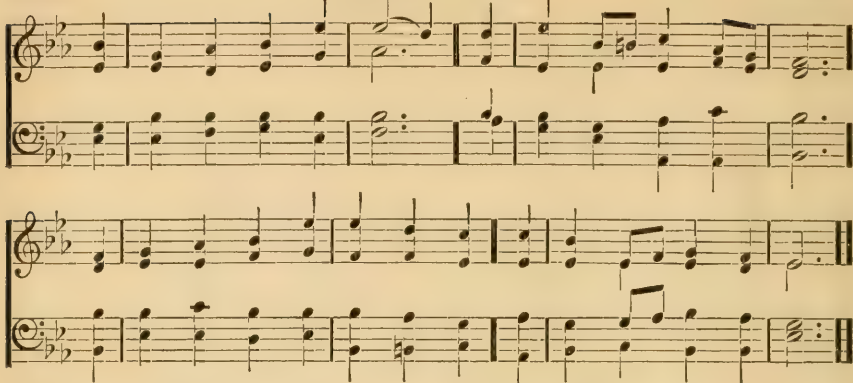
PERGAMOS. 777777.

Sir J. Goss.



154

CAREW. S. M.

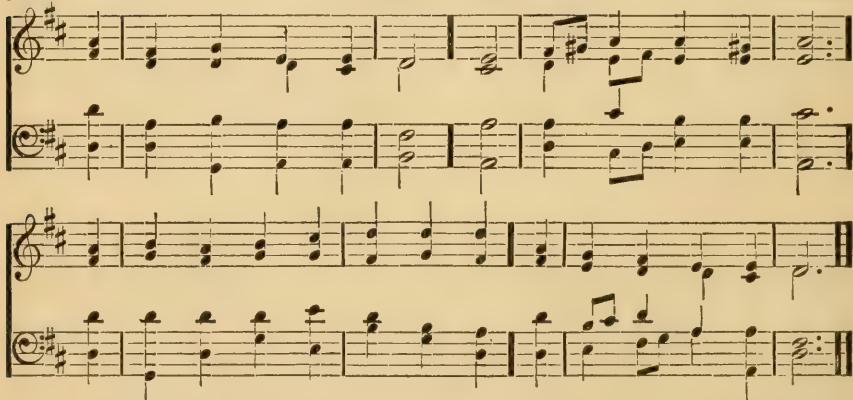
D. Steibelt.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King Himself comes near
To feast His saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

- 3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is called to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

155

SWABIA. S. M.

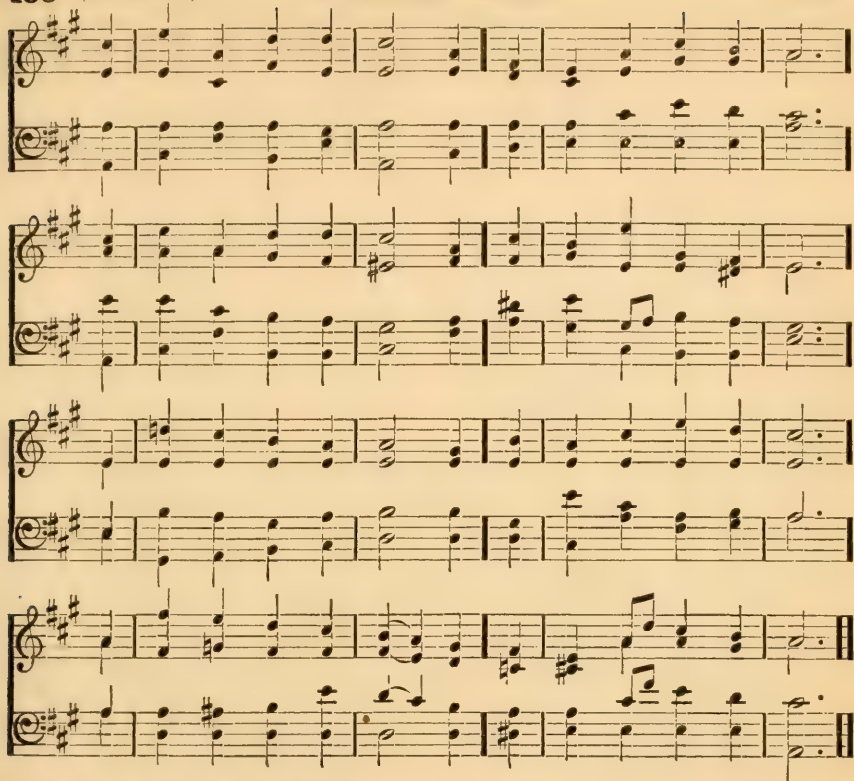
German.

- 1 THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-Spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;

- Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise
O Vanquisher of death!

156 (*First Tune.*)

ROTTERDAM. 7676D.

B. Tours.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
 On Thee, the high and lowly,
 Through ages joined in tune,
 Sing, Holy, holy, holy,
 To the great God Triune.

2 On Thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On Thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On Thee, our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven,
 And thus on Thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise;
 A garden intersected
 With streams of Paradise;

Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry dreary sand;
 From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land.

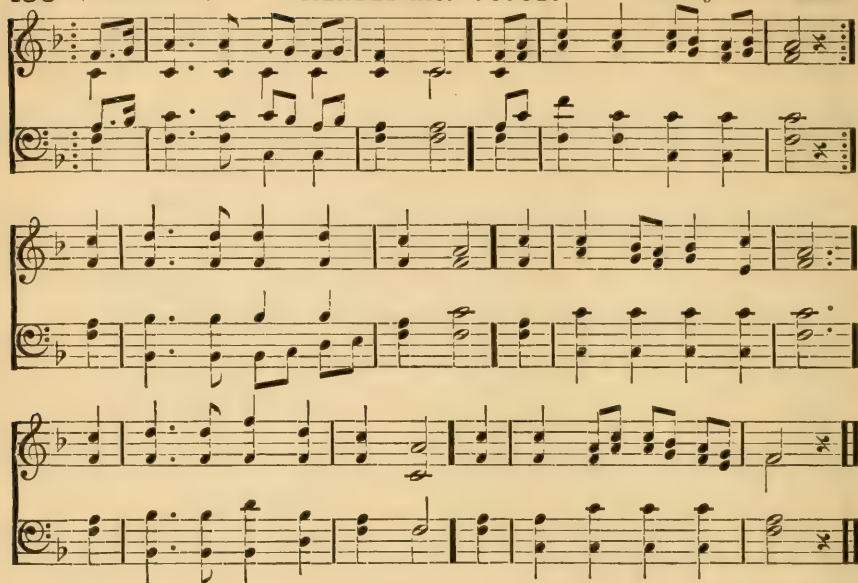
4 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where Gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

156 (*Second Tune.*)

MENDEBRAS. 7676D.

Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.



- 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On Thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,
To the great God Triune.
- 2 On Thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On Thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On Thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on Thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;

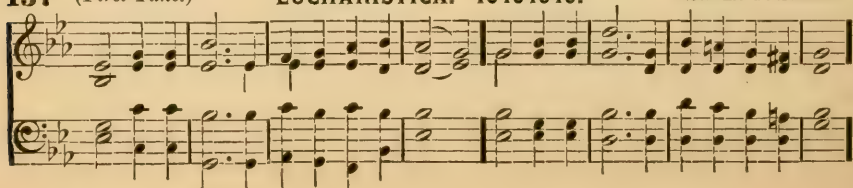
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

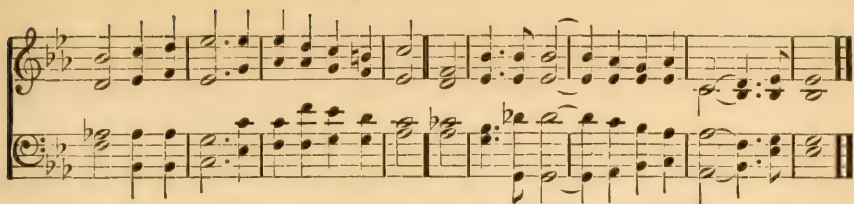
- 4 To-day on weary nations
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Where Gospel light is glowing
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- 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

157 (*First Tune.*)

EUCCHARISTICA. 10101010.

Sir R. P. Stewart.





1 As pants the wearied hart for cooling
springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer
chase,
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of
kings,
So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling
place.

2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the
tedious day;

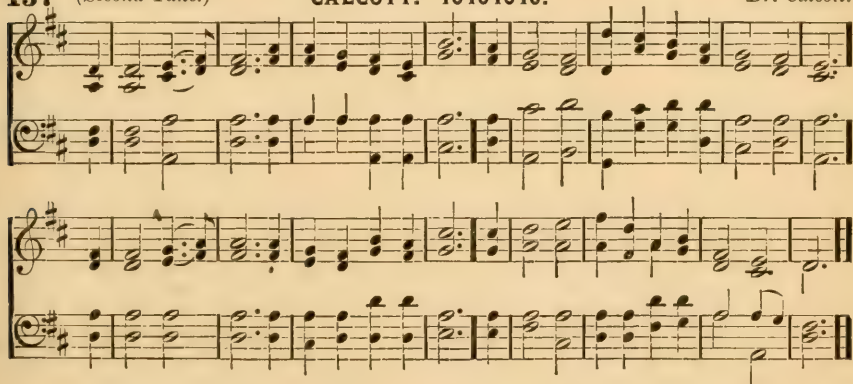
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades
of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful
lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Je-
hovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall
prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet
be paid: [love.
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and

157 (Second Tune.)

CALCOTT. 10101010.

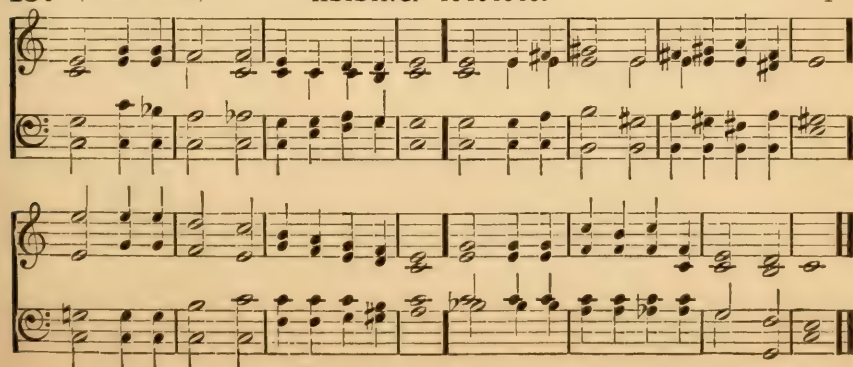
Dr. Calcott.

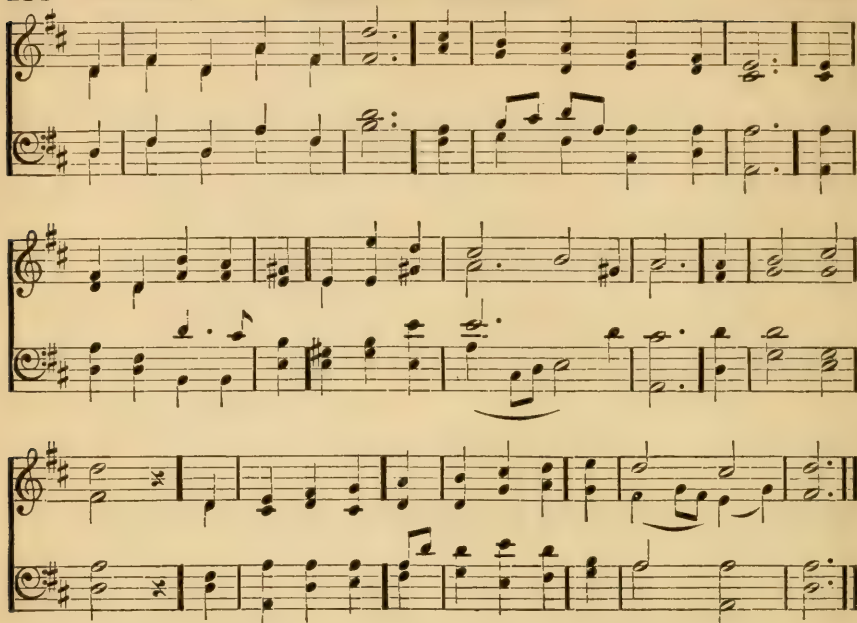


157 (Third Tune.)

ABIDING. 10101010.

G. A. Pope.



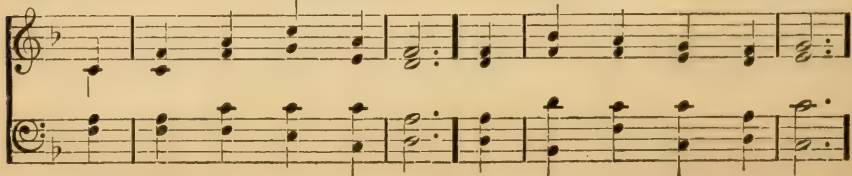
158 (*First Tune.*)**DARWALL. 66664444.***J. Darwall.*

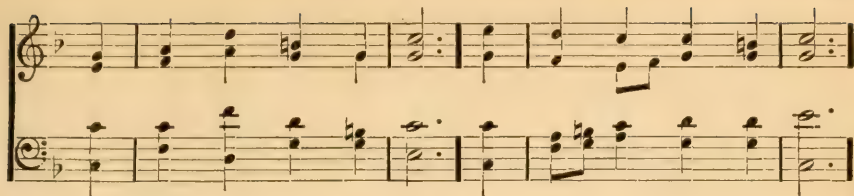
1 LORD of the worlds above!
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are!
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

2 O happy souls! that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men! that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise Thee still:
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:
 O glorious seat!
 Where God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet.

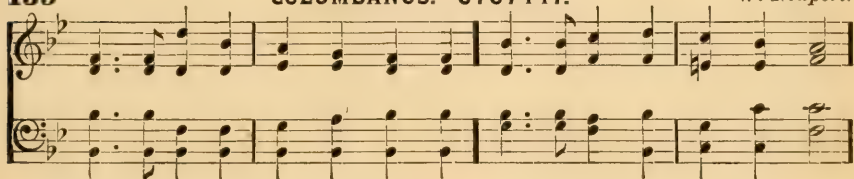
4 God is our Sun and Shield,
 Our light and our defence;
 With gifts His hands are filled,
 We draw our blessings thence:
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts!
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in Thee.

158 (*Second Tune.*)**BICKLEIGH. 66664444.***S. Reay.*



159

COLUMBANUS. 8787447.

W. Newport.

1 In Thy Name, O Lord! assembling,
 We, Thy people, now draw near;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
 Speak! and let Thy servants hear:
 Hear with meekness,
 Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord! to Thee,
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,

May we run, nor weary be,
 Till Thy glory,
 Without clouds in heaven, we see.

3 Then in worship, purer, sweeter,
 Thee, Thy people shall adore,
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Far than thought conceived before.
 Full enjoyment,
 Full, unmixed, and evermore!

Communion of Saints.

160 (*First Tune.*)

DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. Nāgeli.



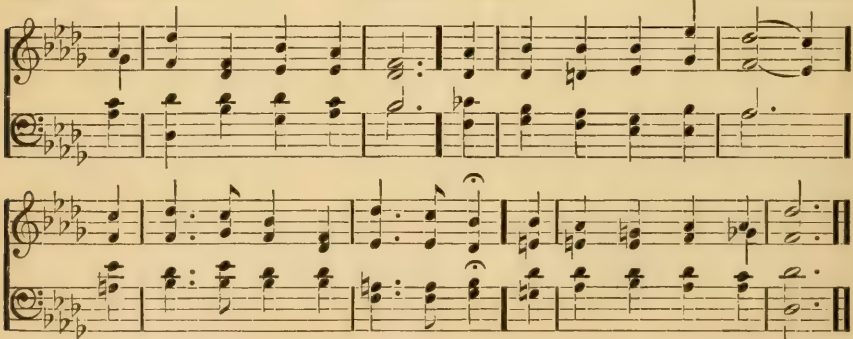
- 1 BLESSED be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love:
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;

- And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

160 (*Second Tune.*)

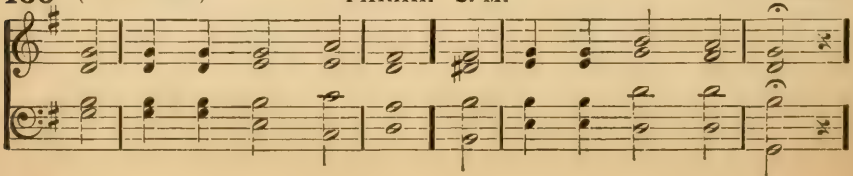
PATMOS. S. M.

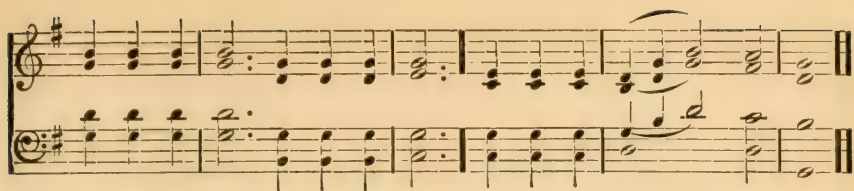
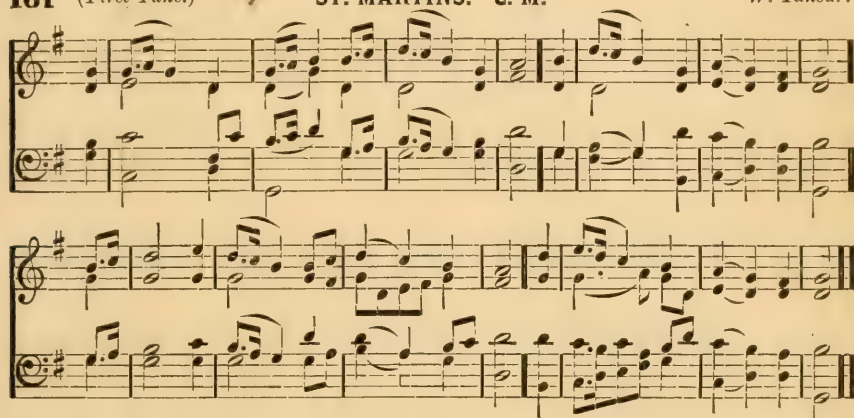
G. F. Lumsden.

160 (*Third Tune.*)

PARAH. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



**161** (*First Tune.*)**ST. MARTINS. C. M.***W. Tansur.*

1 COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

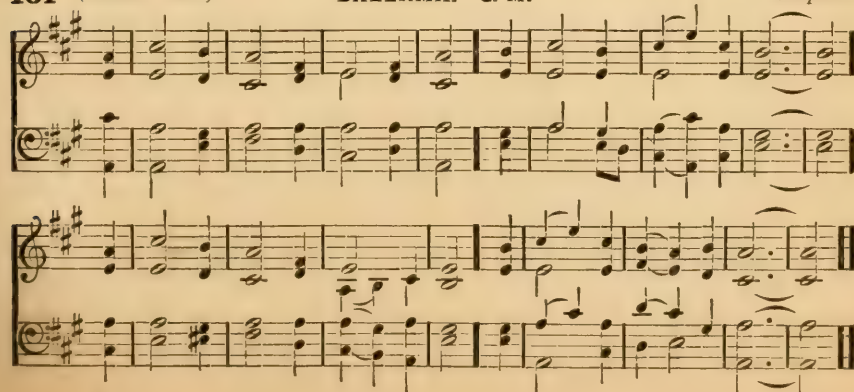
2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

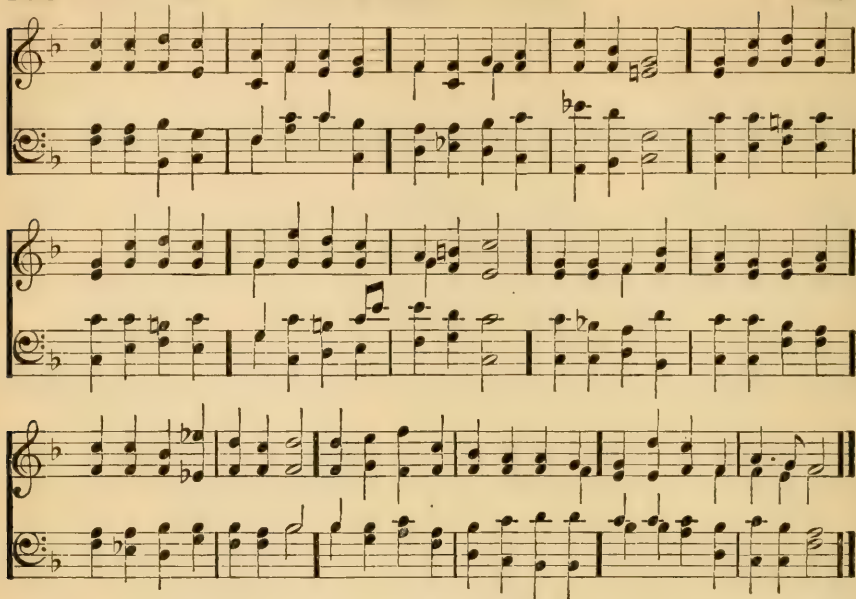
3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;

Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

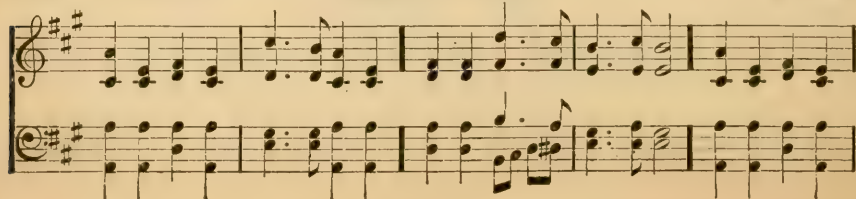
161 (*Second Tune.*)**BALERMA. C. M.***R. Simpson.*

162 (*First Tune.*)**ST. ANDREW. 8787D.***J. Barnby.*

- 1 HARK! the sound of holy voices,
 Chanting at the crystal sea,
 Alleluia, alleluia,
 Alleluia, Lord, to Thee:
 Multitude, which none can number,
 Like the stars in glory stands,
 Clothed in white apparel, holding
 Palms of victory in their hands.
- 2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
 Who prepared the way of Christ,
 King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
 Martyr and Evangelist,
 Sainly maiden, godly matron,
 Widows who have watched to prayer,
 Joined in holy concert, singing
 To the Lord of all, are there.
- 3 They have come from tribulation,
 And have washed their robes in blood,
 Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
 Tried they were, and firm they stood;

Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
 Saw'n asunder, slain with sword,
 They have conquered death and Satan
 By the might of Christ the Lord.

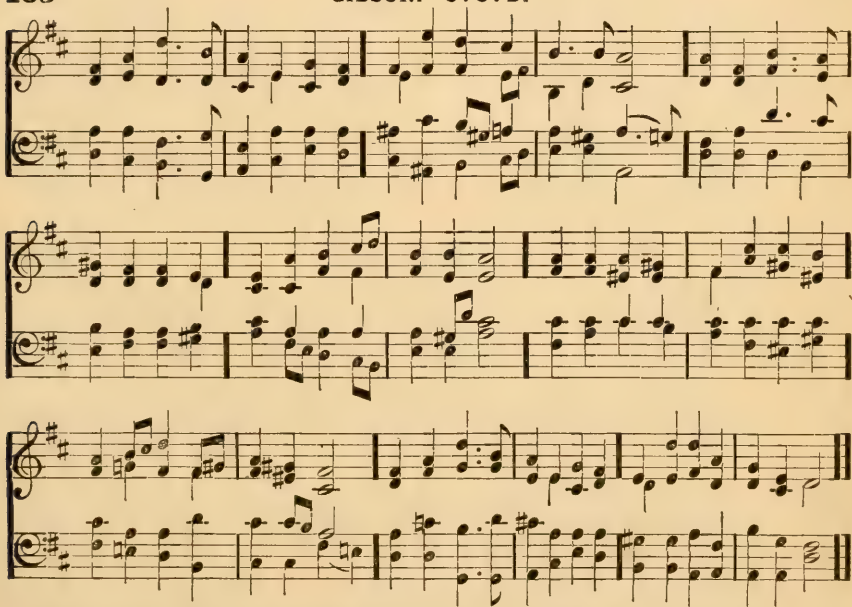
- 4 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
 They have triumphed, following
 Thee, the Captain of salvation,
 Thee, their Saviour and their King.
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
 And by death to life immortal
 They were born and glorified.
- 5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
 Now they walk in golden light,
 Now they drink, as from a river,
 Holy bliss and infinite:
 Love and peace they taste for ever,
 And all truth and knowledge see
 In the beatific vision
 Of the blessed Trinity.

162 (*Second Tune.*)**DURBIN. 8787D.***H. Hemy.*



163

GIBSON. 8787D.

B. Tours.

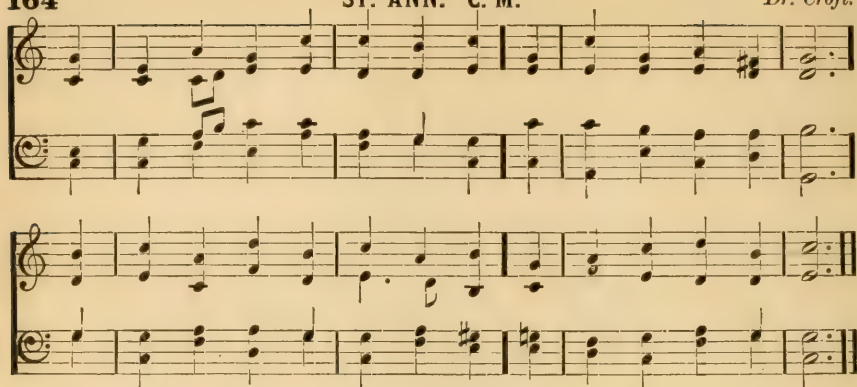
- 1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow,
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation
 Marching to the Promised Land.
 And before us, through the darkness
 Gleaming clear the Leading Light;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother
 And steps fearless through the night.
- 2 One the Light of God's dear presence,
 Never in its work to fail,
 Which illumes the wild rough places
 Of this gloomy haunted vale.

One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires.

- 3 One the strain which lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun;
 One the gladness of rejoicing,
 On the Resurrection shore,
 With one Father o'er us shining
 In His love for evermore.

164

ST. ANN. C. M.

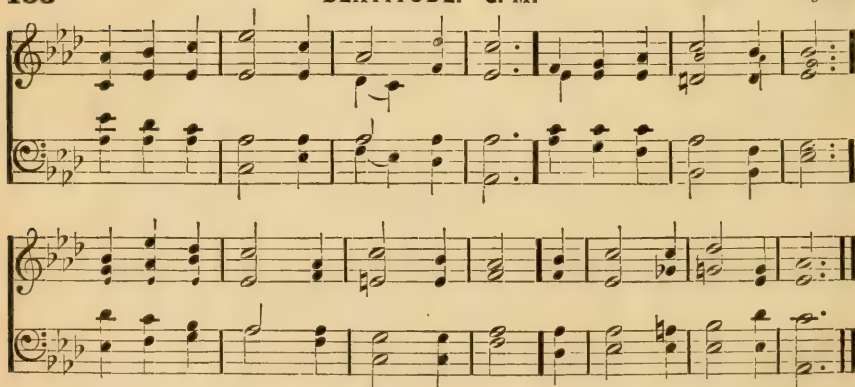
Dr. Croft.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke:
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light:

- Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is changed to sight.
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.
- 5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make:
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His love partake.

165

BEATITUDE. C. M.

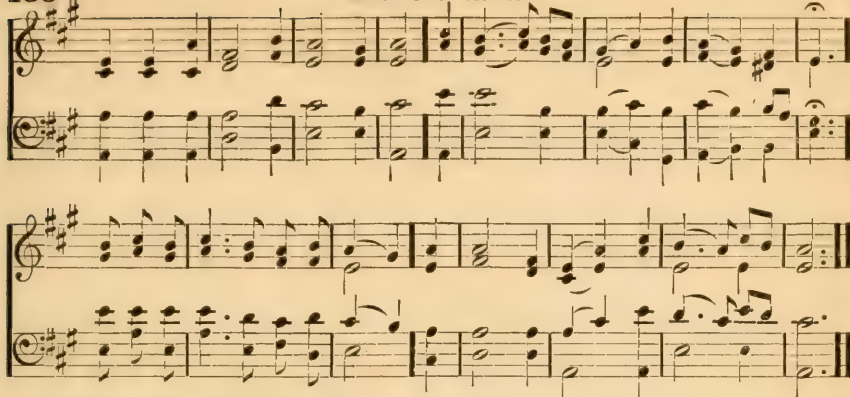
Rev. J. B. Dykes.

- 1 LORD, Thou on earth didst love Thine
Didst love them to the end; [own,
O still from Thy celestial throne
Let gifts of love descend.
- 2 The love the Father bears to Thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all Thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.
- 3 As Thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,

- So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear Thy name.
- 4 One blessed fellowship of love,
Thy living Church shall stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at Thy right hand.
- 5 O glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then robed in beauty at His side,
She shall forget her tears!

166

MIGDOL. L. M.

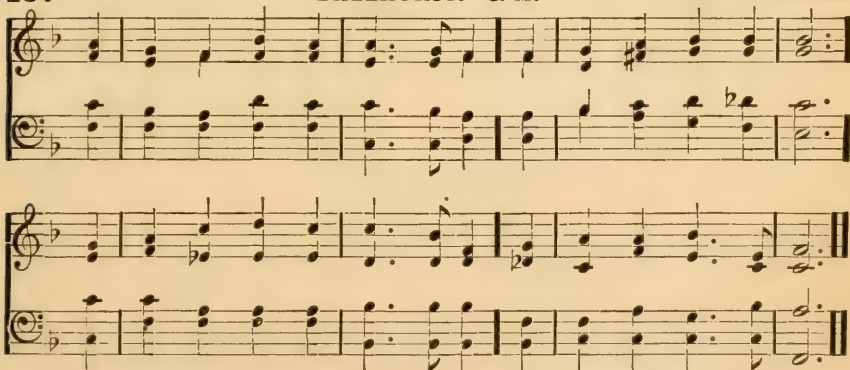
Dr. L. Mason.

- 1 KINDRED in Christ! for His dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.
- 2 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;

- We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 We'll talk of all He did, and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.
- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

167

DALEHURST. C. M.

A. Cottman.

- 1 Lo! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around!
Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crowned.
- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a Witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path—

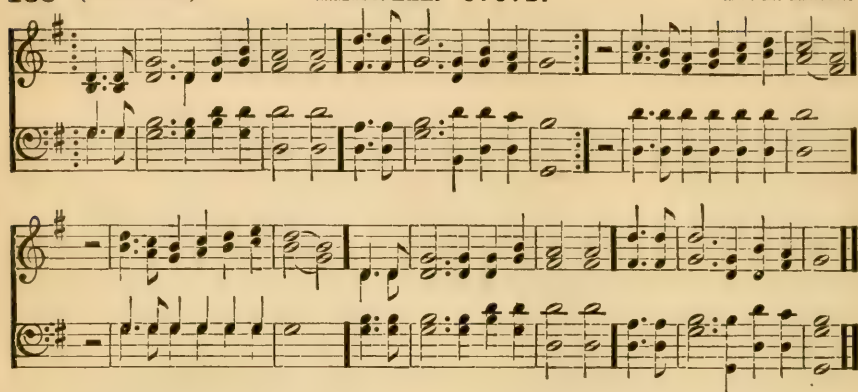
- Jesus, the Author, Finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:
- 4 He, for the joy before Him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now He reigns above.
- 5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

The Church.

168 (First Tune.)

HARWELL. 8787D.

Dr. L. Mason.



1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God:

He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

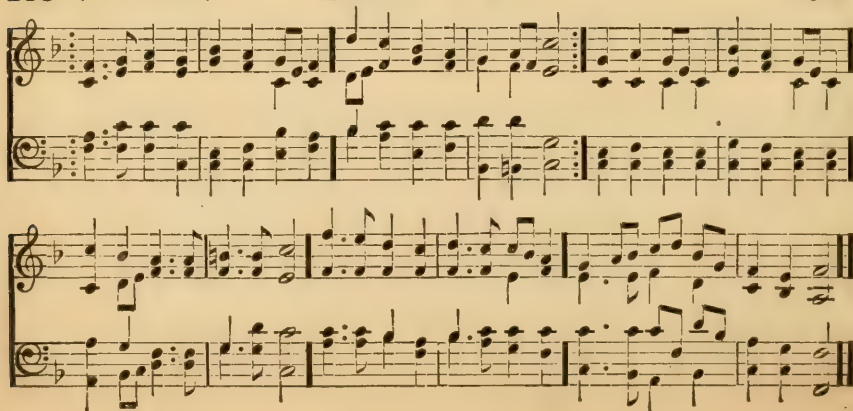
3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

4 Saviour! if of Sion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Sion's children know.

168 (Second Tune.)

AUSTRIA. 8787D.

Haydn.



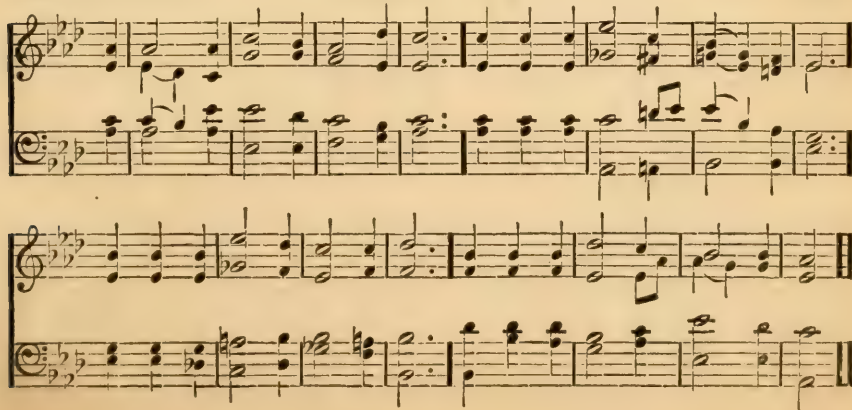
169 (*First Tune.*)**PARK STREET. L. M.***Venua.*

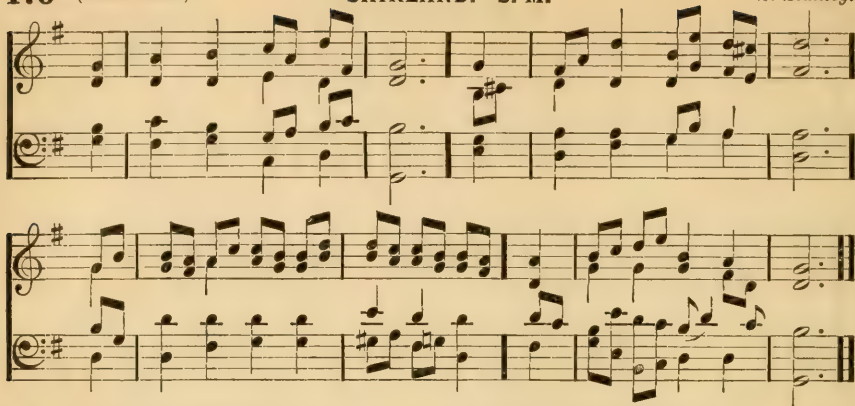
1 TRIUMPHANT Sion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hands thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

169 (*Second Tune.*)**RUDOLPH. L. M.***G. M. Garrett.*

170 (*First Tune.*)**SHIRLAND. S. M.***S. Stanley.*

1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

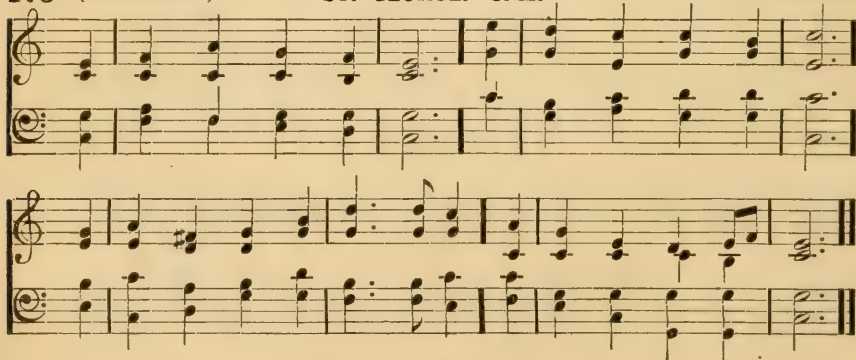
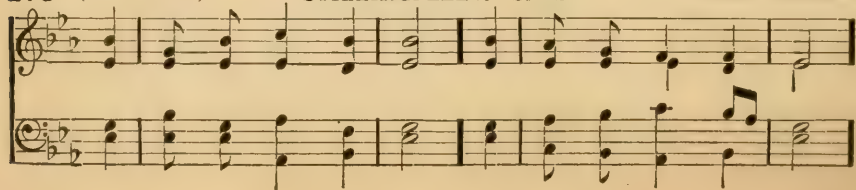
2 I love Thy Church, O God :
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

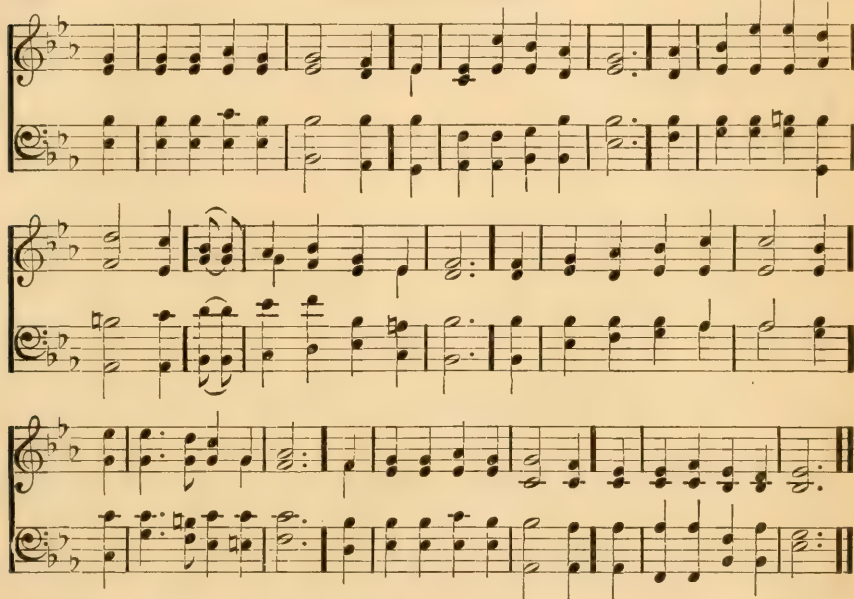
6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

170 (*Second Tune.*)**ST. GEORGE. S. M.***H. J. Gauntlett.***170** (*Third Tune.*)**STILLINGFLEET. S. M.***Swiss Collection.*



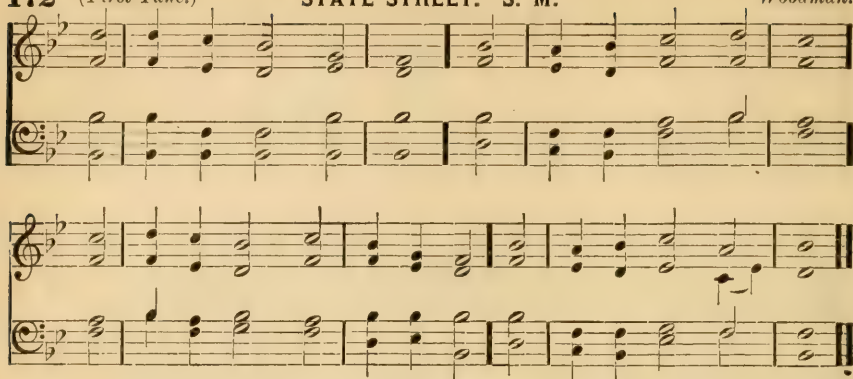
171

AURELIA. 7676D.

S. S. Wesley.

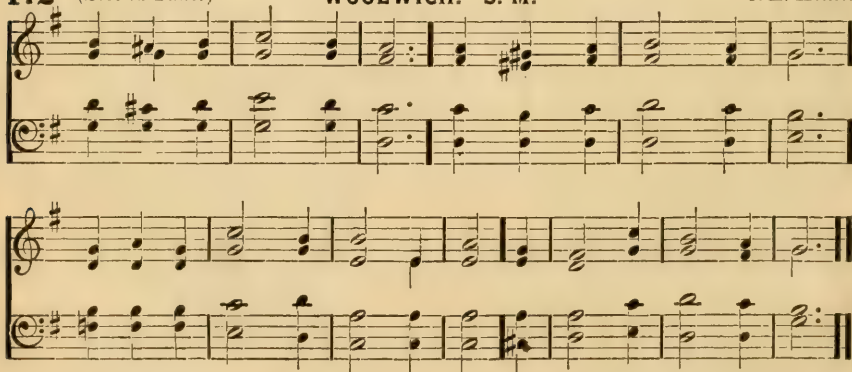
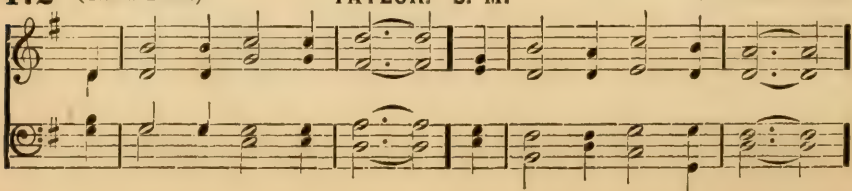
- 1 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By the Spirit and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.
- 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;

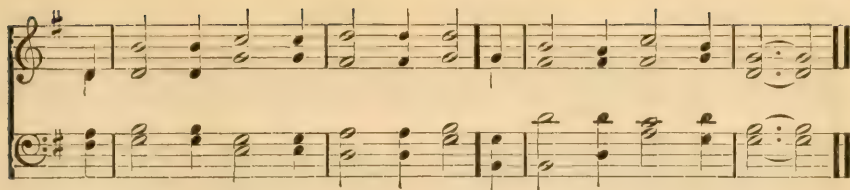
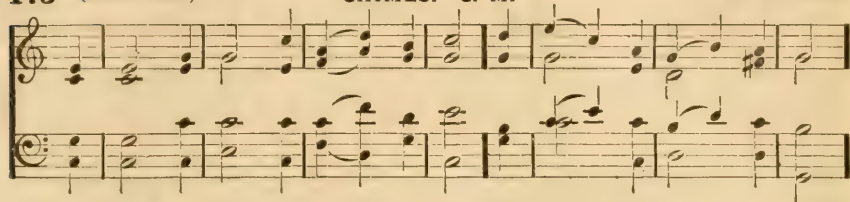
- Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.
- 4 'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.
 - 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

172 (*First Tune.*)**STATE STREET. S. M.***Woodman.*

- 1 THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
- 2 How long, O Lord, our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge the suffering Church
Her sighs, her tears, and blood?
- 3 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory there,
As here we share Thy grace.

- 4 Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn;
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return?
- 5 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
- 6 Come, Lord, and wipe each tear away,
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

172 (*Second Tune.*)**WOOLWICH. S. M.***C. E. Kettle.***172** (*Third Tune.*)**TAYLOR. S. M.***St. Alban's Book.*

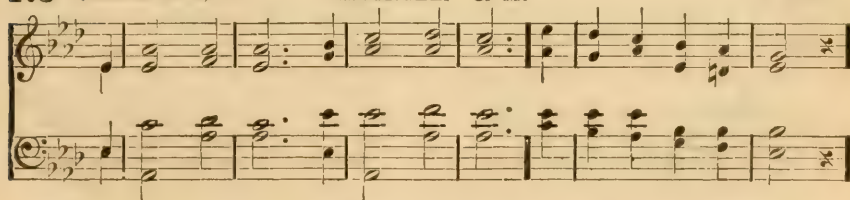
**173** (*First Tune.*)**CHIMES. C. M.***Dr. L. Mason.*

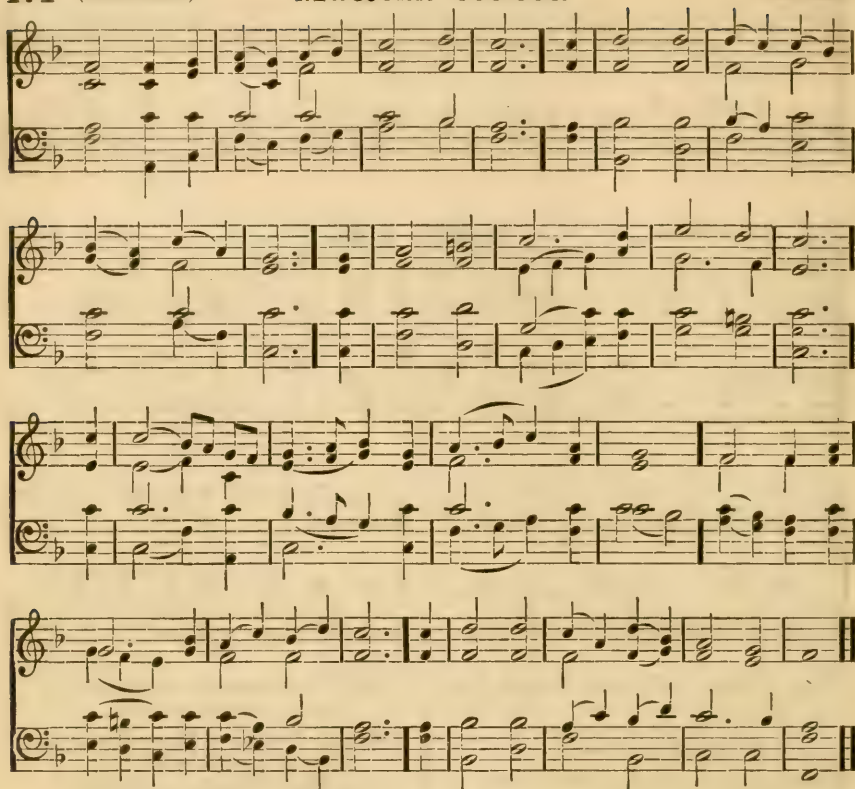
1 HAIL, Church of Christ, bought with
The world I freely leave; [His blood!
Ye children of the living God,
Me in your tents receive.

2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart
With Thee, through boundless grace,

And I will never from Thee part;
This bond shall never cease.

3 Closely I'll follow Christ with Thee,
I'll go Thy safest road:
Thy people shall my people be,
And Thine shall be my God.

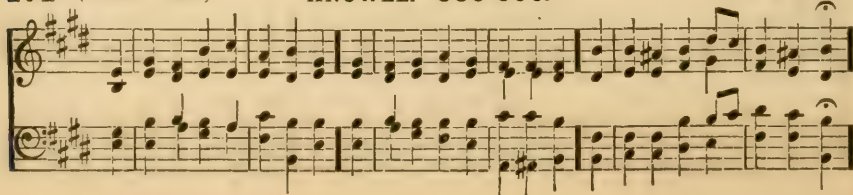
173 (*Second Tune.*)**HUMMEL. C. M.***C. Zeuner.*

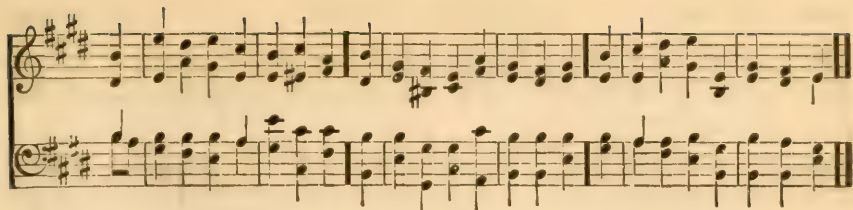
174 (*First Tune.*)**NEWCOURT. 888-888.***H. Bond.*

- 1 God is our refuge in distress,
 A present help when dangers press,
 In Him, undaunted, we'll confide;
 Though earth were from her centre tossed,
 And mountains in the ocean lost,
 Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.
- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still
 The city of our Lord shall fill,
 The royal seat of God most high:

God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
 Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
 While His Almighty aid is nigh.

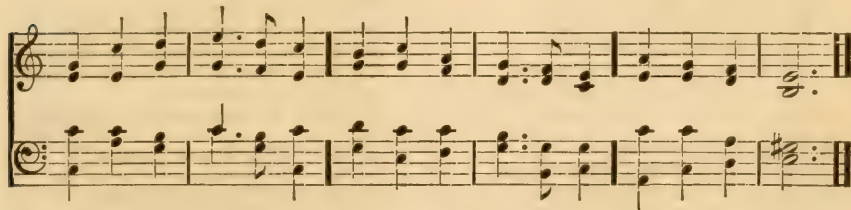
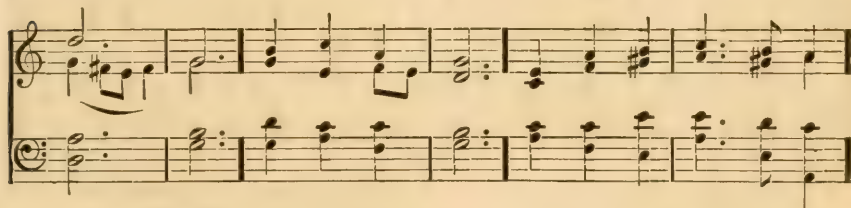
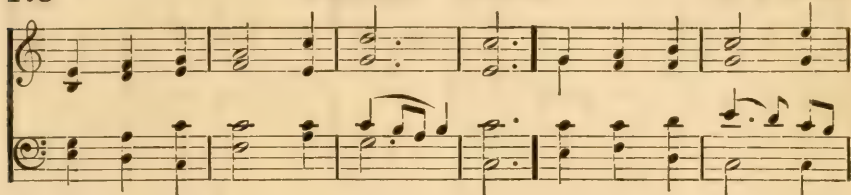
- 3 Submit to God's Almighty sway,
 For Him the heathen shall obey,
 And earth her sovereign Lord confess;
 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tower of refuge in alarms,
 As to our fathers in distress.

174 (*Second Tune.*)**KNOWLE. 888-888.***C. E. Kettle.*



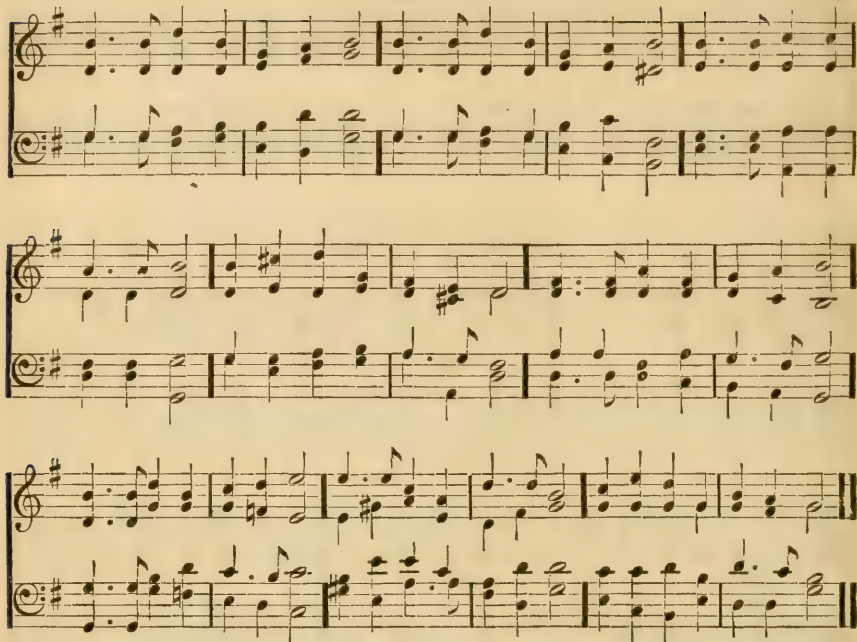
175

WALTERS. 7746664.

W. H. Walter.

- 1 HEAD of the hosts in glory!
We joyfully adore Thee,
Thy Church below,
Blending with those on high—
Where through the azure sky
Thy saints in ecstasy
For ever glow!
- 2 Angels! archangels! glorious
Guards of the Church victorious!
Worship the Lamb!
Crown Him with crowns of light,
One of the Three by right—
Love, majesty, and might—
The great I AM!

- 3 Martyrs! whose mystic legions
March o'er yon heavenly regions
In triumph round:
Wave high your banners, wave!
Your God, our Saviour, gave
For death itself a grave,
In hell profound!
- 4 Saviour! in glory beaming,
With radiance brightly streaming,
Enthroned in power,
Grant, by Thy awful name,
That we through fire and flame
The Gospel may proclaim,
Till life's last hour.

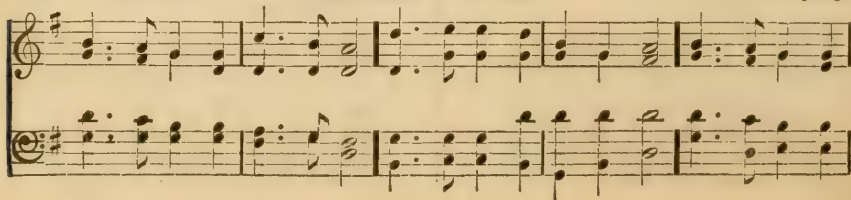
176 (*First Tune.*)**ST. GEORGE. 7777D.***Sir G. Elvey.*

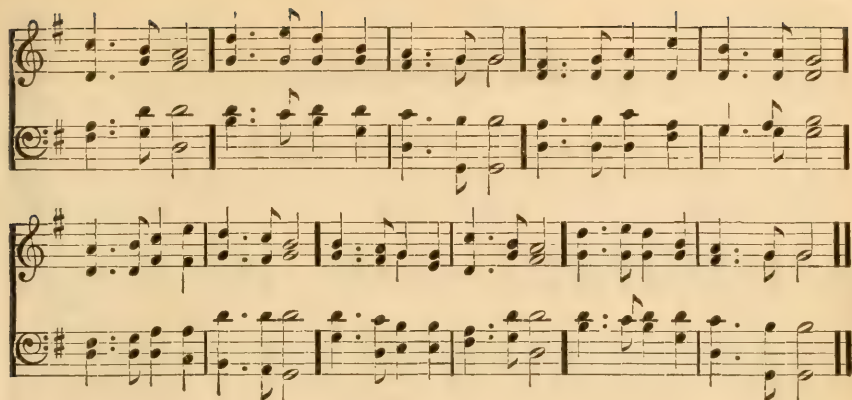
1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below;
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and fains
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their Lord repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies,
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

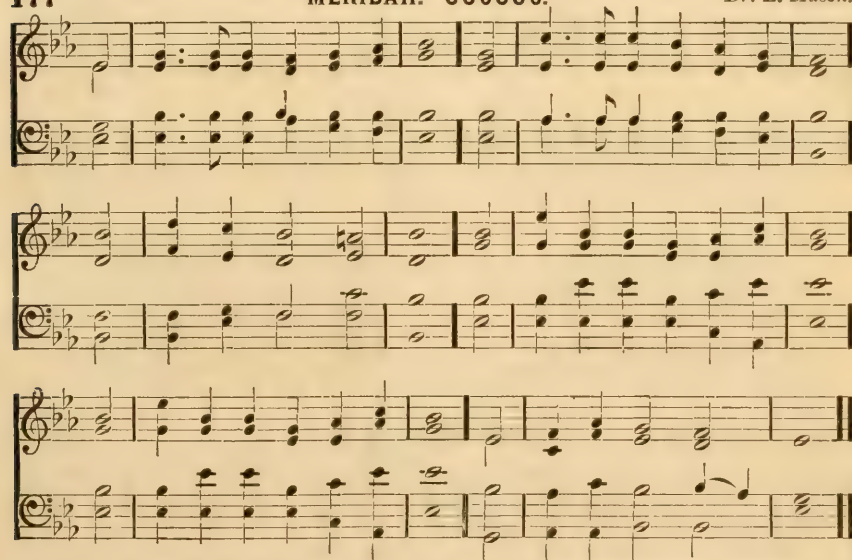
4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

176 (*Second Tune.*)**MESSIAH. 7777D.***Arr. Geo. Kingsley.*



177

MERIBAH. 886886.

Dr. L. Mason.

1 FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes
faints!

This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Fear not! be strong! your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to Him, your Lord;
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise:
He girdeth on His sword!

3 As sure as God's own promise stands,
Not earth, nor hell, with all their bands,
Against us shall prevail:
The Lord shall mock them from His
God is with us, we are His own; [throne;
Our victory cannot fail!

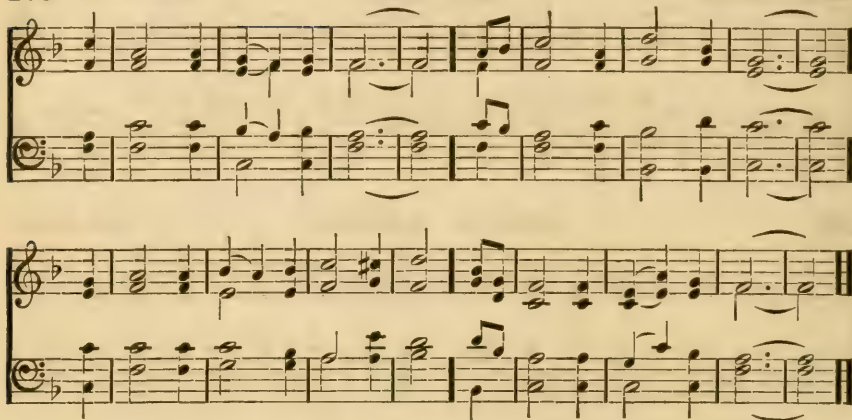
4 Amen! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer;
Great Captain! now Thine arm make
bare;
Thy Church with strength defend:
So shall all saints and martyrs raise
A joyful chorus to Thy praise,
Through ages without end!

The Sacraments.

BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

178 (*First Tune.*)

VIGIL. S. M.

St. Alban's Book.

1 THE gentle Saviour calls
Our children to His breast;
He folds them in His gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

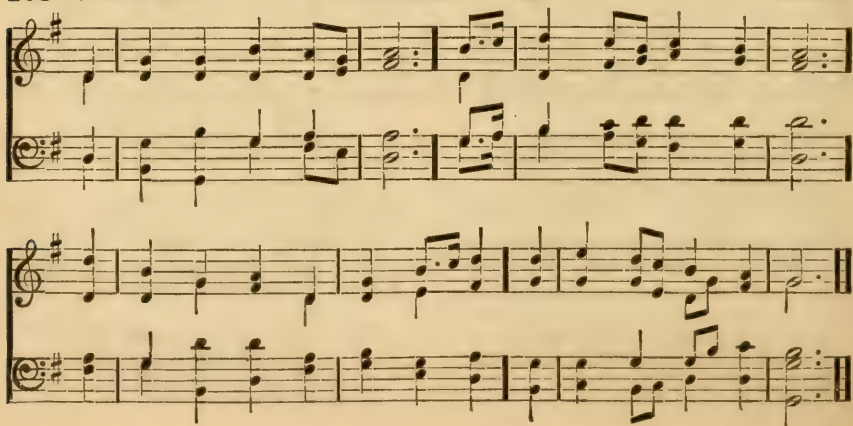
2 "Let them approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;

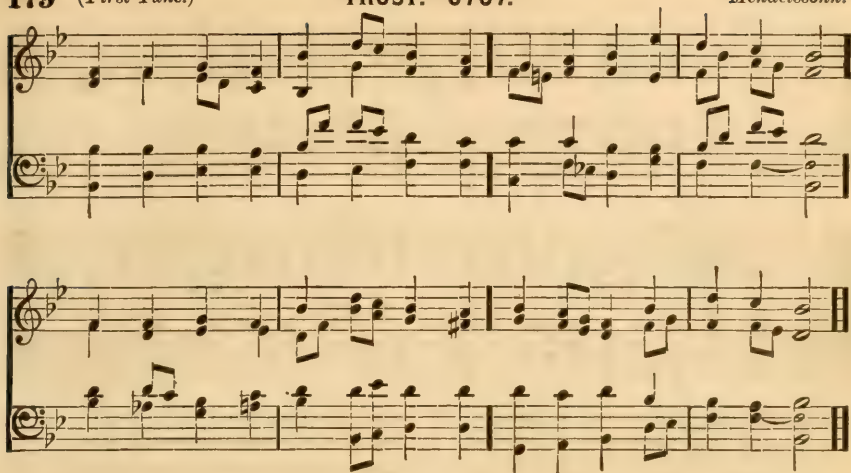
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to Thee,
Imploring that, as we are Thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

178 (*Second Tune.*)

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Handel.

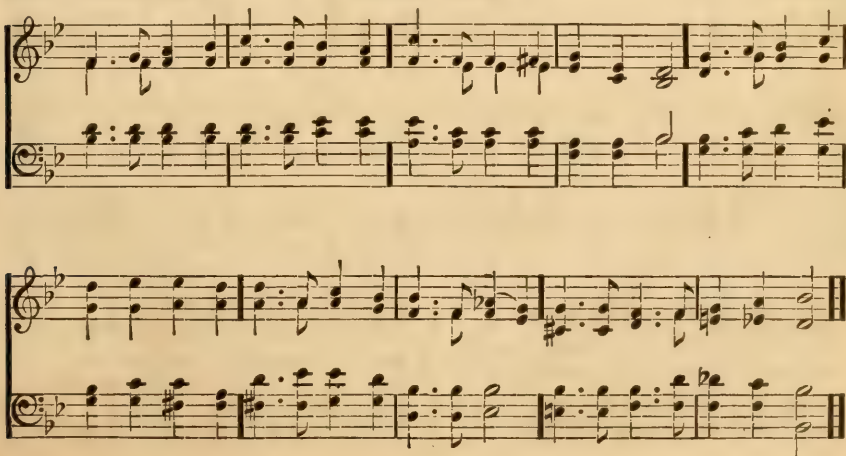
179 (*First Tune.*)**TRUST. 8787.***Mendelssohn.*

1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
 With the shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs Thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, Thy word believing,
 Only there secure from harm.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey;
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way.

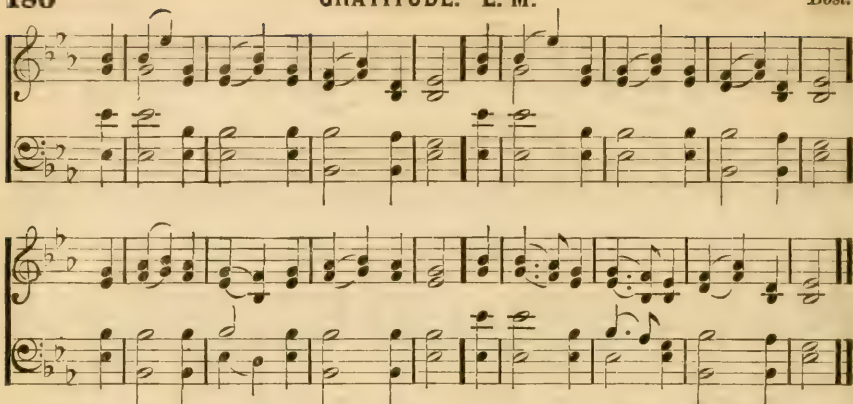
4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the waters of Thy grace.

179 (*Second Tune.*)**ST. JUDE. 87877.***C. J. Vincent, Jr.*

180

GRATITUDE. L. M.

Bost.



1 God of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given
To be received and reared for heaven.

3 Sent to us for a season, we
Send *him* for ever Lord to Thee!

Assured that if to Thee *he* live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

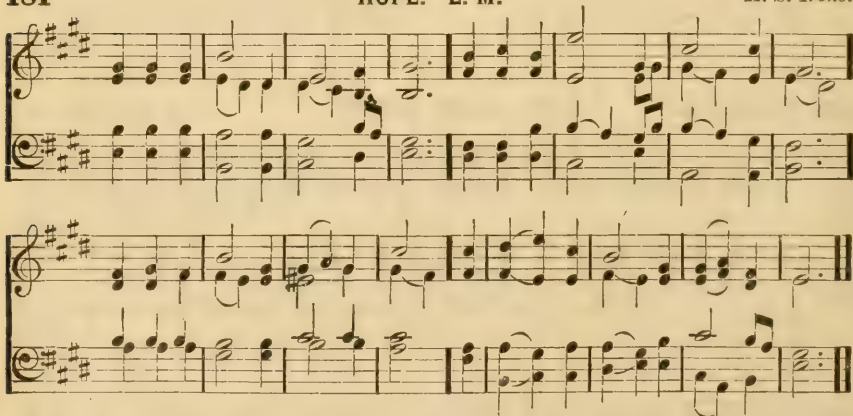
4 Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers upon *his* head!
And on *his* soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon *his* face!

5 Make *him* and keep *him* Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undeified!
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above.

181

HOPE. L. M.

H. S. Irons.



1 THIS child we dedicate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity,
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let Thy love its life prolong.

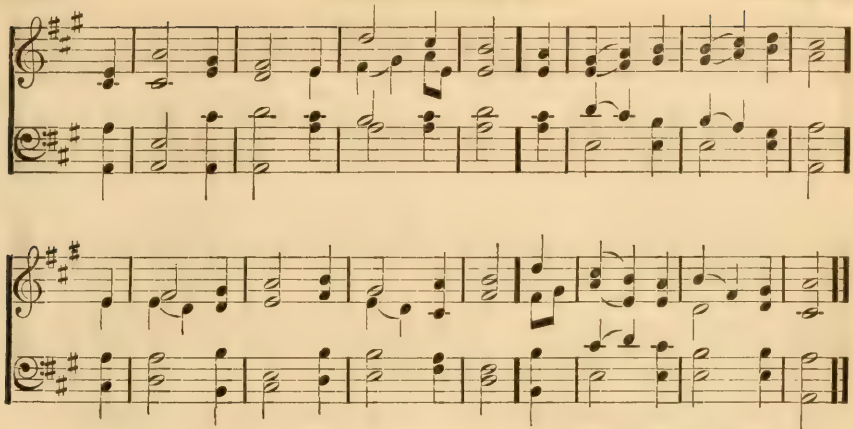
2 O may Thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep Thy law;

May virtue, piety and truth
Dawn ever with its dawning youth.

3 We, too, before Thy gracious sight
Once shared the blest baptismal rite;
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises now.

182

EVANGELIST. C. M.

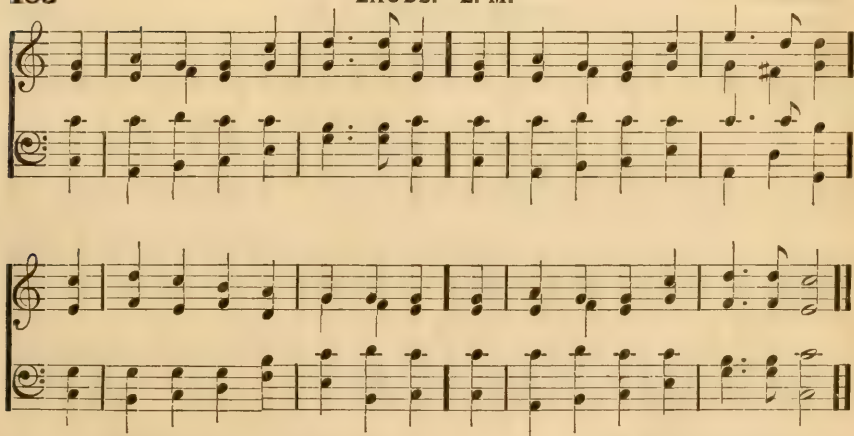
Mendelssohn.

1 "FORBID them not," the Saviour cried,
 "But suffer them to come,"
 Ah, then maternal tears were dried,
 And unbelief was dumb.

2 Lord, we believe and we obey,
 We bring them at Thy word;
 Be Thou our children's strength and stay,
 Their portion and reward.

183

LAUDS. L. M.

R. Redhead.

1 WE praise Thee, Saviour, for the grace
 That bids us with our infants come;
 That gives them in Thy heart a place,
 And in Thy kingdom grants them
 room.

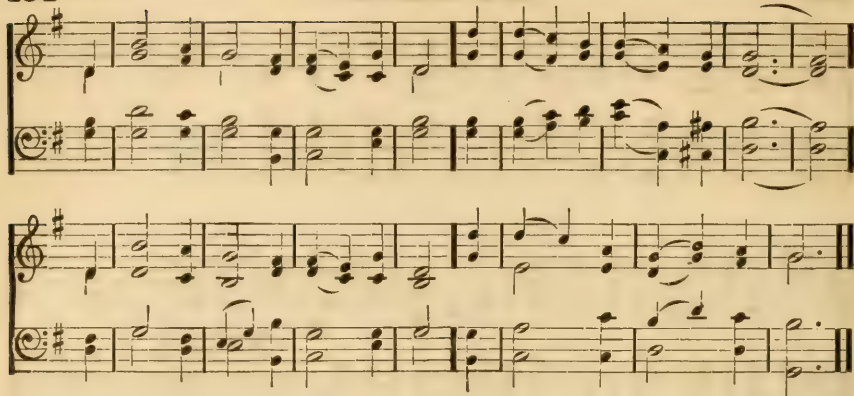
2 We bring them to Thine arm, O Lord,
 For each we seek Thy heavenly grace;

O make them clean, their names record
 On high, that they may see Thy face.

3 When storms shall beat, or gathering
 foes
 Beset the path their feet must tread,
 Great Shepherd, let Thine arms enclose,
 And o'er them for defence be spread.

184

BERNARD. C. M.

S. Webbe.

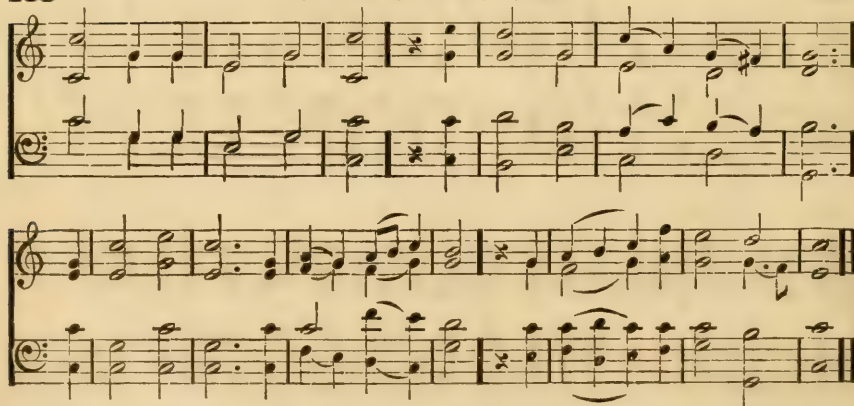
- 1 OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer
We now devote to Thee,
Let them Thy covenant mercy share,
And Thy salvation see.
- 2 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray,

- And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.
- 3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and fear,
And then to heaven our souls receive,
And bring our children there.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

185

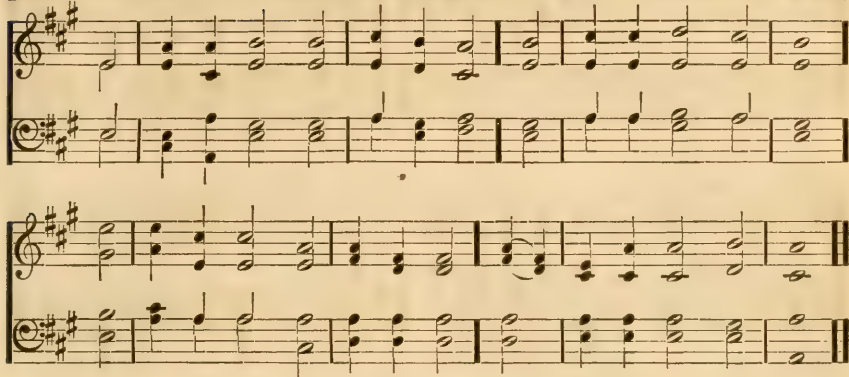
SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. Smith.

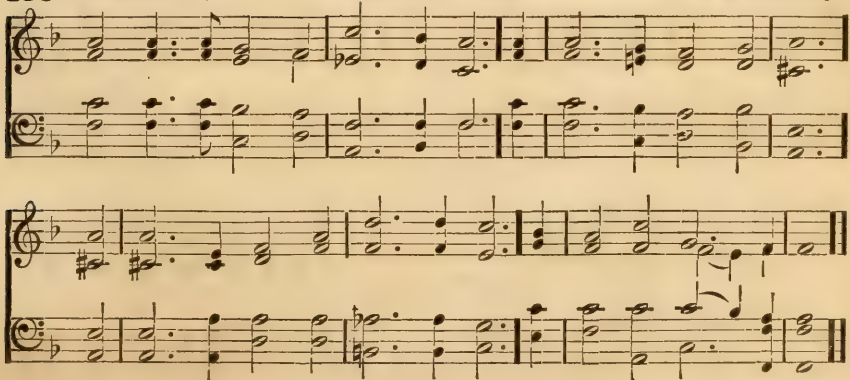
- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

- 3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

186 (*First Tune.*)**DENFIELD (AZMON). C. M.***Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.*

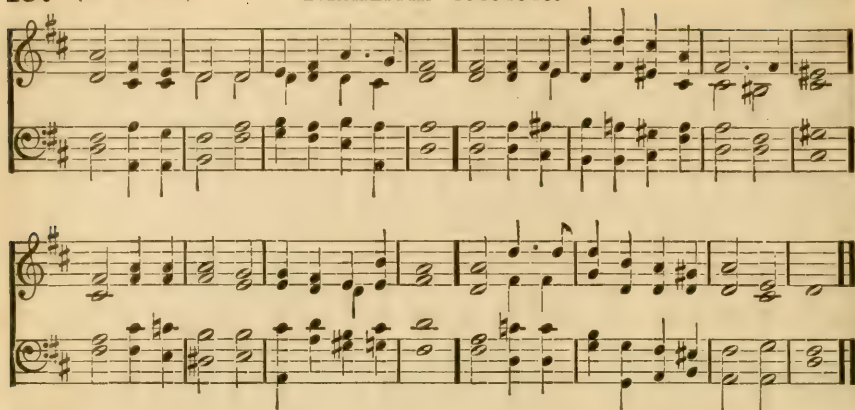
- 1 I AM not worthy, Holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word; one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.
- 2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.
- 3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay?
Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood,
My ransom-price to pay.
- 4 O come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine,
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

186 (*Second Tune.*)**PRAYER. C. M.***W. S. Bambridge.*

187 (*First Tune.*)

DALKEITH. 10101010.

T. Hewlett.

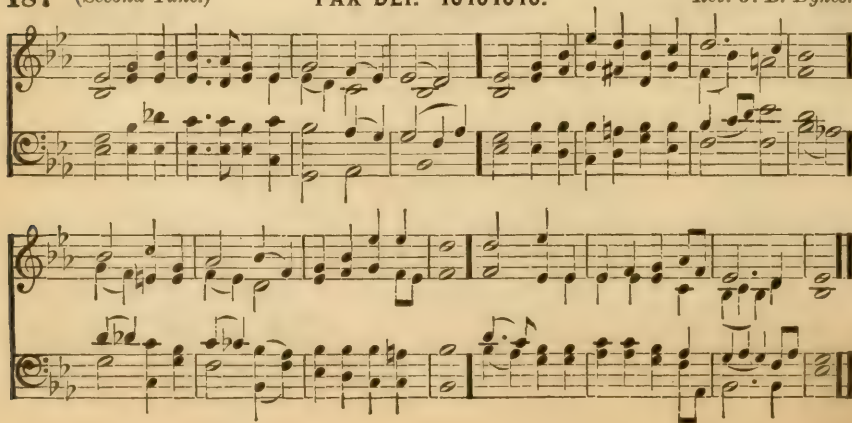


- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things
unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand th'eternal
grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.</p> <p>2 Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine
of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.</p> <p>3 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past
and gone; [here—
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and
Sun.</p> | <p>4 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might—Thy
might alone.</p> <p>5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteous-
ness; [ing blood;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleans-
Here is my robe, my refuge and my
peace,— [my God.
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord</p> <p>6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast
above,—
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss
and love.</p> |
|--|---|

187 (*Second Tune.*)

PAX DEI. 10101010.

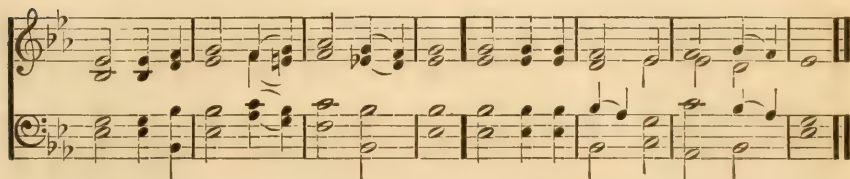
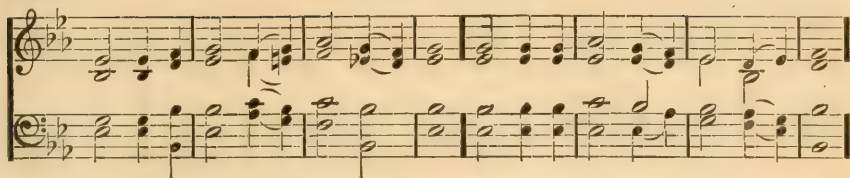
Rev. J. B. Dykes.



188

HAMBURG. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



1 My God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them Thy sweet mercies know.

3 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

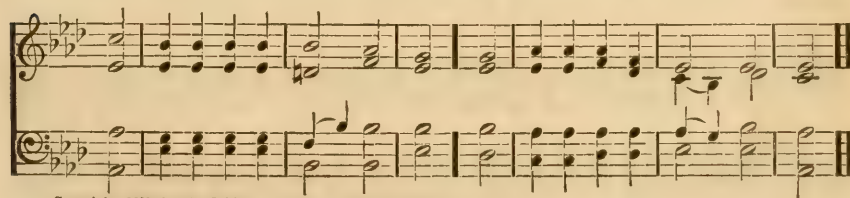
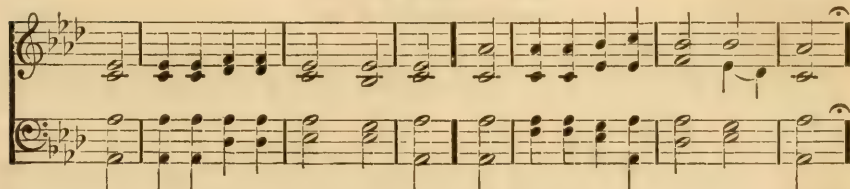
2 O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

4 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest, [run;
Till through the world Thy truth has
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

189

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



Copyright, 1857, in The Jubilee. Used by permission of Biglow & Main.

1 JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou fount of life, Thou light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still:
We drink of Thee the Fountain Head,
And thirst, our souls from Thee to fill.

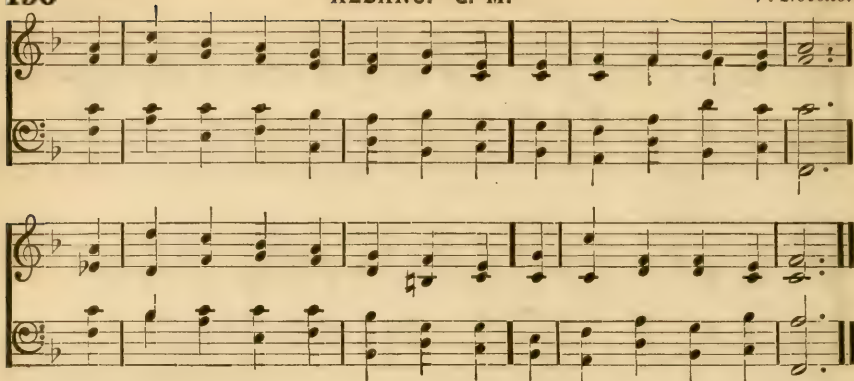
2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

4 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

190

ALBANO. C. M.

V. Novello.



- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O may His love—immortal flame!
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,

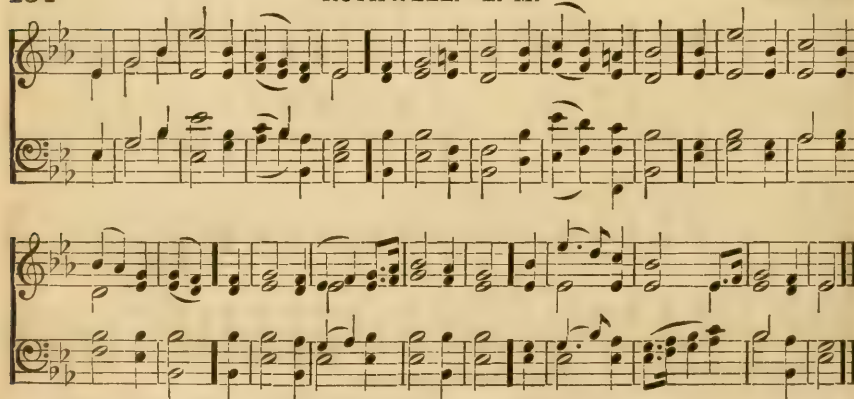
And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
Make every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

191

ROTHWELL. L. M.

W. Tansur.



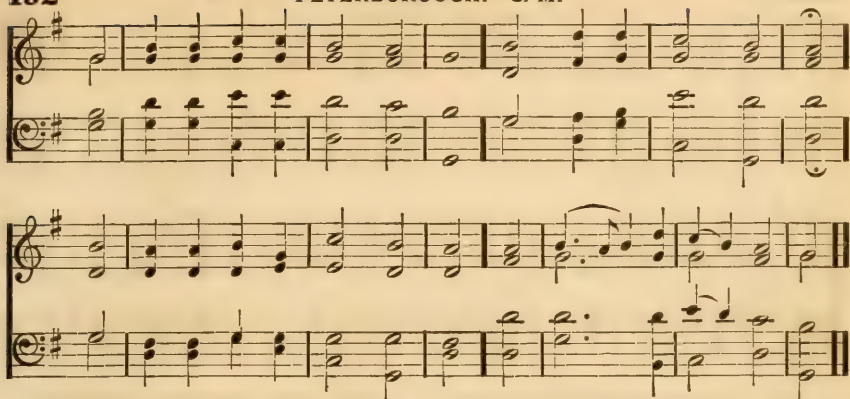
- 1 To Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name in heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around His board we meet,
And worship at His sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.

- 4 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore,
But long to know and love Thee more;
And, whilst we take the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

192

✓ PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

R. Harrison.

1 THOU, God, all glory, honor, power
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by Thy power were made,
And by Thy bounty live.

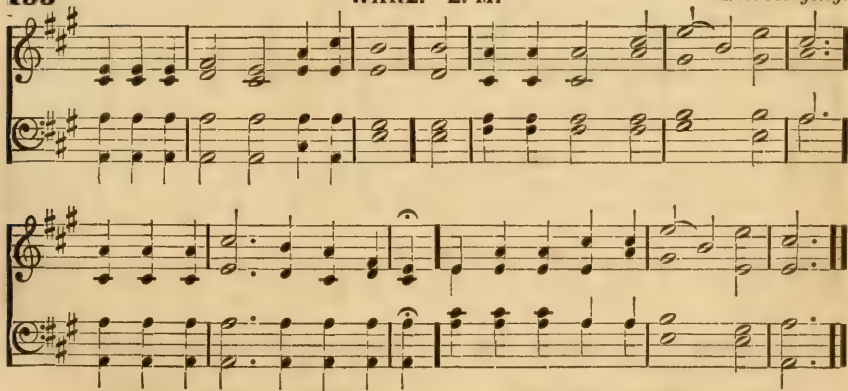
2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honor and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; Who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy Thou, who hast redeemed
And ransomed us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By Thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honor, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

193

WARE. L. M.

Geo. Kingsley.

1 I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds; there pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

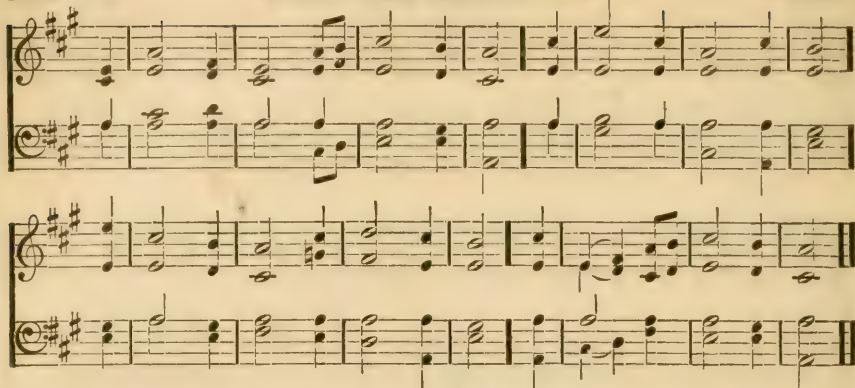
2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee!
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from Thee derive,
And by Thee move and in Thee live.

4 First born of many brethren Thou!
To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow,
To Thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

194

MARTYRDOM (AVON). C. M.

H. Wilson.

1 AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood!
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed His blood?

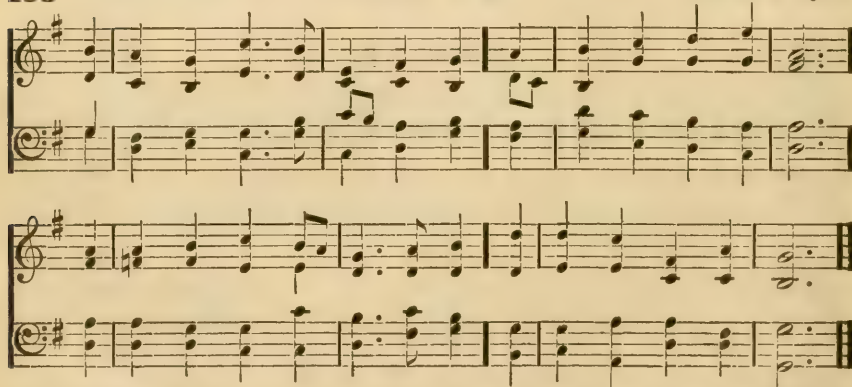
2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love?

3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our heavenly King;
O may that love which spread this board,
Inspire us while we sing:

4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will from heaven to men is come,
And let it never cease."

195

FAITH. C. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

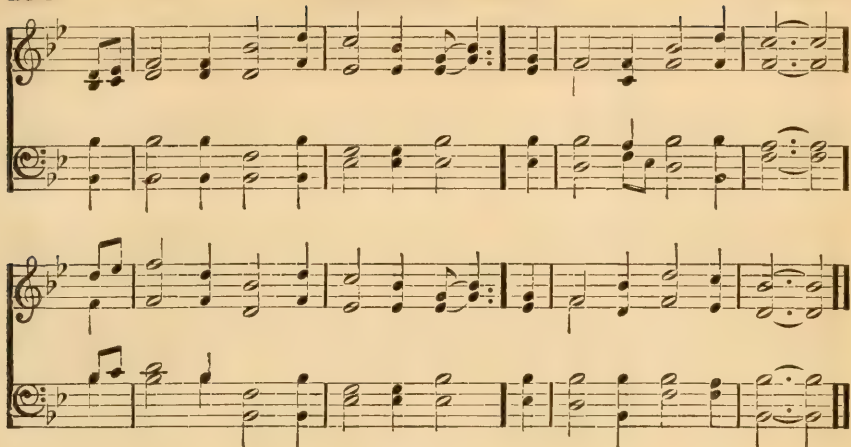
2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me!
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

196 (*First Tune.*)**MAITLAND. C. M.***G. N. Allen.*

1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne,
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

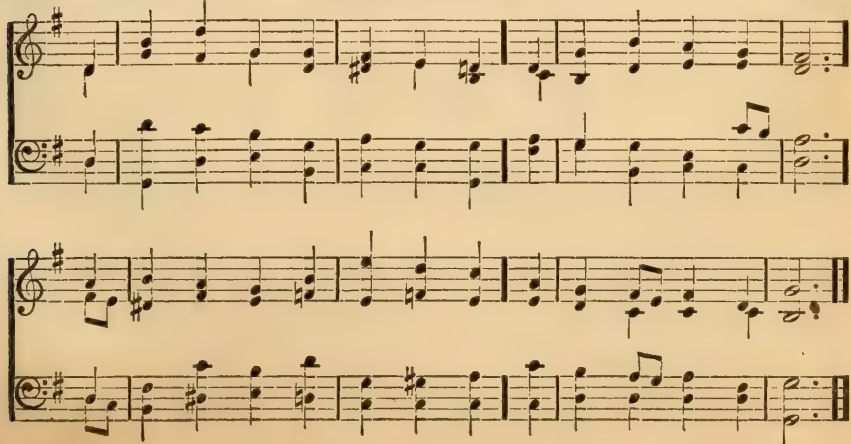
2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus;"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For He was slain for us."

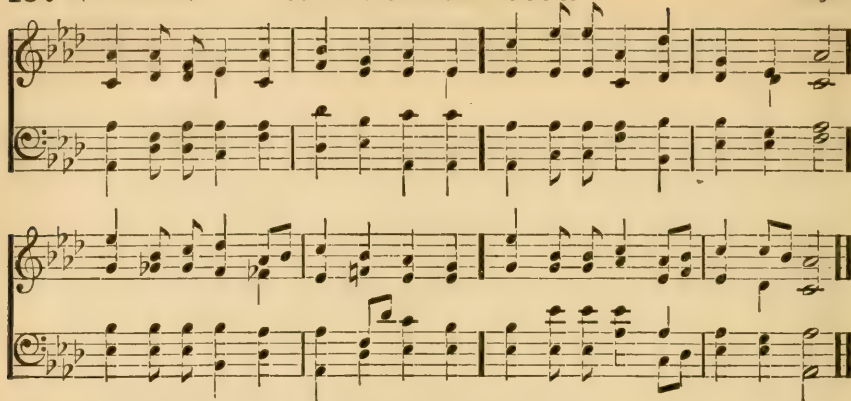
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;

And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 And speak Thine endless praise!

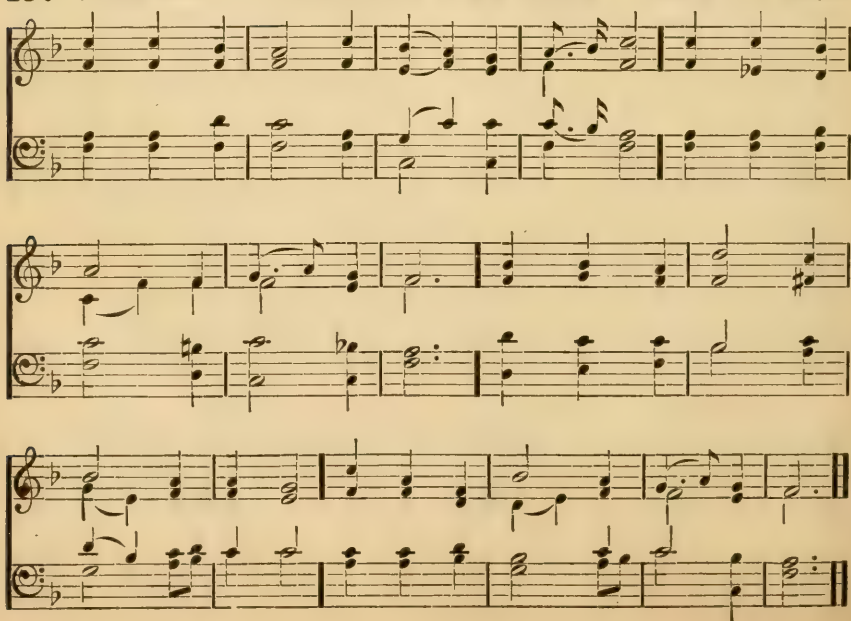
5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him Who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

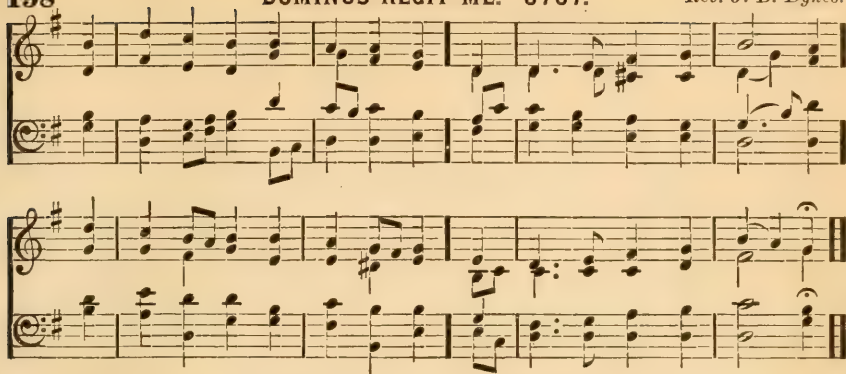
196 (*Second Tune.*)**EVERSLEY. C. M.***A. Cottman.*

197 (*First Tune.*)**CORPUS CHRISTI. 9898.***Puget.*

1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
 By Whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in Whose death our sins are dead;

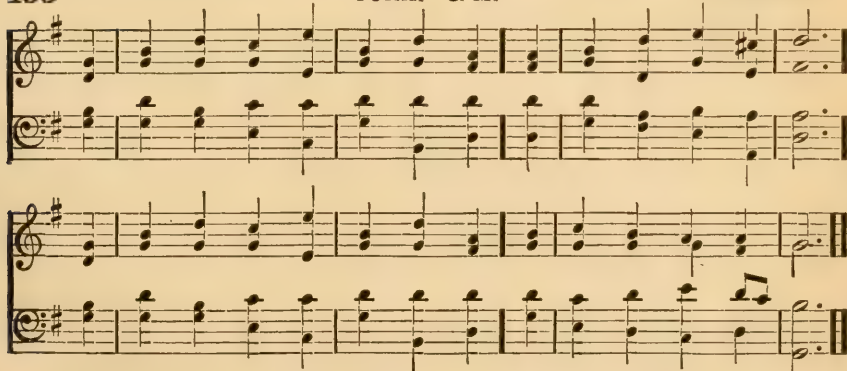
2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed;
 And be Thy feast to us the token
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

197 (*Second Tune.*)**EUCCHARISTIC HYMN. 9898.***Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.*

198 DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8787. *Rev. J. B. Dykes.*

- 1 THE King of love my Shepherd is
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth!
- 6 And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever!

199 YORK. C. M. *Scotch Psalter.*

- 1 SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.
- 2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.
- 3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,

- In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.
- 4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.
- 5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

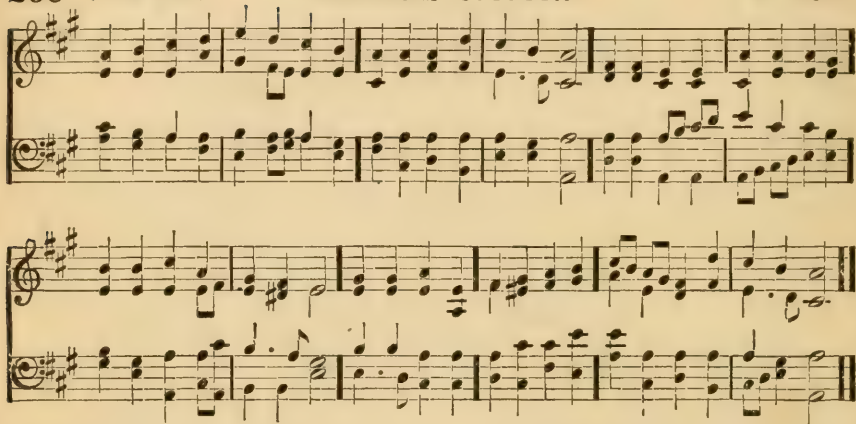
Offices of the Church.

CONFIRMATION.

200 (*First Tune.*)

WERBURGH. 8787447.

M. Haydn.



- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need Thy tender care;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
 For our use Thy folds prepare:
 Blessèd Jesus!
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us;

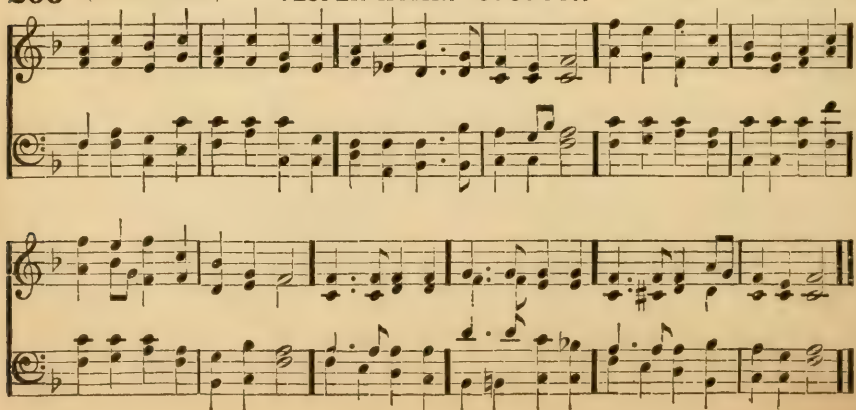
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
 Blessèd Jesus!
 Let us early turn to Thee.

- 3 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us learn Thy will;
 Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill;
 Blessèd Jesus!
 Thou hast loved us,—love us still.

200 (*Second Tune.*)

VESPER HYMN. 8787447.

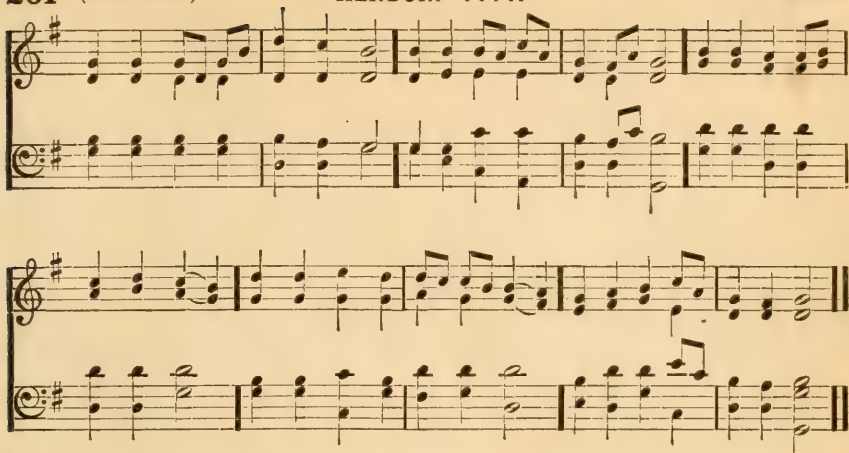
Arr. Sir J. Stevenson.



201 (*First Tune.*)

HENDON. 7777.

C. H. A. Malan.



1 THINE for ever:—God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever:—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever:—O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!

Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

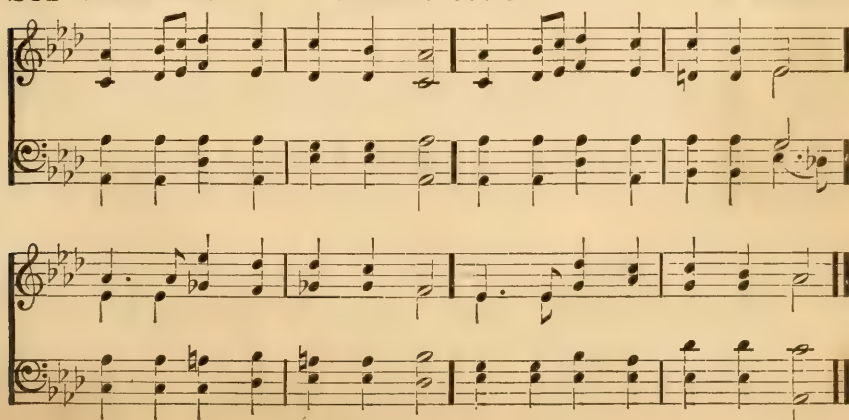
4 Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

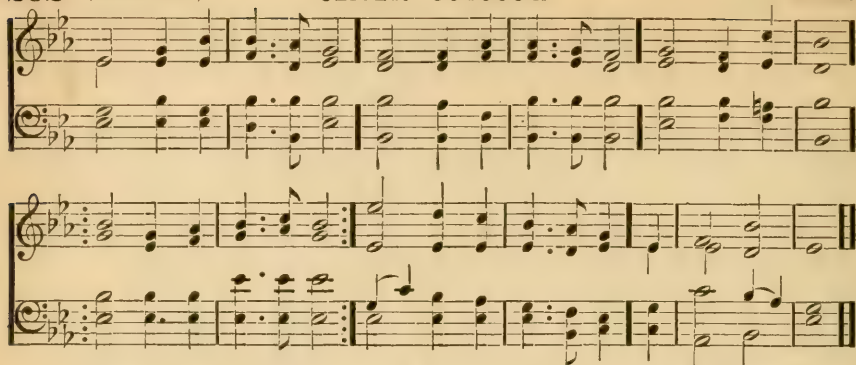
5 Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

201 (*Second Tune.*)

LITANY. 7777.

W. Woodward.



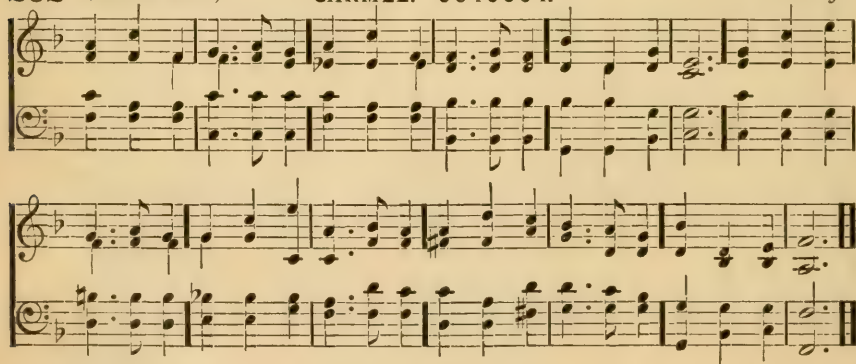
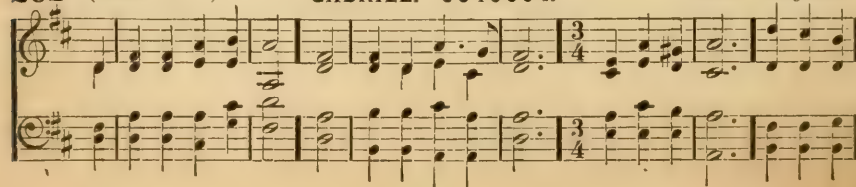
202 (*First Tune.*)**OLIVET. 6646664.***Dr. L. Mason.*

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

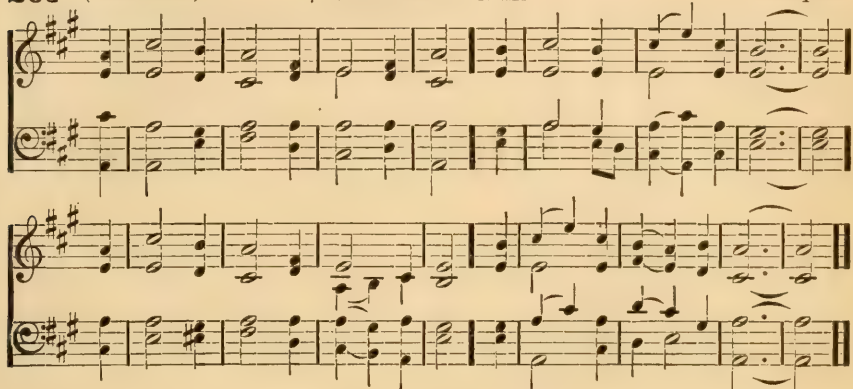
202 (*Second Tune.*)**CARMEL. 6646664.***W. S. Bambridge.***202** (*Third Tune.*)**GABRIEL. 6646664.***Rev. E. Seymour.*



203 (*First Tune.*)

BALERMA. C. M.

R. Simpson.



1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose;

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious Name
And character engraved.

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;

And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.

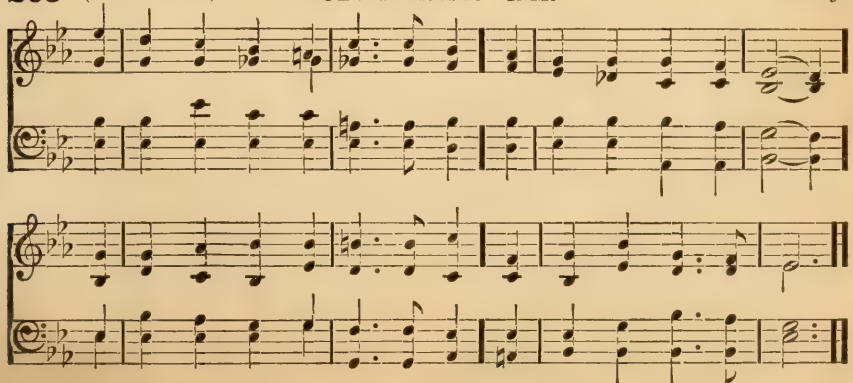
4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest;
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

203 (*Second Tune.*)

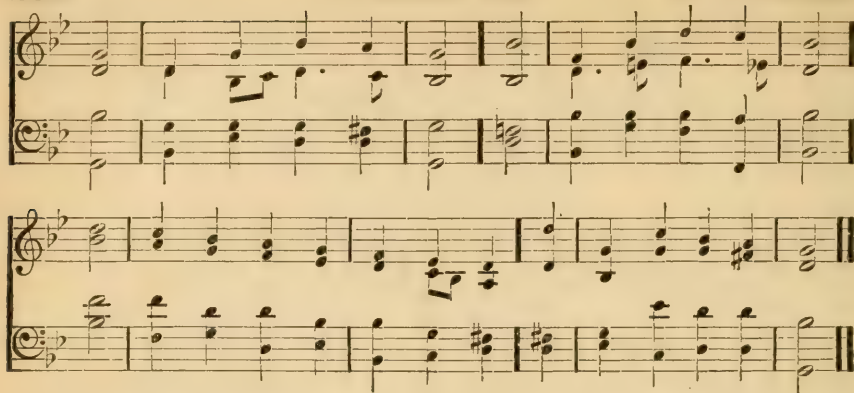
HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

J. Barnby.



204

ST. BRIDE. S. M.

Dr. Howard.

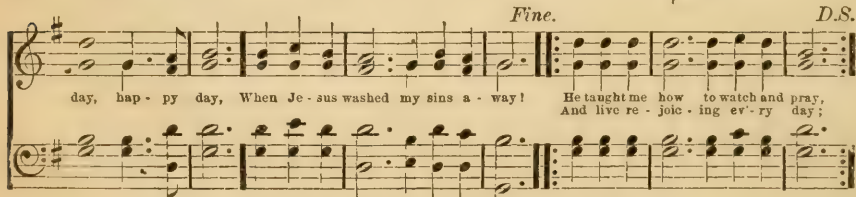
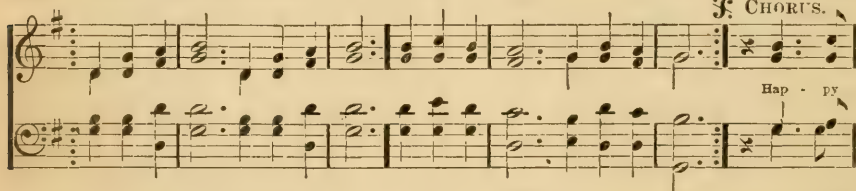
1 His mercy and His truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them His ways.

2 He those in justice guides
Who His direction seek;
And in His sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

3 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts
To His blest will incline.

4 For God to all His saints
His secret will imparts,
And does His gracious covenant write
In their obedient hearts.

205 (First Tune, with Chorus.) HAPPY DAY. L. M.

*From E. F. Rimbault.***F.** CHORUS.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God:
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,
To Him Who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;

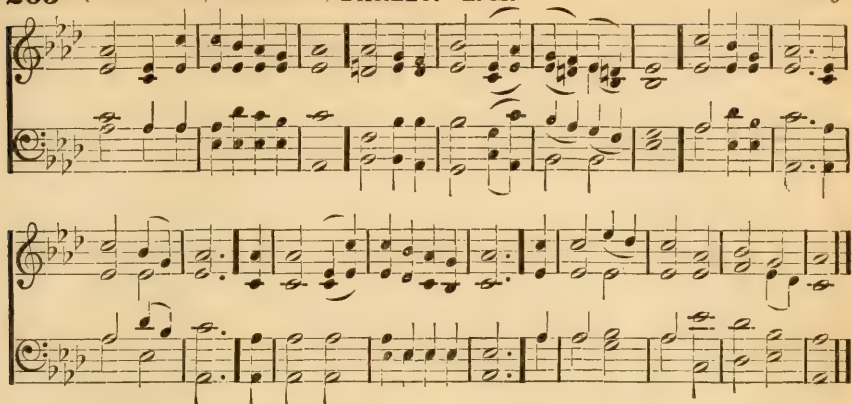
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' food to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

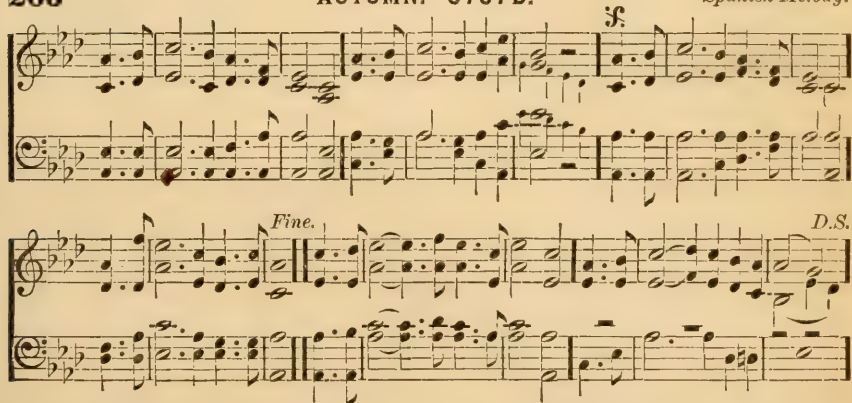
205 (Second Tune, without Cho.) **DARLEY. L. M.**

W. H. W. Darley.



206 **AUTUMN. 8787 D.**

Spanish Melody.



1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

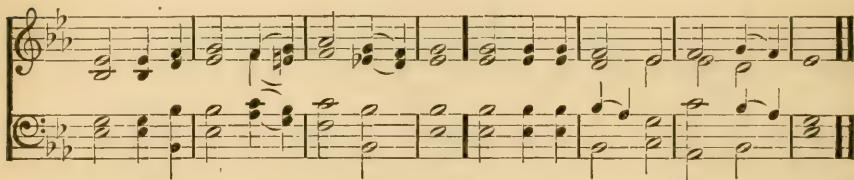
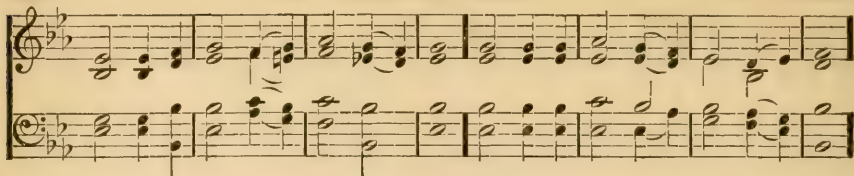
2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, Thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

207

HAMBURG. L. M.

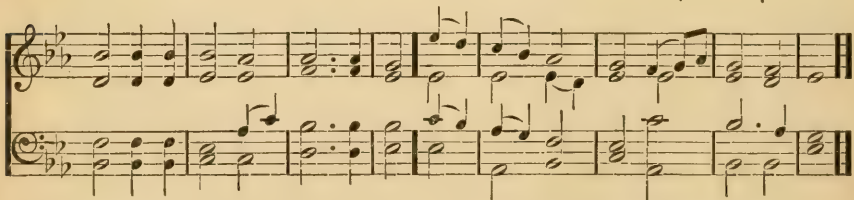
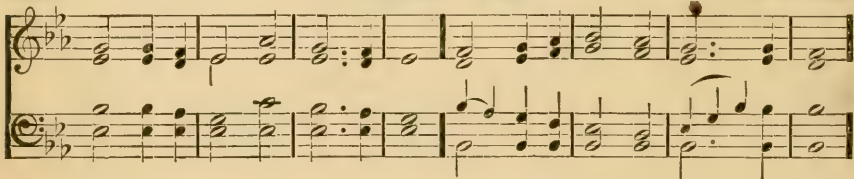
Dr. L. Mason.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! O as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun:

- He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And O may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

208

CYRILLAH. L. M.

Sir J. Goss.

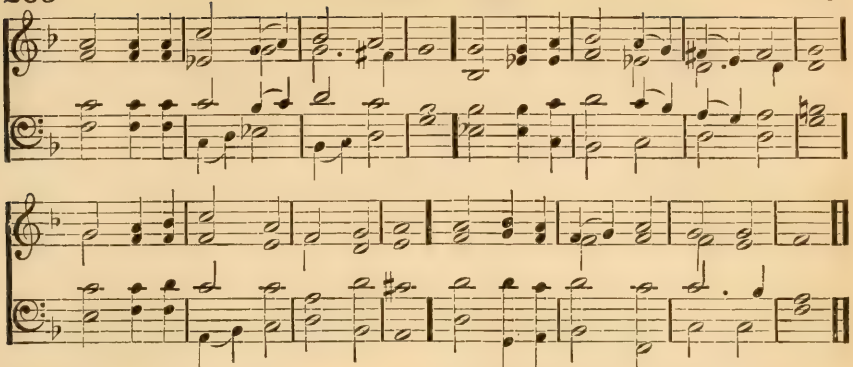
- 1 JESUS! engrave it on my heart,
That Thou the One Thing needful art:
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord! from Thee!
- 2 Needful is Thy most precious blood
To reconcile my soul to God;
Needful is Thy indulgent care;
Needful Thy all-prevailing prayer.
- 3 Needful Thy presence, dearest Lord!
True peace and comfort to afford;

- Needful Thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.
- 4 Needful art Thou, my Guide! my Stay!
Through all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be,
To bring my Spirit home to Thee.
- 5 Then needful still my God! my King!
Thy Name, eternally, I'll sing:
Glory and praise be ever His,
The One Thing needful, Jesus is!

ORDINATION.

209

OGONTZ. L. M.

S. Reay.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!

In all Thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling Word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard!

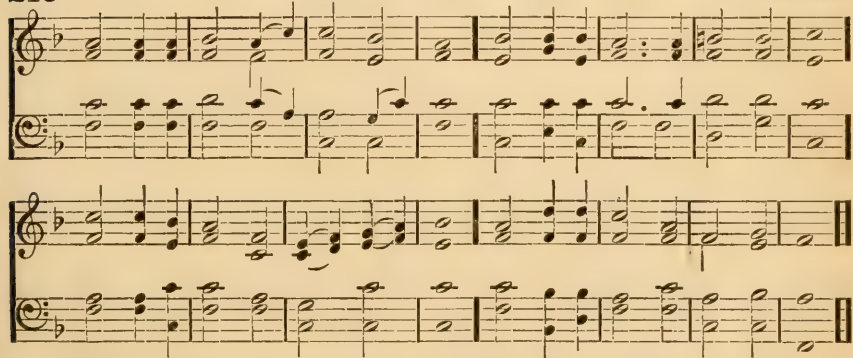
3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;

Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might!
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

4 Baptize the nations. Far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord!

210

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. Oliver.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

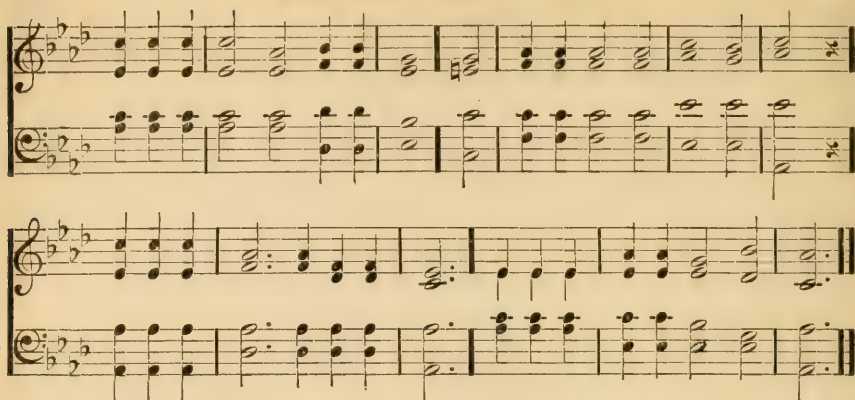
5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.

211

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

C. Zeuner.



1 Go forth, ye heralds! in My Name;
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

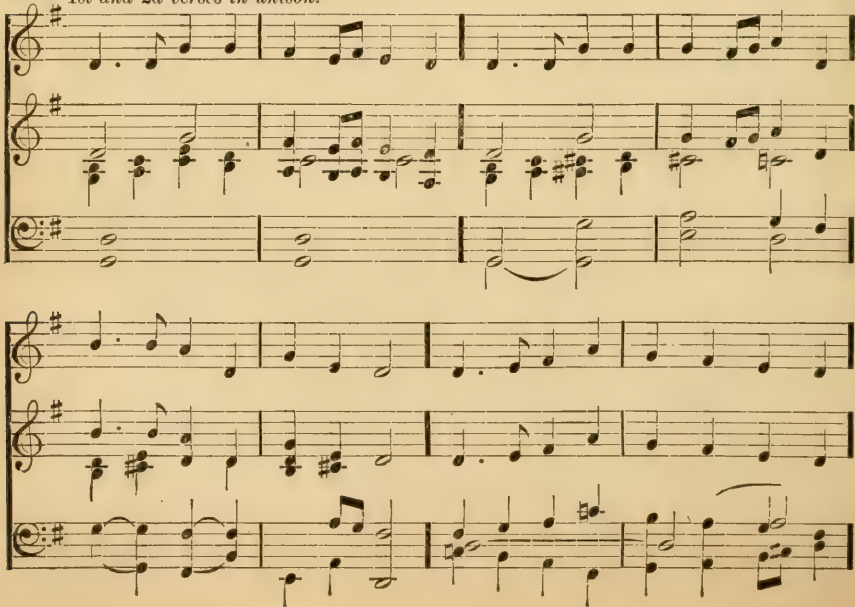
3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That you're commissioned from above.

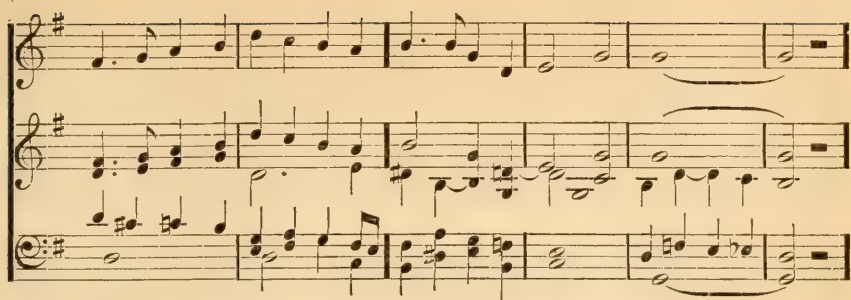
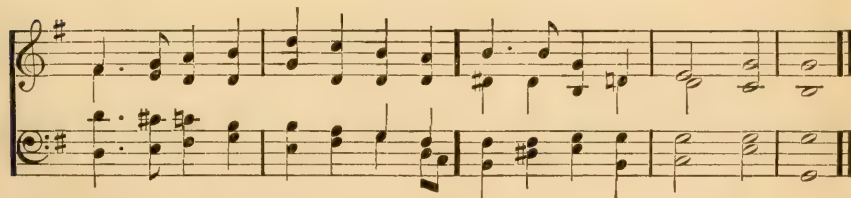
4 Freely from Me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

212

BONAR. 887887.

J. B. Calkin.

1st and 2d verses in unison.

*Third Verse, Harmony.*

1 COME pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospels shrined;
Blessèd tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

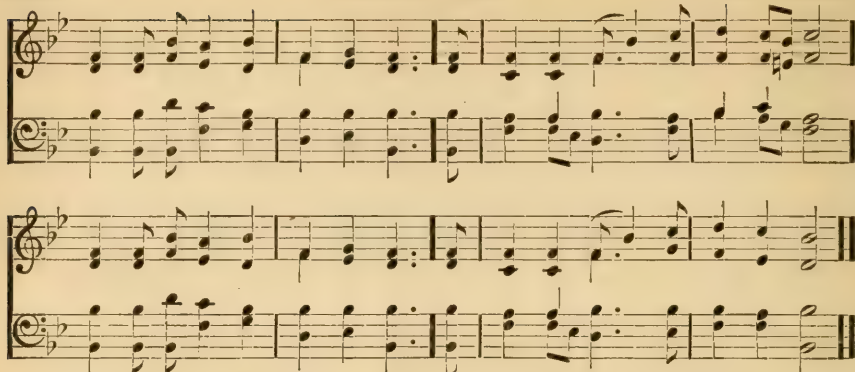
2 See the rivers four that gladden
With their streams the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;

Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
Drink and find salvation here.

3 O that we, Thy truth confessing,
And Thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may Thy love adore;
Unto Thee our voices raising,
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

213

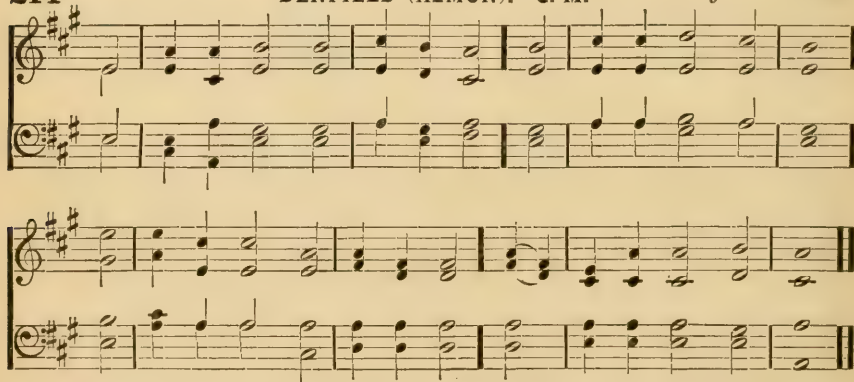
WARD. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

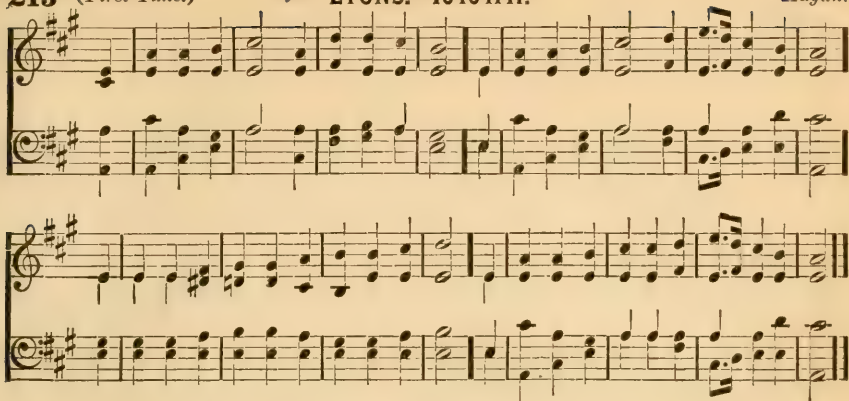
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 DRAW near, O Son of God! draw near,
Us with Thy flaming eyes behold:
Still, in Thy Church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.</p> <p>2 Still hold the stars in Thy right hand,
And let them in Thy lustre glow;
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of Thy Church below.</p> <p>3 Make good their apostolic boast;
Their high commission let them prove;</p> | <p>Be temples of the Holy Ghost, [love.
And filled with faith, and hope, and</p> <p>4 Their hearts from things of earth remove;
Sprinkle them, Lord! from sin and fear;
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.</p> <p>5 Give them an ear to hear Thy word;
Thou speakest to the Churches now;
And let all tongues confess their Lord;
Let every knee to Jesus bow!</p> |
|--|---|

214

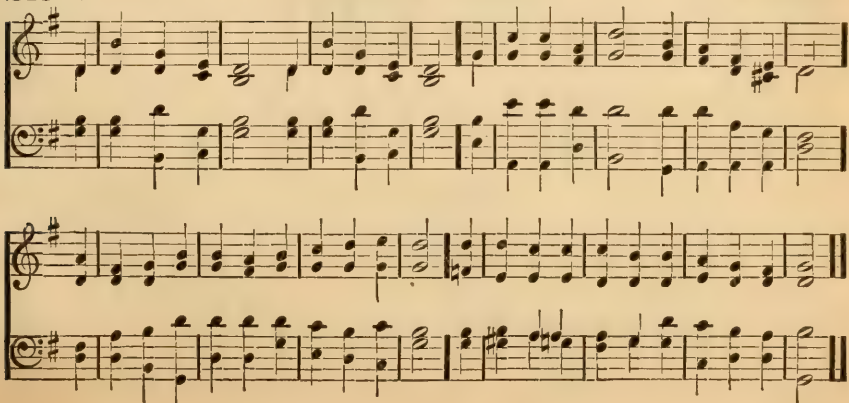
DENFIELD (AZMON). C. M.

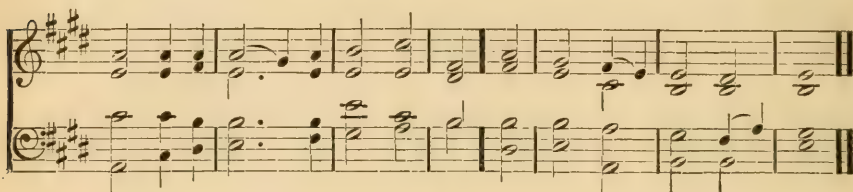
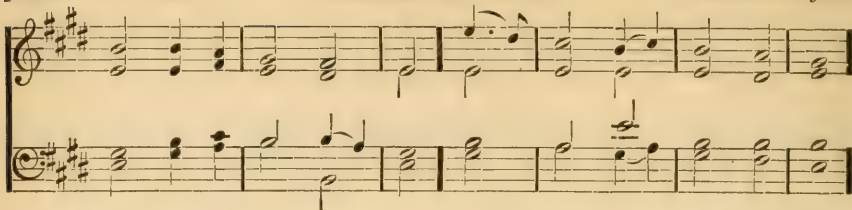
Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 WITNESS, ye men and angels; now
Before the Lord we speak,
To Whom we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break.</p> <p>2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.</p> | <p>3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.</p> <p>4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.</p> |
|--|--|

215 (*First Tune.*)✓ **LYONS.** 10101111.*Haydn.*

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, He rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our king.
- 3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory, and power, all wisdom, and might;
All honor, and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

215 (*Second Tune.*)**HOUGHTON.** 10101111.*H. J. Gauntlett.*

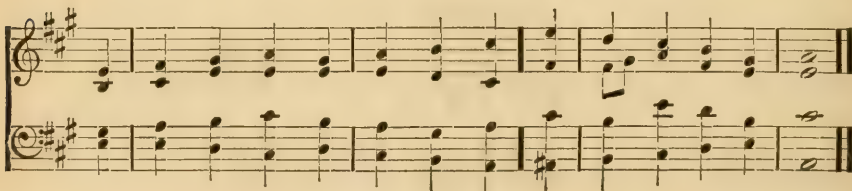
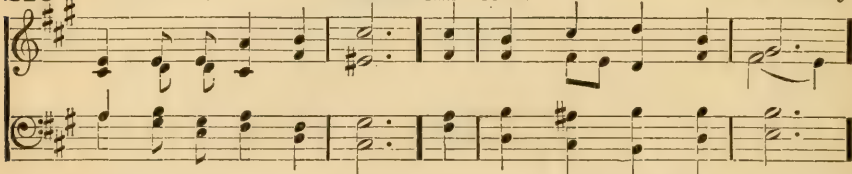
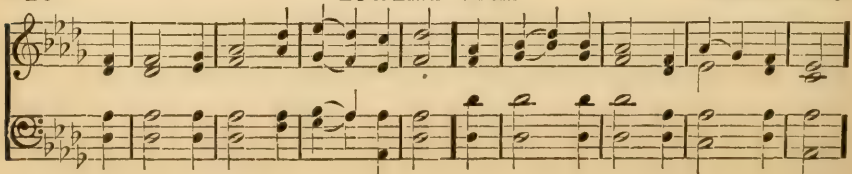
216 (*First Tune.*)**MORNINGTON. S. M.***Lord Mornington.*

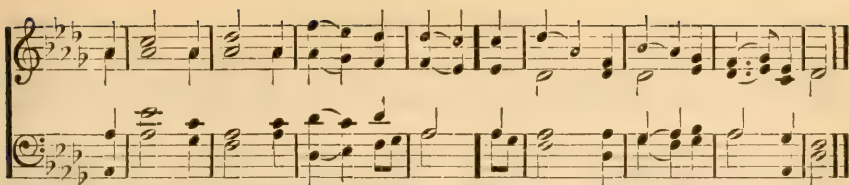
1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And, where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil;
And the blest Gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

216 (*Second Tune.*)**DOMENICA. S. M.***H. S. Oakley.***217****LOWELL. L. M.***English Melody.*



1 THE cross, the cross, oh, that's my gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'T was there my Lord was crucified,
'T was there my Saviour for me died.

2 The stony heart dissolves in tears
When to our view the cross appears;
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

3 Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
Upon the friend of sinners vile:
Abased I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son.

4 Here I behold, as in a glass,
God's glory, with unveiled face;

And by beholding, I shall be
Made like to him who lovèd me.

5 Here is an ensign on a hill,
Come hither, sinners, look your fill;
To look aside is pain and loss:
I glory only in the cross.

6 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim
To all the world His saving name;
Repenting souls, in Him believe;
Ye wounded, look on Him and live.

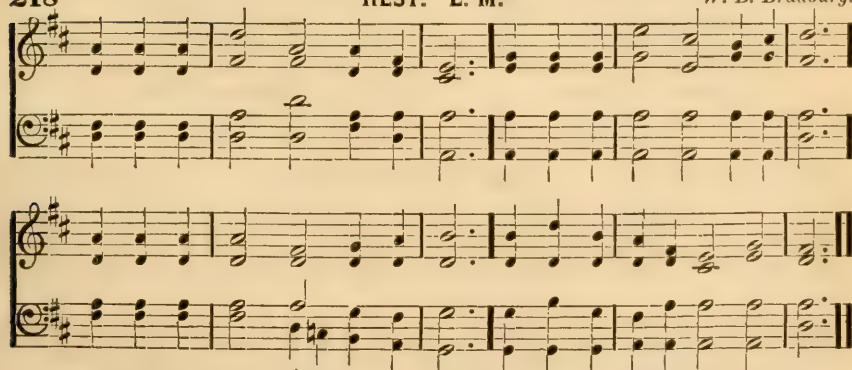
7 No flaming sword doth guard the place,
The cross of Christ proclaims free grace;
All pilgrims who would heaven win,
By Jesus' cross must enter in.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

218

REST. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury.



1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

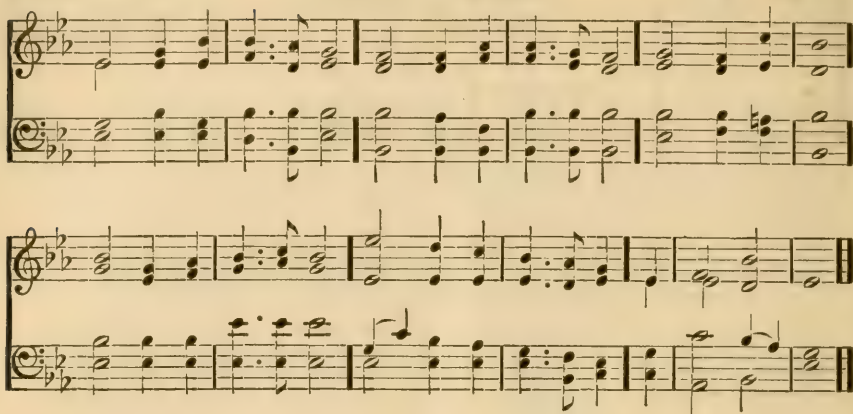
2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus; peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;

No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from Thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

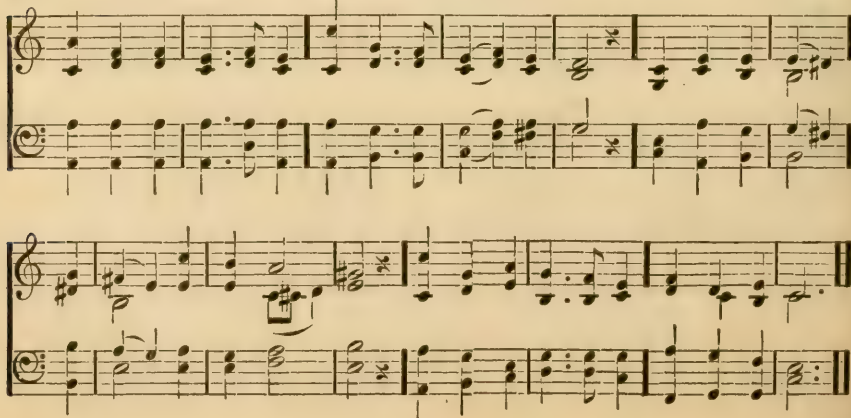
219 (*First Tune.*)**OLIVET. 664664.***Dr. L. Mason.*

1 **LOWLY** and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father Divine:
A hymn of suppliant breath
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succoring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us, Thou.

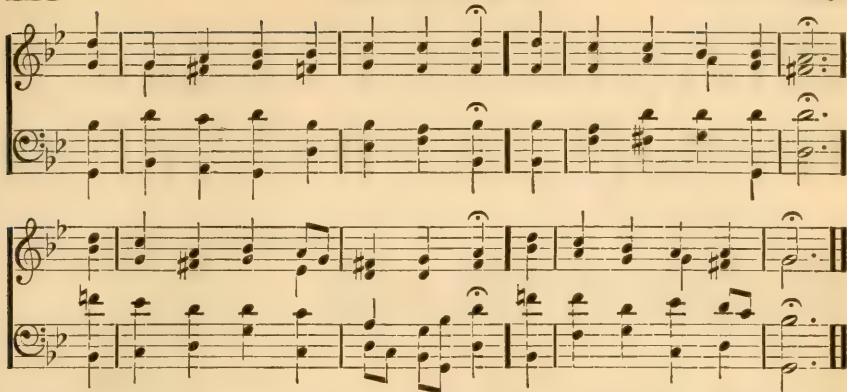
3 By Him, who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From Whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
Aid us, O God.

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father Divine:
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

219 (*Second Tune.*)**BADEA. 664664.***F. Barrington.*

220

WOLLE. C. M.

Moravian Melody.

1 Not for the dead in Christ we weep;
Their sorrows now are o'er;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

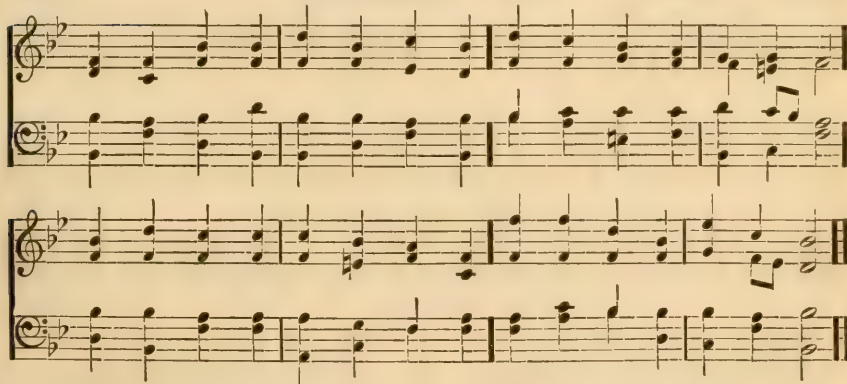
2 Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
A while we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

3 And though no visioned dream of bliss
Nor trance of rapture show
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe;

4 Jesus! our shadowy path illumine,
And teach the chastened mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resigned.

221

CANTERBURY. 8787.

Rev. C. J. La Trobe.

1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say—Thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken;
Blessèd Lord—Thy will be done.

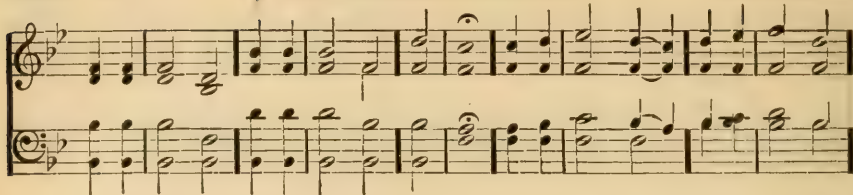
3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne:
With Thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing—Thy will be done.

4 By Thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but Thine own,
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore—Thy will be done.

222

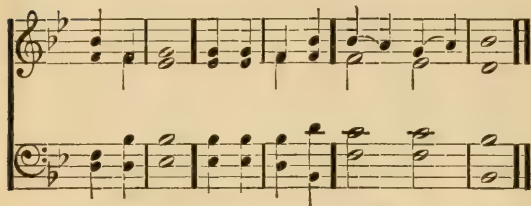
GOD IS NEAR. 442443.

Dr. L. Mason.



1 GOD is near thee,
Therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul.
He'll defend thee,
When around thee,
Billows roll.

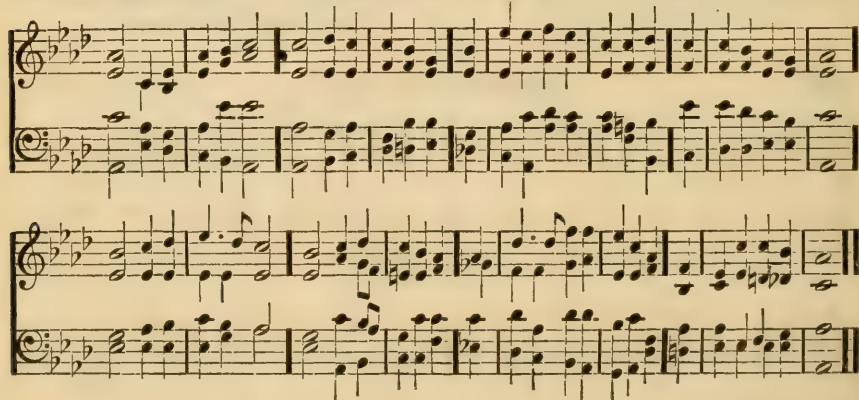
2 Calm thy sadness,
Look in gladness
On high!
Faint and weary,
Pilgrim, cheer thee!
Help is nigh!



223 (First Tune.)

HYACINTHE. S. M. D.

Rev. G. W. Torrance.



1 "SERVANT of God! well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

2 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then strong in faith and prayer,

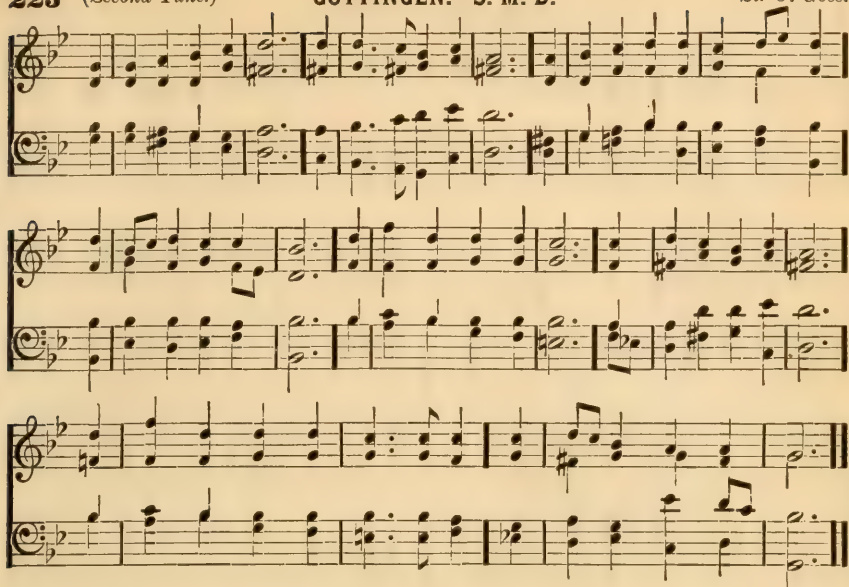
His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumb'ring clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay!

3 The pains of death are passed;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ!
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!

223 (Second Tune.)

GÖTTINGEN. S. M. D.

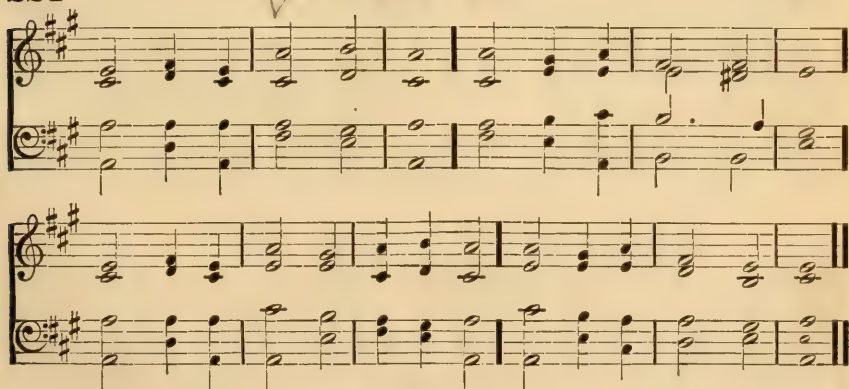
Sir J. Goss.



224

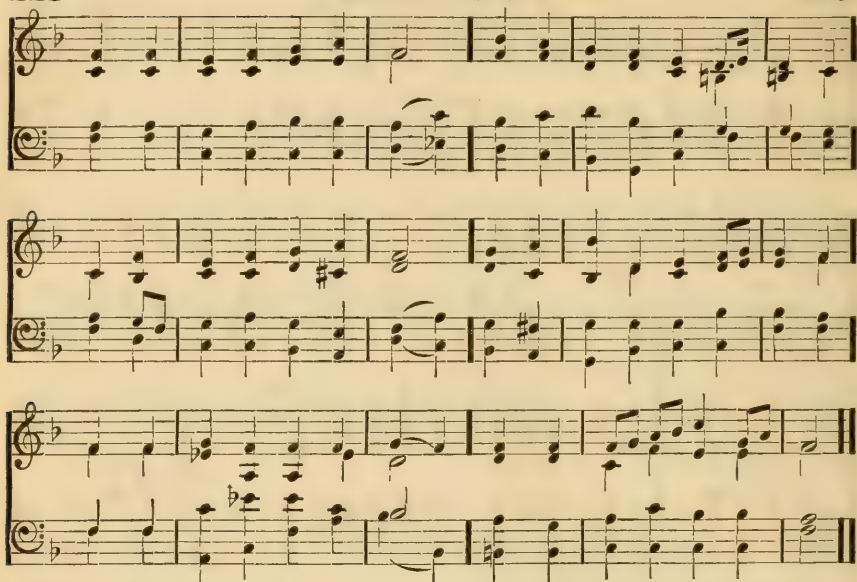
OLMUTZ. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



- 1 REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.
- 2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye; [more
Through these parched lips of thine no
Shall pass the moan or sigh.
- 3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound

- That shakes thy silent chamber walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.
- 4 Ye dwellers in the dust
Awake, come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.
- 5 'T was sown in weakness here,
'T will then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

225**WALLACE. 787877.***J. Barnby.*

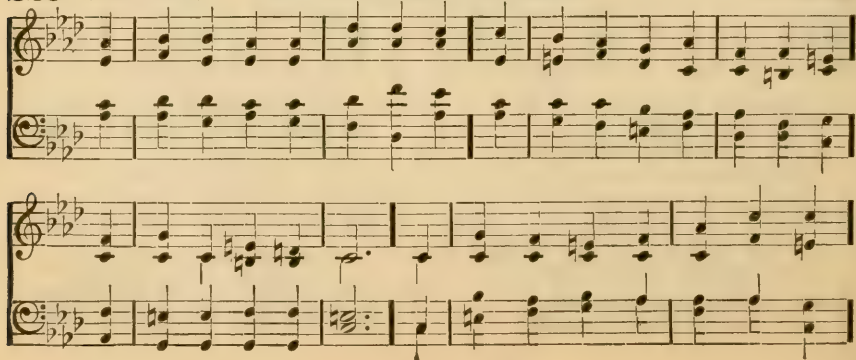
1 **TENDER** Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
 Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
 Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
 In its narrow bed 't is sleeping,
 And no sign of anguish sore
 Heaves that little bosom more.

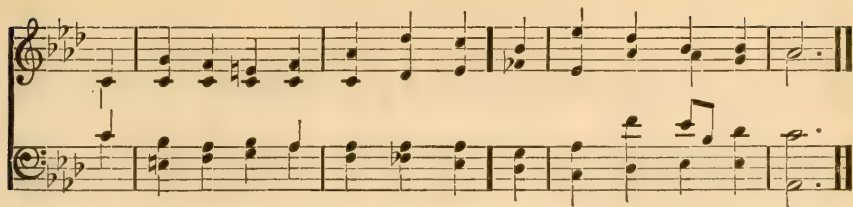
2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
 To the sunny, heavenly plain

Thou dost now with joy receive it;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though Thou take what most we love.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

226 (*First Tune.*)**ST. AUGUSTINE. 886886.***J. Barnby.*



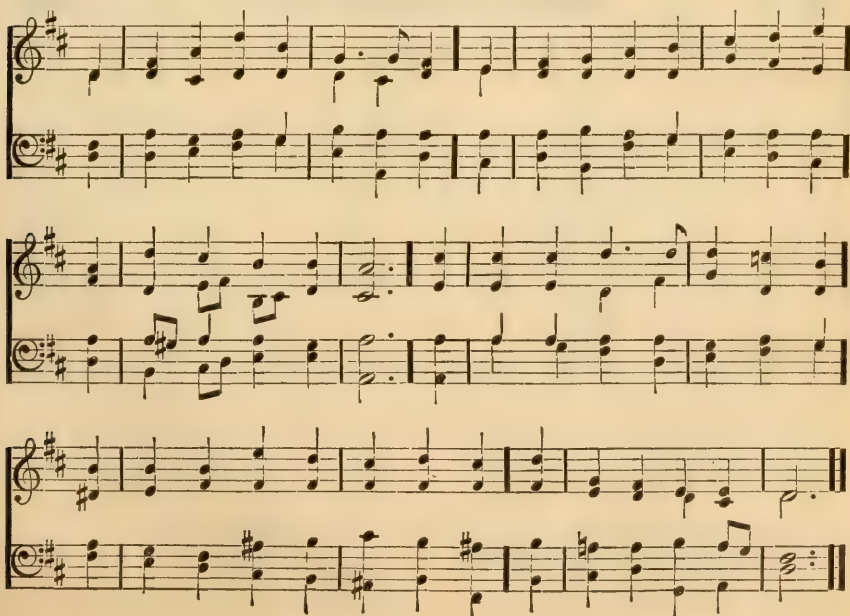
- 1 GOD of our Fathers! from Thy throne
Look on our work of faith and own
This tribute of our love;
Hallow these courts! and deign to show
Thy glory to Thy church below,
As to Thy church above.
- 2 Let Zion here arise and shine!
Robed in a glory all divine,
Because conferred by Thee;
Here let Thy truth be heard with faith;
And souls awake to life, from death,
By sovereign grace made free!
- 3 Here, in the Ordinance and Word,
Thy voice by every soul be heard,
And reverently obeyed!

Give us the will to work for Thee;
That so, through us, Thy grace may be
To dying men displayed.

- 4 Let all our deeds be wrought in love;
In holy concord let us move,
With Christ to lead us on!
Reveal to us the living way!
Transform the darkness into day,
And bring us to Thy throne!
- 5 God of all grace! The Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
To whom all glory be!
Accept as Thine this House of Prayer
Which thus, in faith and holy fear,
We dedicate to Thee.

226 (Second Tune.) **MAGDALEN COLLEGE. 886886.**

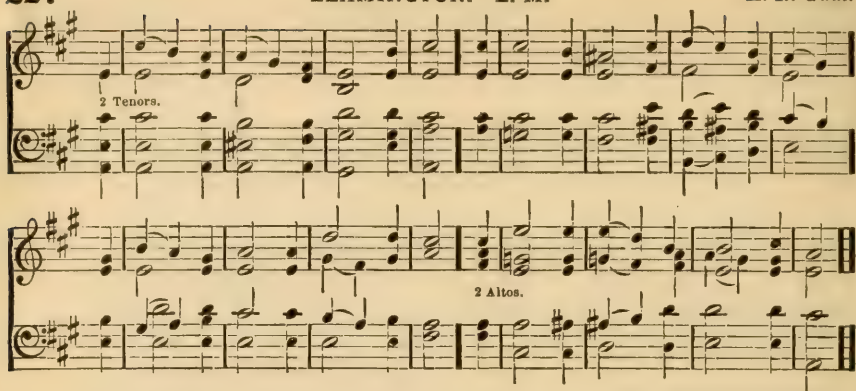
W. Hayes.



227

LEAMINGTON. L. M.

A. R. Gaul.



1 AND wilt Thou, O Eternal God,
On earth establish Thine abode?
Then look propitious from Thy throne,
And take this building for Thine own!

2 These walls we to Thine honor raise!
Long may they echo in Thy praise!
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of Thy grace.

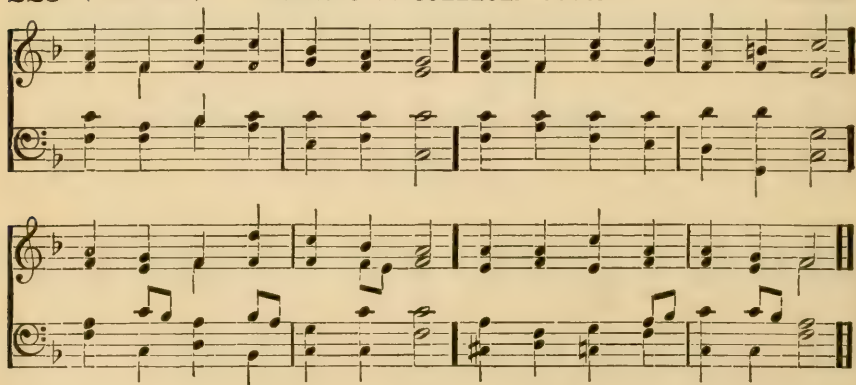
3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train!
With power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer His friends.

4 And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey;
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here!

228 (First Tune.)

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7777.

H. J. Gauntlett.



1 LORD of Hosts! to Thee we raise
Here a House of Prayer and Praise;
Thou Thy peoples' hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer!

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy Word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest!

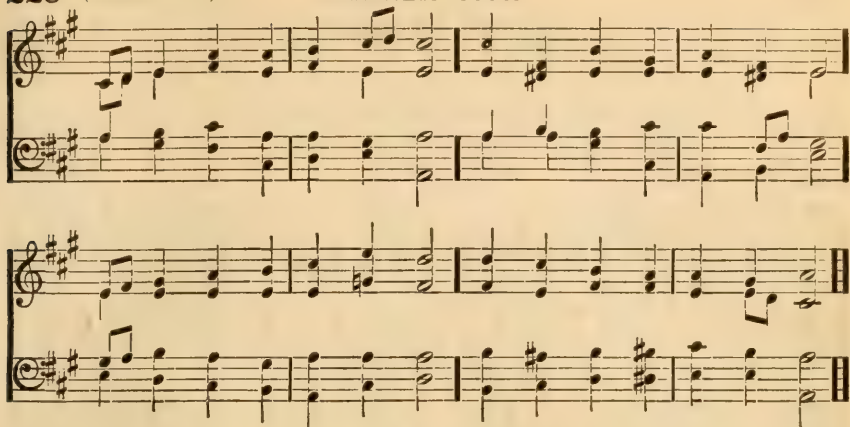
3 Here, to Thee, a Temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the Sun and Moon endure.

4 Alleluia! Earth and Sky,
To the joyful sound reply;
Alleluia! hence ascend
Prayers and praise till time shall end!

228 (*Second Tune.*)

BARNET. 7777.

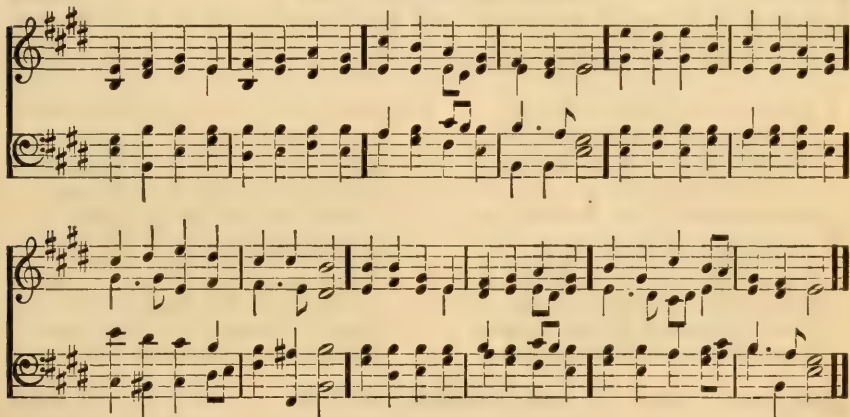
A. Cottman.



229

ST. THOMAS. 878787.

V. Novello.



1 CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's help forever,
And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,

Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

5 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run.

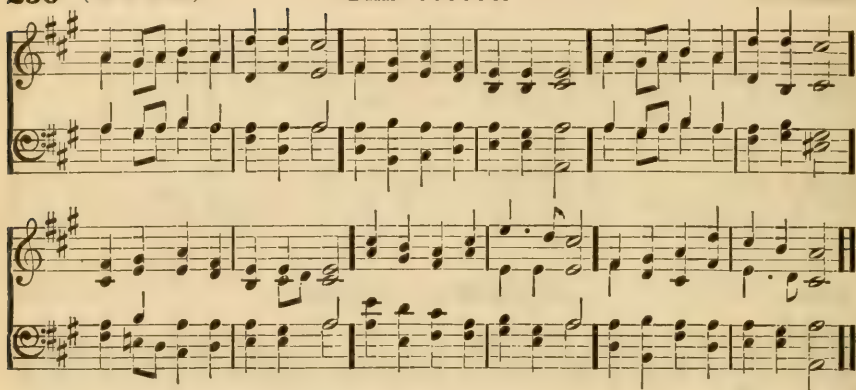
Special Occasions.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

230 (*First Tune.*)

DIX. 777777.

C. Koehler.



1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

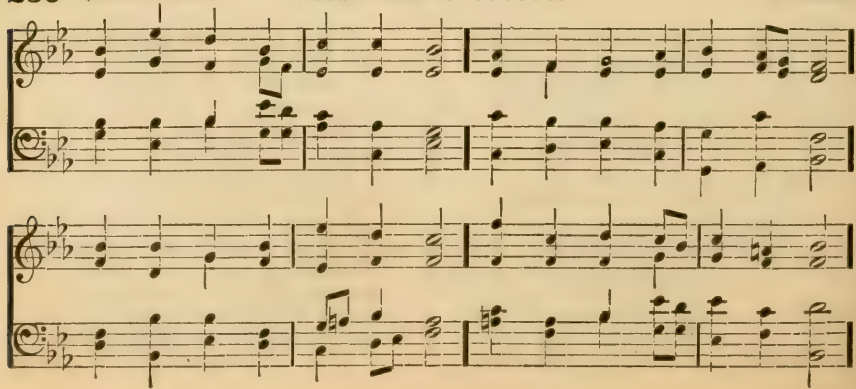
3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

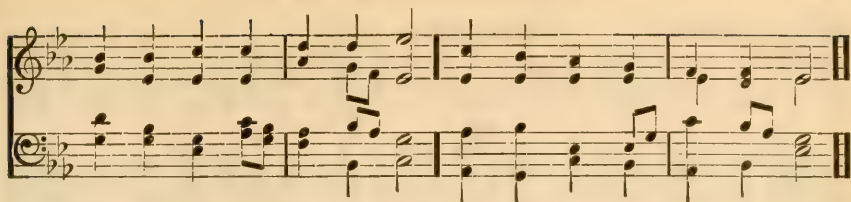
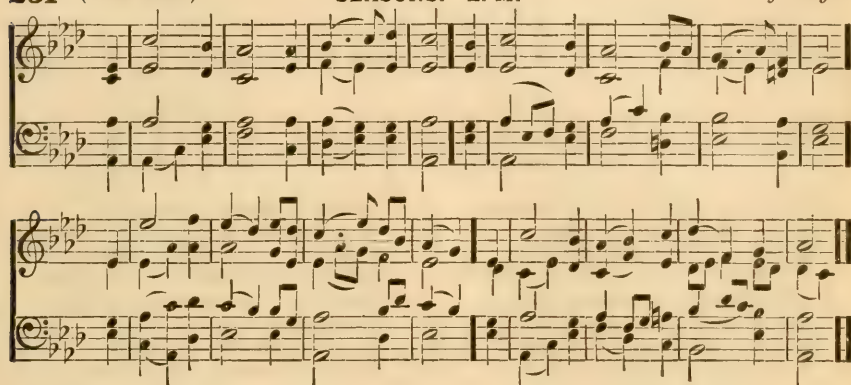
4 Peace, prosperity and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

230 (*Second Tune.*)

HEATHLAND. 777777.

H. Smart.



**231** (*First Tune.*)**SEASONS. L. M.***Ig. Pleyel.*

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the closing year.

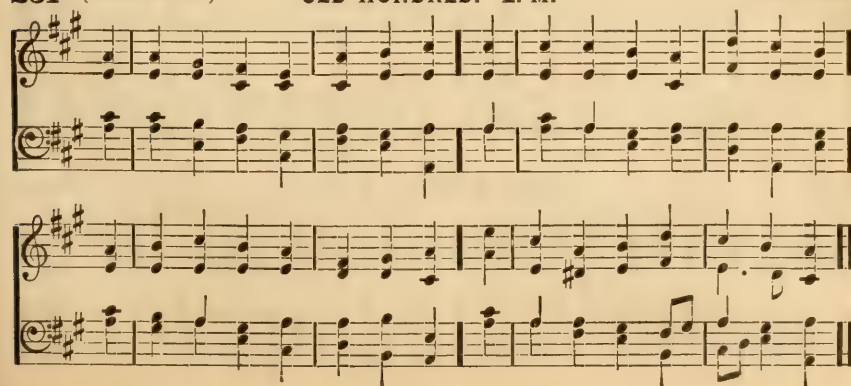
2 Wide as the wheels of Nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole,
The sun is taught by Thee to rise;
And darkness when to veil the skies.

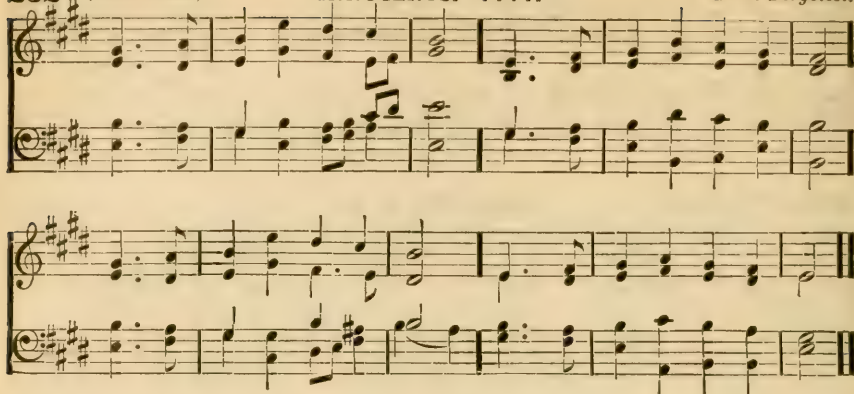
3 The flowery Spring at Thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land;

The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in Autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And Winter, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade!

231 (*Second Tune.*)**OLD HUNDRED. L. M.***G. Franc.*

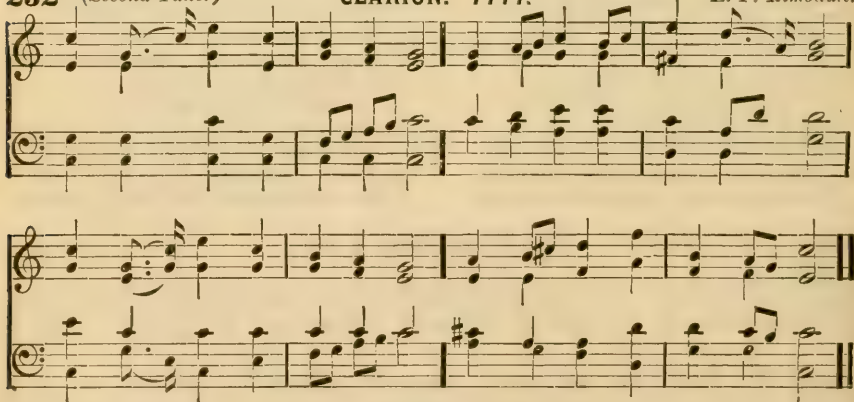
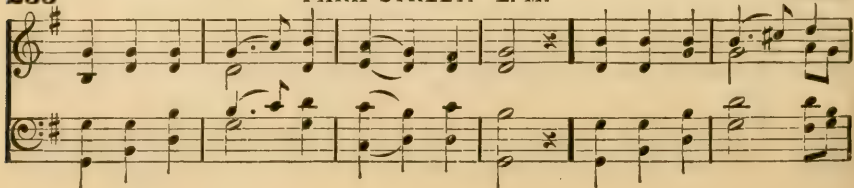
232 (*First Tune.*)**INNOCENTS. 7777.***G. B. Pergolesi.*

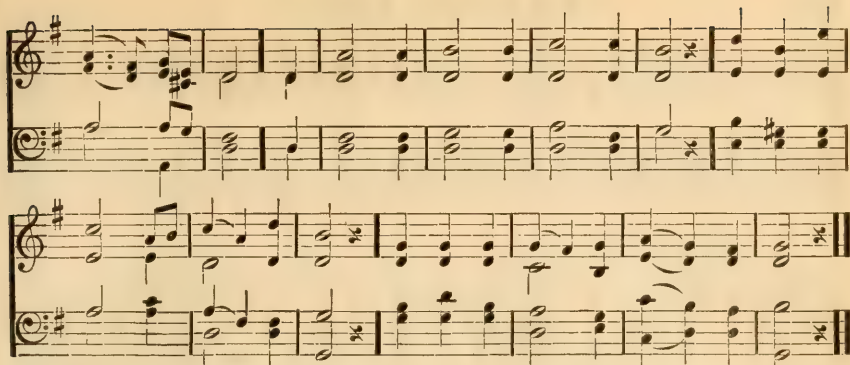
1 SWELL the anthem! raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to Heaven's Almighty King!

2 Blessings from His liberal hand,
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts beneath His sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day!

3 Now to Thee our joys ascend;
Thou hast been our Heavenly Friend;
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Peace and Freedom bless our shore.

4 Hark! the voice of Nature sings
Praises to the King of kings!
Let us join the choral song,
And the Heavenly notes prolong!

232 (*Second Tune.*)**CLARION. 7777.***E. F. Rimbault.***233****PARK STREET. L. M.***Venue.*



1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King,
And high our grateful voices raise,
As our Salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favors past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

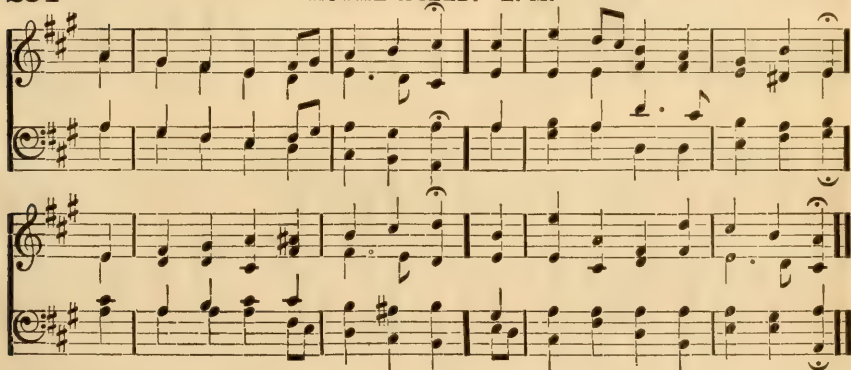
3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.

4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

234

ROTHERFIELD. L. M.

A. H. Brown.



1 God of the passing year! to Thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With swelling heart and bending knee
We offer Thee our song of praise.

2 We bless Thy name, Almighty God!
For all the kindness Thou hast shown,
To this fair land our fathers trod;
This land we fondly call our own!

3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
For Thou our country's arms didst
guide,
And lead them on their conquering way.

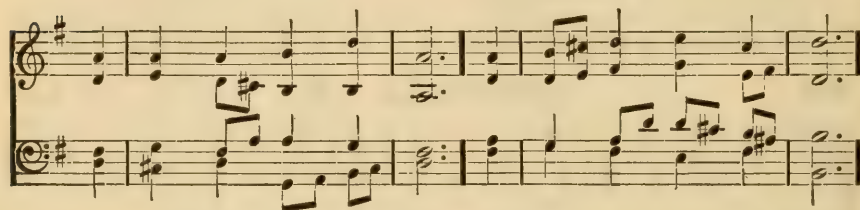
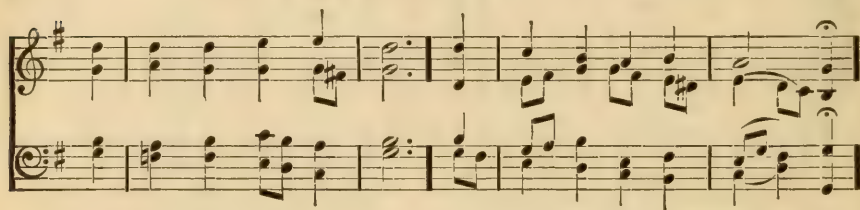
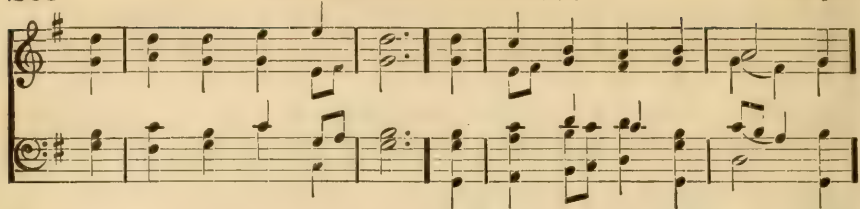
4 We praise Thee that the Gospel light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Scatters the shades of error's night,
And Heavenly blessings round us
spreads.

5 When foes without and foes within,
With threatening ills our land have
pressed:
Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,
And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.

6 O God! preserve us in Thy fear;
In troublous times our Bulwark be;
Diffuse Thy truth's bright precepts here,
And may we worship only Thee!

235

NUN DANKET. 67676666.

J. Crüger.

1 Now thank we all our God,
 With heart and hands and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In Whom His word rejoices;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;

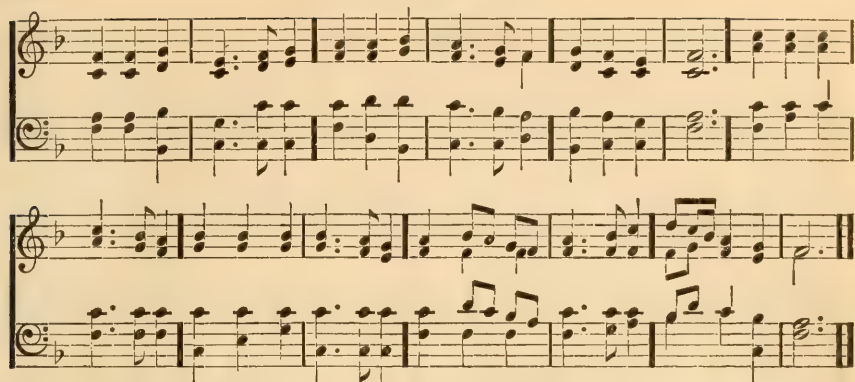
And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With Them in highest heaven,
 The One eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

236

AMERICA. 6646664.

H. Carey.



1 God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On Him we wait;
 Thou who art ever nigh

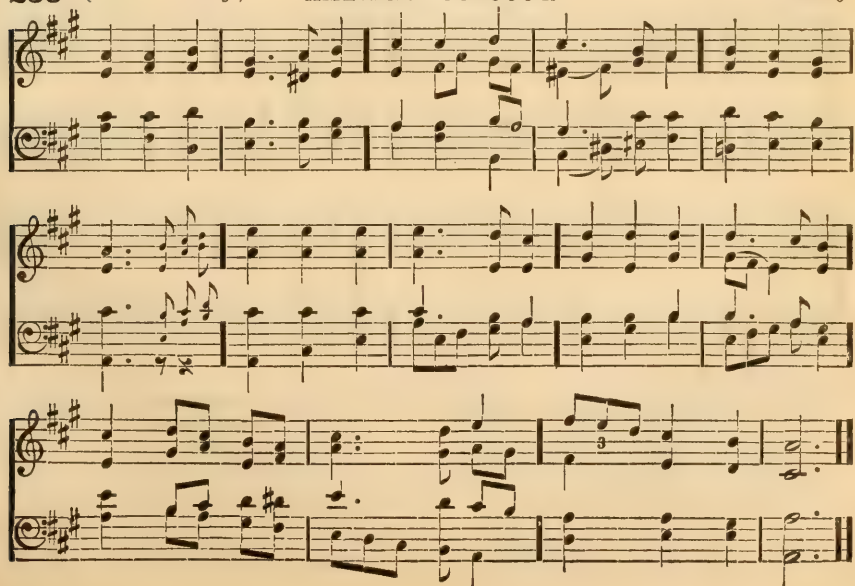
Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the state!

3 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
 Author of Liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light!
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God! our King!

236 (*Another Setting.*)

AMERICA. 6646664.

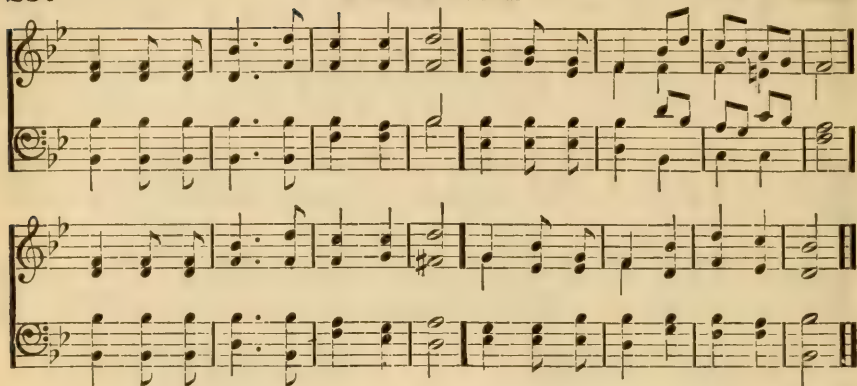
H. Carey.



NATIONAL FASTS.

237

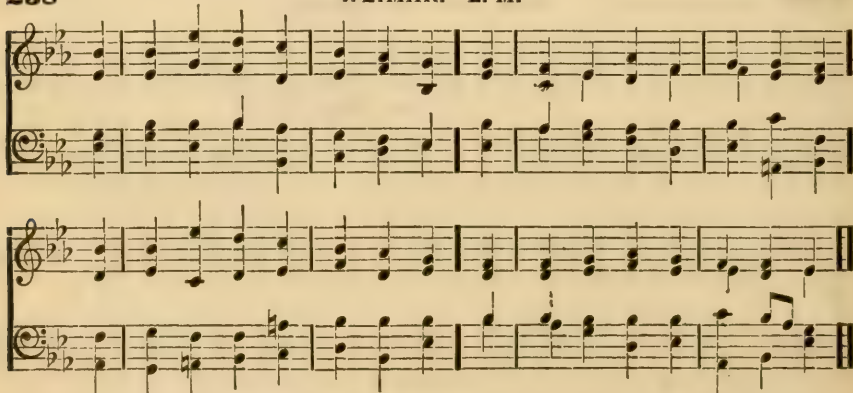
WELTON. L. M.

C. H. A. Malan.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O God of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.</p> <p>2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.</p> | <p>3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.</p> <p>4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.</p> |
|--|---|

238

WEIMAR. L. M.

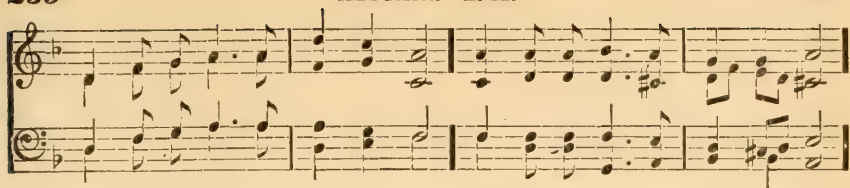
German.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Now may the God of grace and power
Attend His people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high.</p> <p>2 In His salvation is our hope;
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.</p> | <p>3 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From Thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.</p> <p>4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till Thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.</p> |
|--|--|

239

ABIGAIL. L. M.

J. Shaw.

*Unison.**Organ.*

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of Thy sword,
O whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but Thee direct their cry?

2 On Thee, our Guardian God, we call;
Before Thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?

3 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God we turn;

O spare our guilty country, spare
The Church which Thou hast planted here.

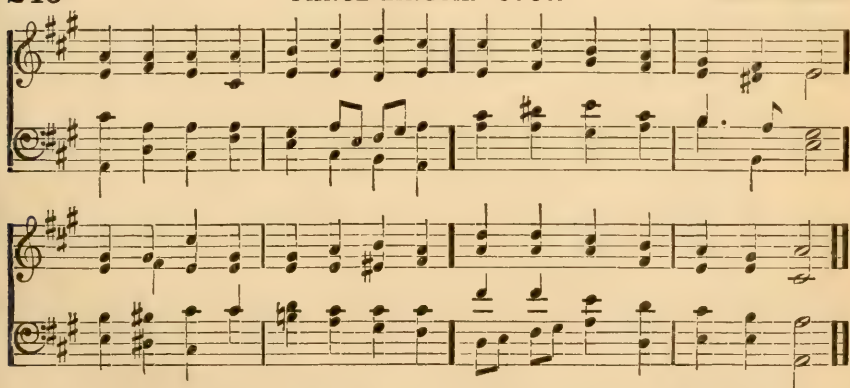
4 We plead Thy grace, indulgent God,
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood,
We plead Thy gracious promises,
And are they unavailing pleas?

5 These pleas, presented at Thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail and help us, too.

240

PANGE LINGUA. 8787.

Ancient Church.



1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From Thy temple in the skies,
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

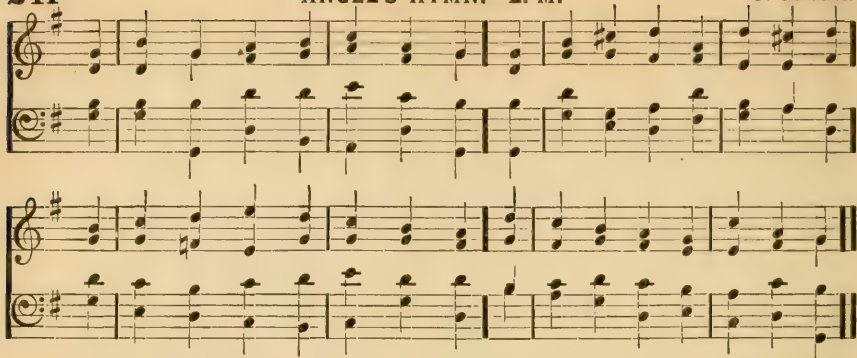
2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

241

ANGEL'S HYMN. L. M.

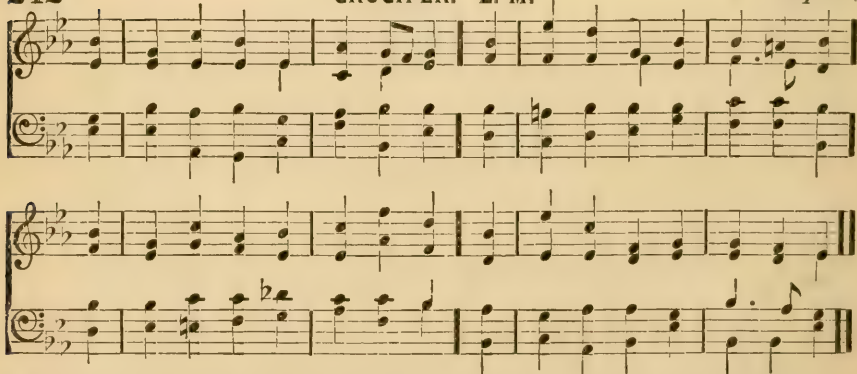
O. Gibbons.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O GOD of heaven and earth, arise,
And hear our loud united cries;
Behold us bow before Thy face,
Throughout our land, and seek Thy grace.</p> <p>2 Our trust is not in mortal hosts,
Nor in the arms that guard our coasts;
Thine is the land, and Thine the main,
And human force and skill are vain.</p> | <p>3 Our guilt might draw Thy vengeance down
On every shore, on every town;
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay Thy lifted thunder by.</p> <p>4 Forgive the follies of our times,
And cleanse our land from all its crimes;
Reformed and decked with grace divine,
Let our united people shine.</p> |
|---|--|

IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

242

CRUCIFER. L. M.

E. J. Hopkins.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 BE still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns and snares,
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.</p> <p>2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?</p> <p>3 When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thy all commit;</p> | <p>He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust His wisdom, love and power.</p> <p>4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?</p> <p>5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.</p> |
|--|---|

243

BROWNELL. 8888-88.

Arr. from Haydn.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, Who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear

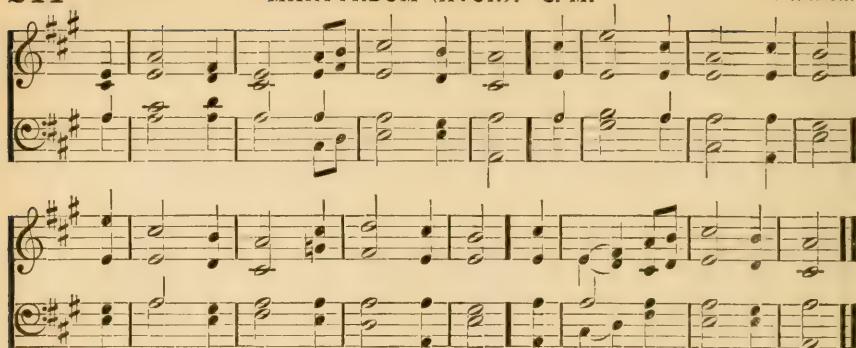
Such bitter conflict with despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

244

MARTYRDOM (AVON). C. M.

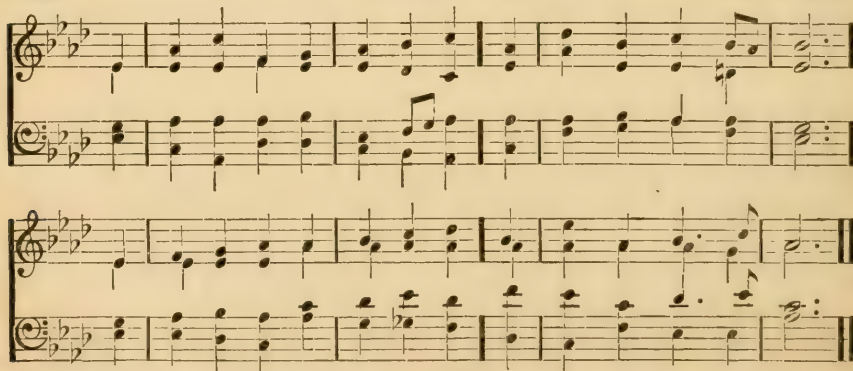
H. Wilson.

- 1 THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts, to-day
Within Thy temple meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at Thy feet.
- 2 They see Thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them, too;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.
- 3 They sing Thy deeds as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.
- 4 I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to Thee;
Oh, hast not Thou a blessing left,
A blessing, Lord, for me?
- 5 The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?

- The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?
- 6 Behold Thy prisoner, loose my bands,
If 'tis Thy gracious will;
If not, contented in Thy hands,
Behold Thy prisoner still.
- 7 I may not to Thy courts repair,
Yet here Thou surely art;
Oh, give me here a house of prayer,
Here Sabbath-joys impart.
- 8 To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope, the joys untold;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.
- 9 Oh, make Thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease;
Lift up Thy countenance benign
On me, and give me peace.

245

GERARD. C. M.

E. G. Monk.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

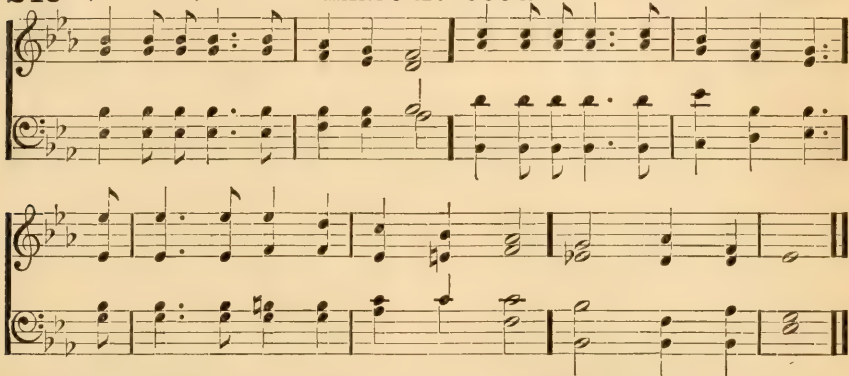
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;

3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that hope with ardor glows
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that tortured conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.

6 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

246 (*First Tune.*)**HANFORD. 8884.***A. Sullivan.*

1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

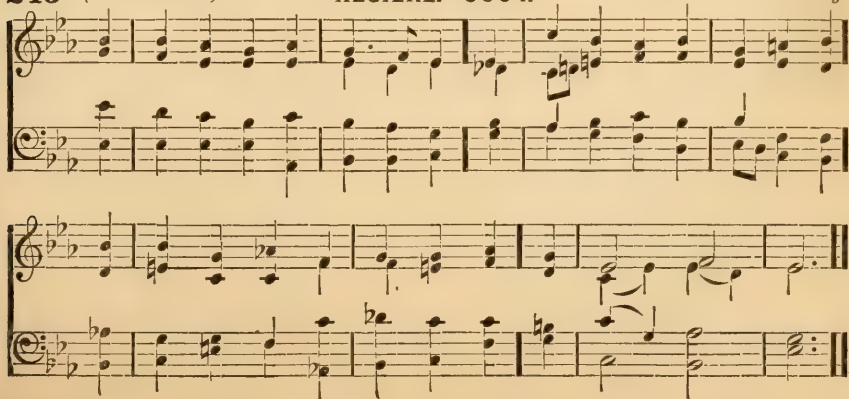
2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

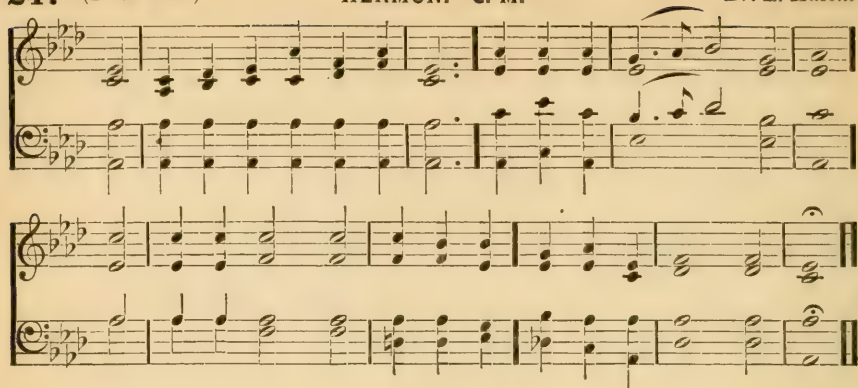
3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine—
"Thy will be done."

5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

246 (*Second Tune.*)**ALGIERE. 8884.***Rev. F. A. G. Ouseley.*

247 (*First Tune.*)**HERMON. C. M.***Dr. L. Mason.*

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the flesh,
And long to fly away;

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

4 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember, that His blood
My debt of sufferings paid;

5 Sweet on His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;

Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

6 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace
For all things to depend;

7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His;

8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

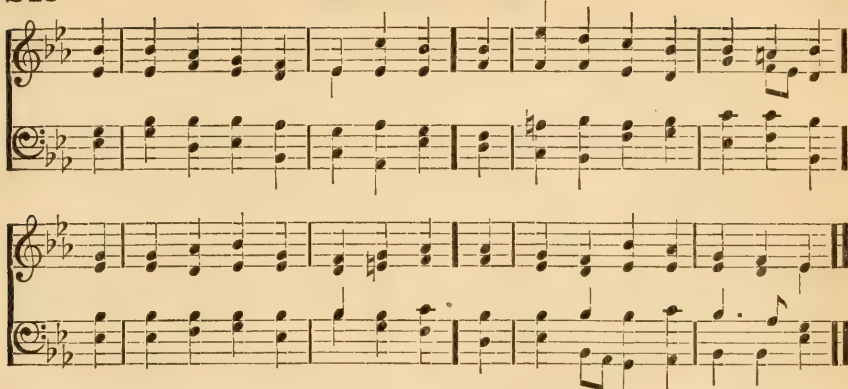
9 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee?

247 (*Second Tune.*)**JUDEA. C. M.***W. Arnold.*

MORNING.

248

MELCOMBE. L. M.

S. Webbe.

- 1 MY God, how endless is Thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new,
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;

- Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
 To Thee I consecrate my days;
 Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

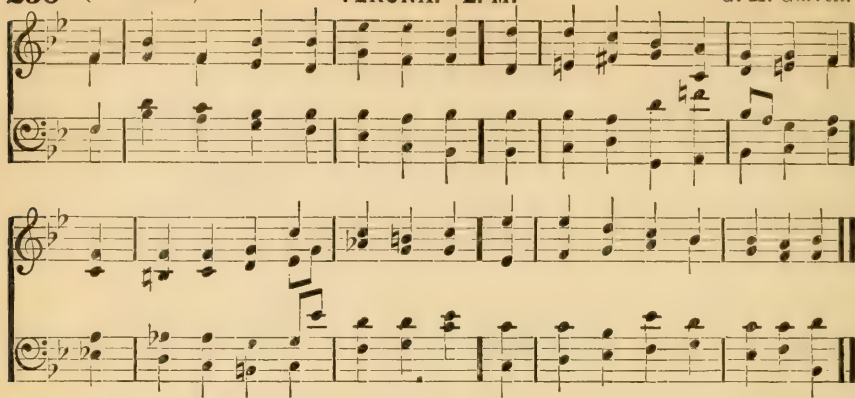
249

ALSTONE. L. M.

C. E. Willing.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, with rapture rise,
 And, filled with love and fear, adore
 The awful Sovereign of the skies,
 Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
 Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
 But may each swiftly-flying hour
 Still nearer bring my soul to Thee.
- 3 But can it be? That power divine
 Is throned in light's unbounded blaze;

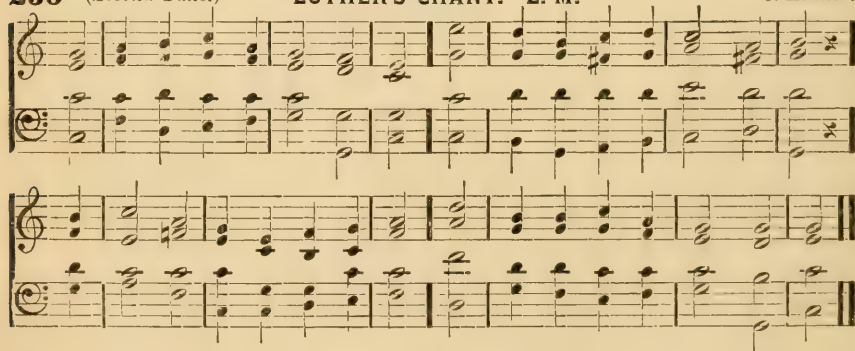
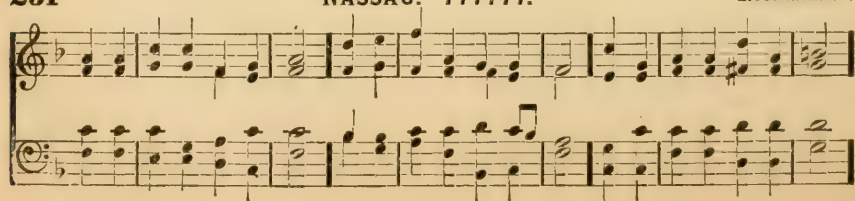
- And countless worlds and angels join,
 To swell the glorious song of praise.
- 4 And will He deign to lend an ear,
 When I, poor sinful mortal, pray?
 Yes, boundless goodness! He will hear,
 Nor cast the meanest wretch away.
- 5 Then let me serve Thee all my days,
 And may my zeal with years increase:
 For pleasant, Lord, are all Thy ways,
 And all Thy paths are paths of peace.

250 (*First Tune.*)**VERONA. L. M.***G. M. Garrett.*

- 1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,

New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves: a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above:
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

250 (*Second Tune.*)**LUTHER'S CHANT. L. M.***C. Zeuner.***251****NASSAU. 777777.***Rosenmuller.*



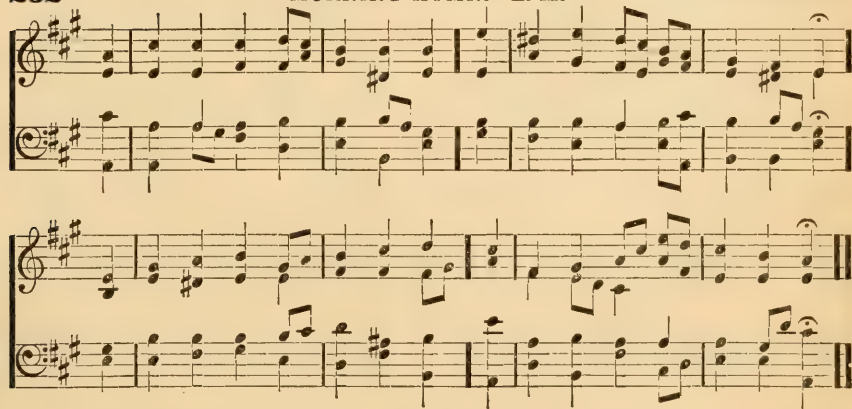
- 1 CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-Spring from on high, draw near;
Day-Star, in our hearts appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,

- Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

252

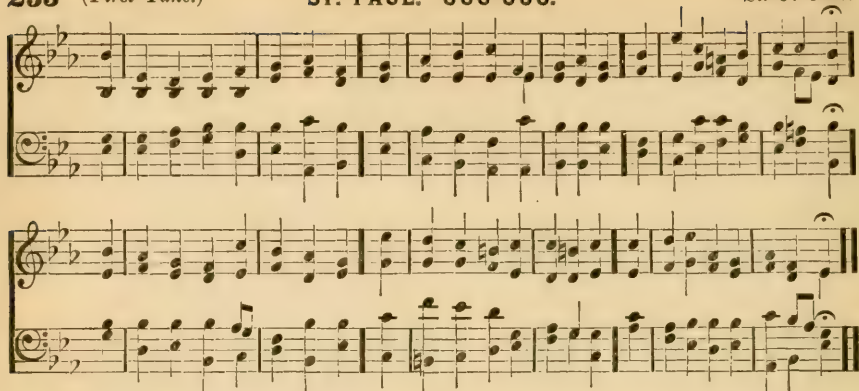
MORNING HYMN. L. M.

F. H. Barthélemon.



- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing:
"Glory to Thee, eternal King."
- 3 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.
- 4 Glory to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;

- Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.
- 5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 6 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

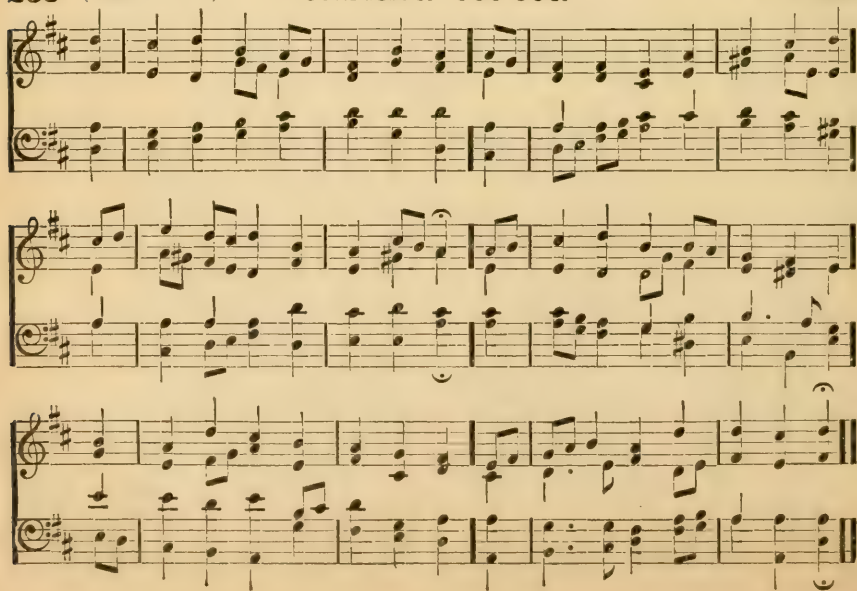
253 (*First Tune.*)**ST. PAUL. 888-888.***Sir J. Gosg.*

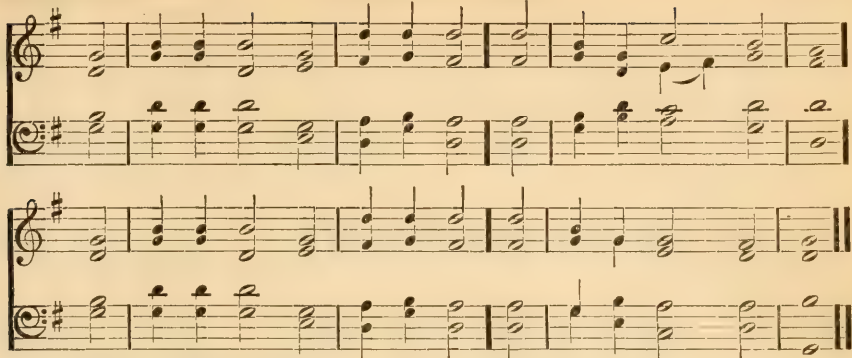
1 O God, my gracious God, to Thee
My morning prayers shall offered be,
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant;
My fainting flesh implores Thy grace,
As in a dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious power restore,
Which Thy majestic house displays:
Because to me Thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak Thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ;
With lifted hands adore His name;
As with its choicest food supplied,
My soul shall be full satisfied,
While I with joy His praise proclaim.

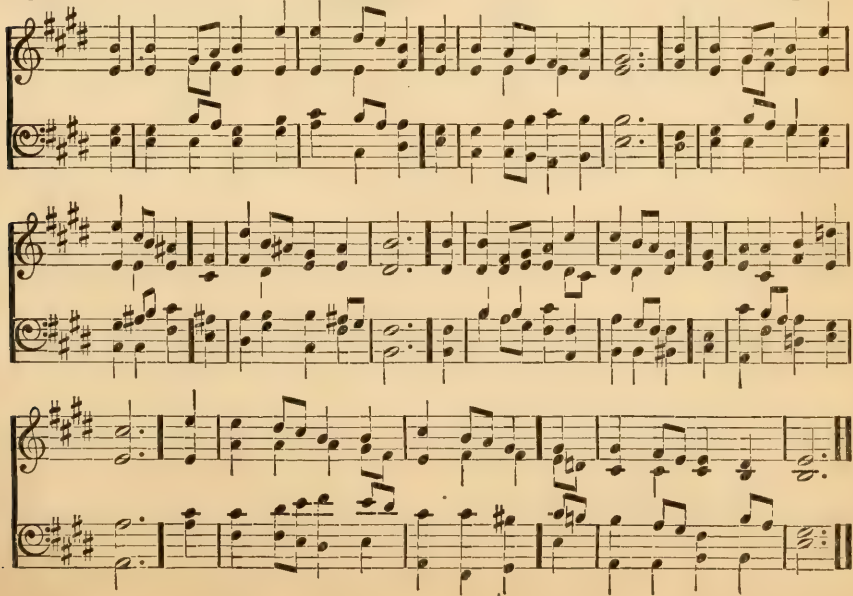
4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night,
Because Thou still doth succor bring,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

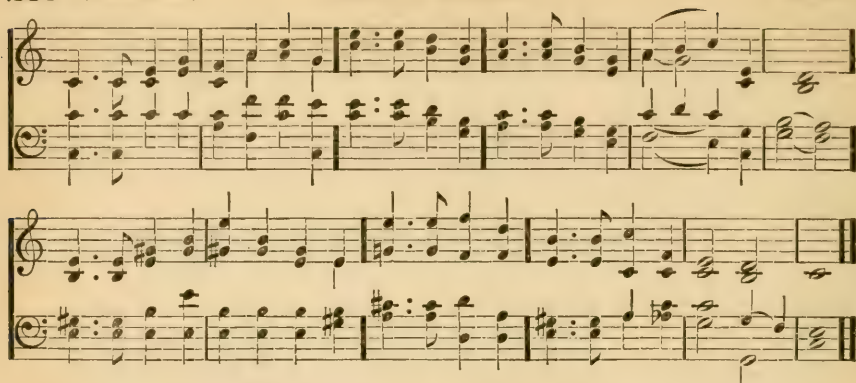
253 (*Second Tune.*)**SULPICIUS. 888-888.***A. H. Brown.*

254 (*First Tune.*)**MARLOW. C. M.***Dr. L. Mason.*

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
By stealth unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?
- 2 'Tis Thine, my God, the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath th' Almighty's arm.
- 3 'Tis Thine my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

- 4 This is the hand that shaped my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat:
That bore me oft through flood and flame,
Through tempest, cold and heat.
- 5 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.
- 6 May that dear hand uphold me still,
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to Thine holy hill,
And to Thy dwelling-place.

254 (*Second Tune.*)**REMBRANDT. C. M. D.***E. J. Hopkins.*

255 (*First Tune.*)**CANITZ. 847847.***J. Stainer.*

1 COME, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to Him who made this splendor
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

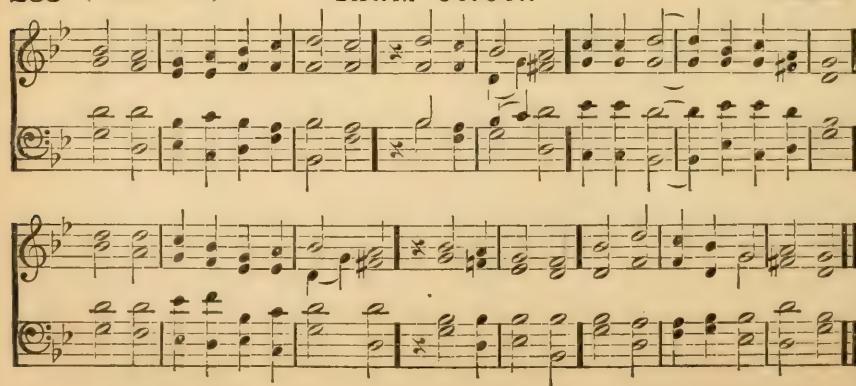
4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;

He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover
And discern each deed of sin.

5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light unfolding
All things in unclouded day.

7 Glory, honor, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the eternal One:
To the Father, Son and Spirit
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run.

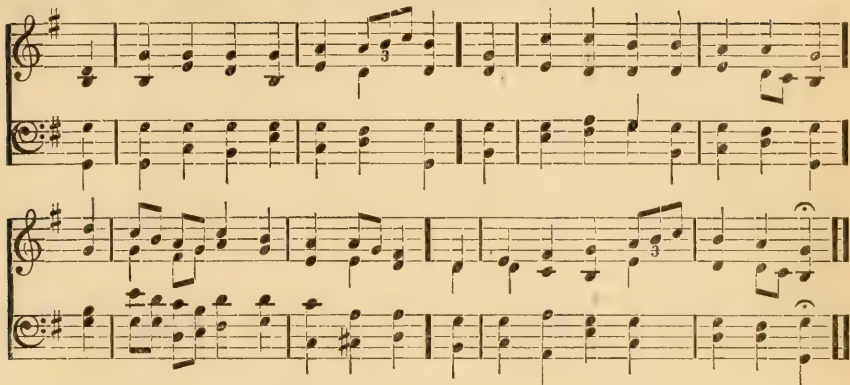
255 (*Second Tune.*)**DAWN. 847847.***Goudimel.*

EVENING.

256 (First Tune.) ✓

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

T. Tallis.

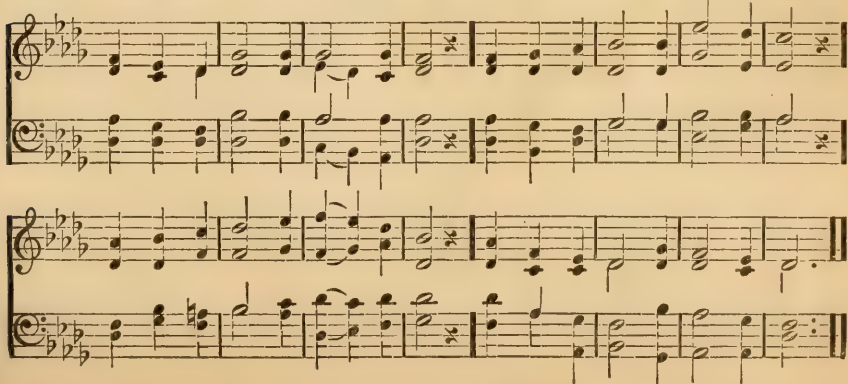


- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.</p> <p>2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.</p> <p>3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.</p> <p>4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close:</p> | <p>Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake</p> <p>5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.</p> <p>6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir,
Incessant sing and never tire.</p> <p>7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> |
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256 (Second Tune.)

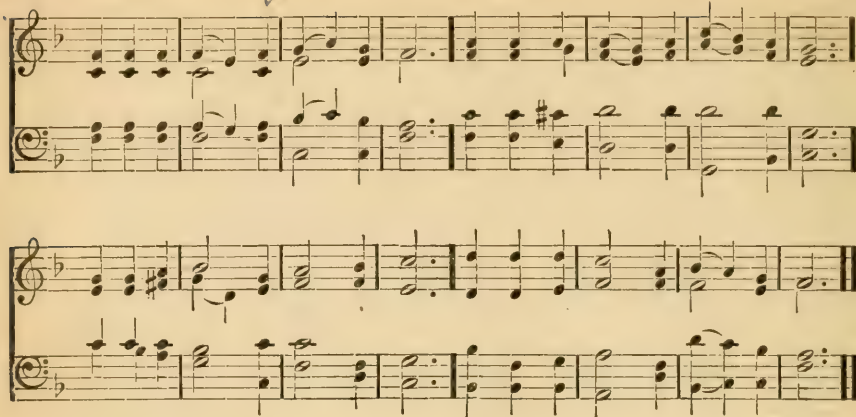
GLADSTONE. L. M.

W. H. Gladstone.



257 (First Tune.)

HURSLEY. L. M.

Huguenot Melody.

1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

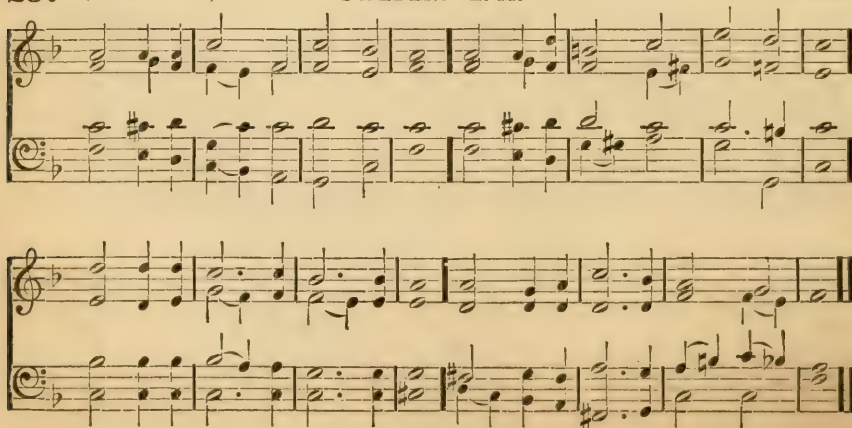
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine,
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

6 Come near and bless us when we wake!
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

257 (Second Tune.)

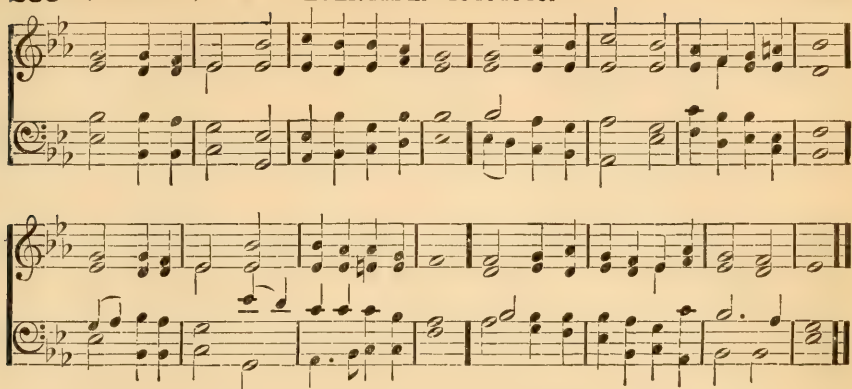
SWEDEN. L. M.

H. Hiles.

258 (First Tune.)

EVENTIDE. 10101010.

W. H. Monk.



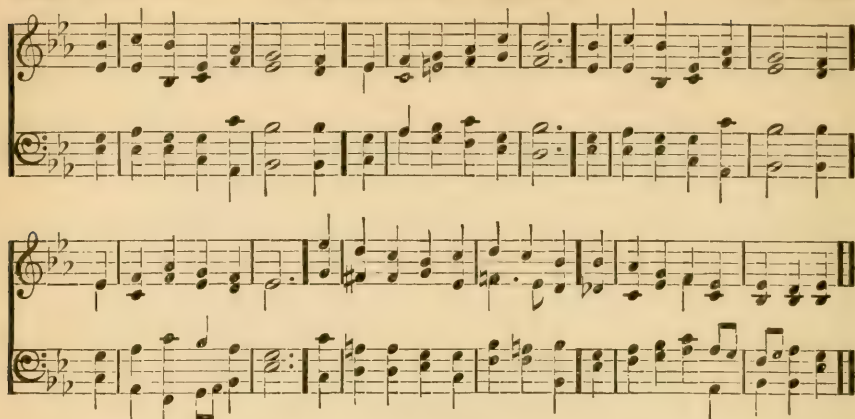
- 1 ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

258 (Second Tune.)

IRENE. 10101010.

E. J. Hopkins.

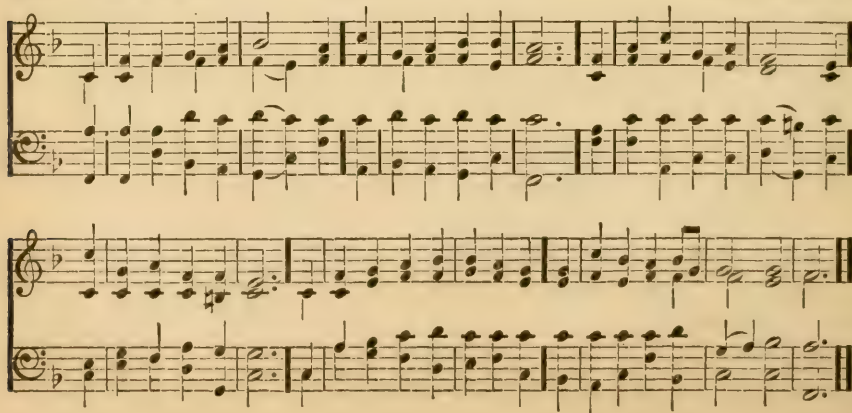


259 (*First Tune.*)**BAMBOROUGH. 767688.***A. H. Brown.*

- 1 THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!
- 2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!
- 3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril

The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

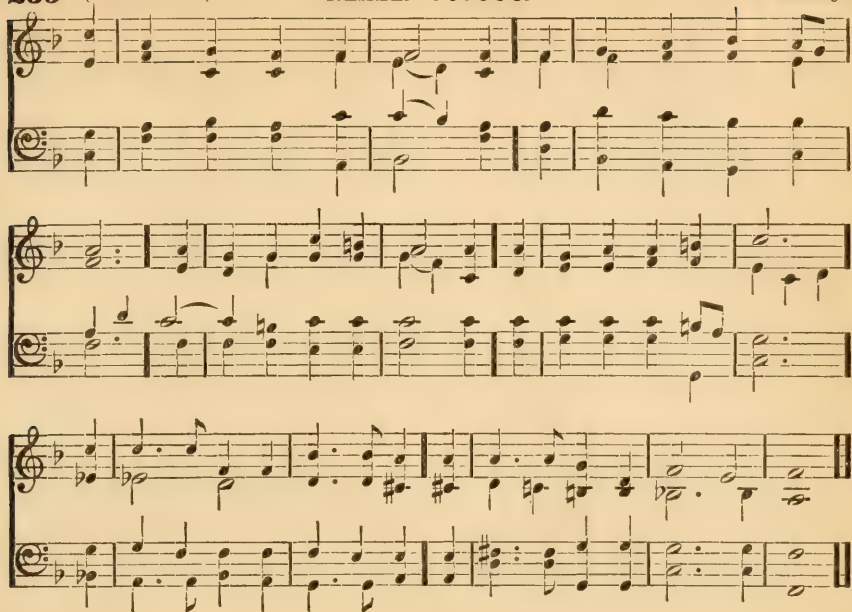
- 4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry,
"Against him I have now prevailed;
Rejoice! the child of God has failed."
- 5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

259 (*Second Tune.*)**VINCENT. 767688.***H. J. Gauntlett.*

259 (Third Tune.)

NEALE. 767688.

J. Barnby.

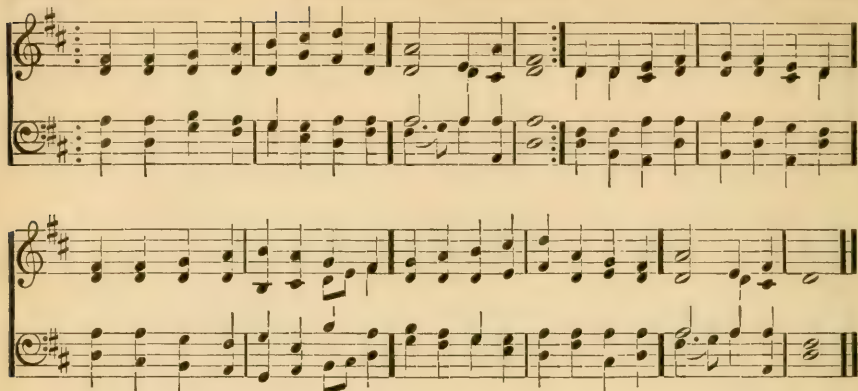


259 (Fourth Tune.)

ST. ANATOLIUS. 767688.

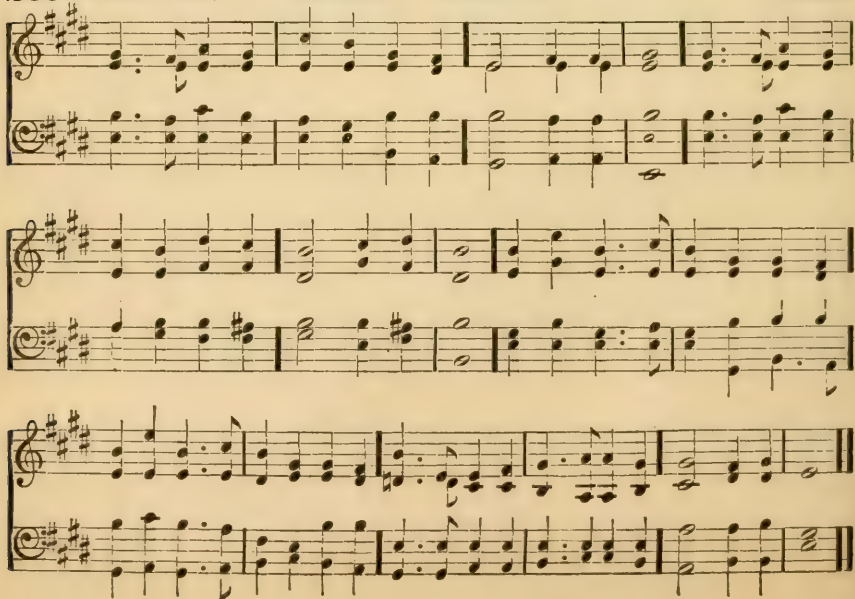
Rev. J. B. Dykes.

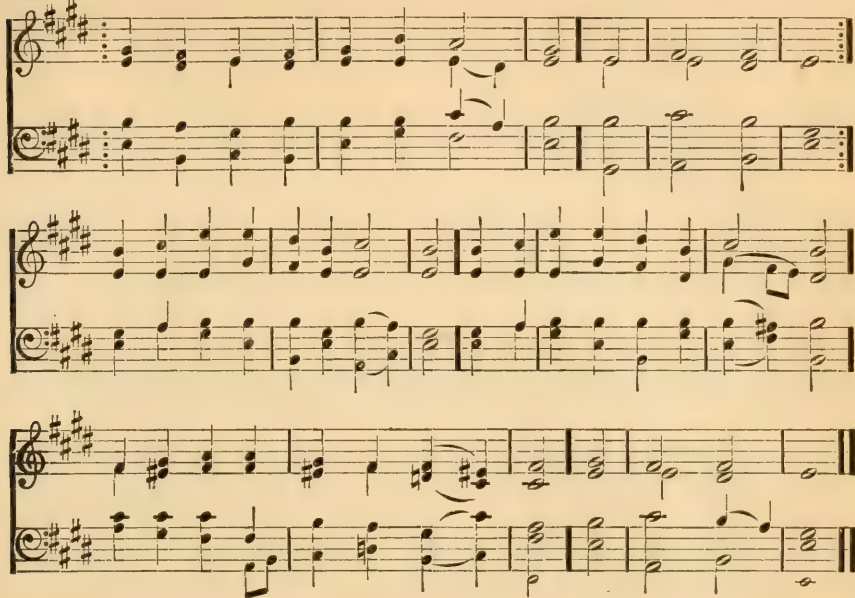
Three systems of musical notation for the fourth tune. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F-sharp). The first system has 8 measures. The second system has 8 measures. The third system has 8 measures, ending with a double bar line.

260 (*First Tune.*)**NUTFIELD.** 84848884.*W. H. Monk.*

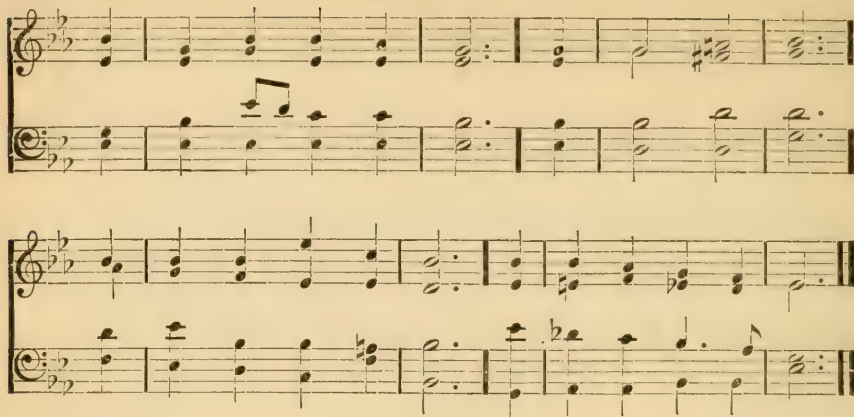
1 GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night;
 May Thine angel guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And when we die,
 May we in Thy mighty keeping
 All peaceful lie;
 When the last dread trump shall wake us,
 Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us,
 With Thee on high.

260 (*Second Tune.*)**ROWAND.** 84848884.*C. Steggall.*

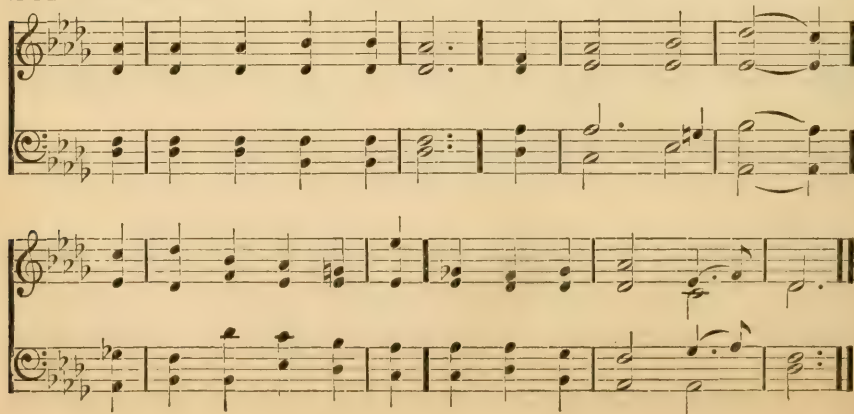
260 (Third Tune.)**UPSAL. 84848884.***Cruger. Har. by W. W. G.***260** (Fourth Tune.)**POMMER. 84848884.***H. Smart.*

Handwritten musical score for the fourth tune, 'POMMER. 84848884.' by H. Smart. The score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) and consists of three systems. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

261 (*First Tune.*)**PERKINS. 6466.***T. Hewlett.*

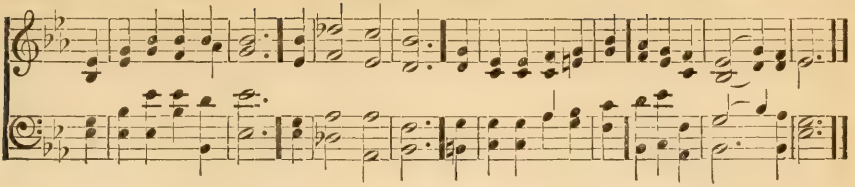
- 1 THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
- 2 As Christ upon the cross,
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;
- 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,

- Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;
- 5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.
- 7 One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

261 (*Second Tune.*)**ALLEN. 6466.***H. Smart.*

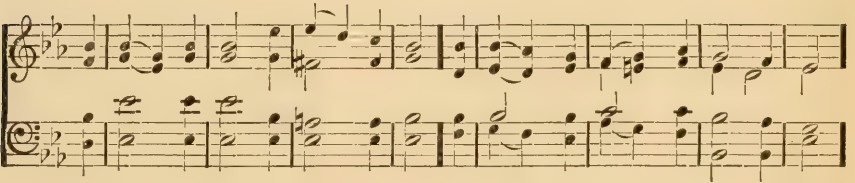
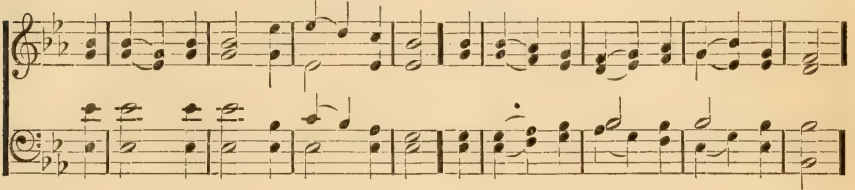
261 (Third Tune.)

VARLEY. 6466.

Sir Robert Stewart.

262

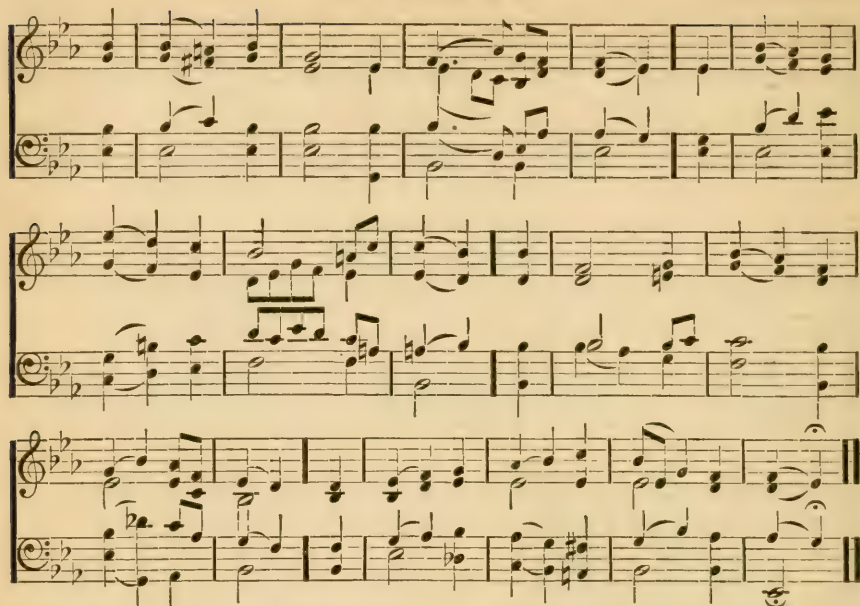
STELLA. 8888-88.

Crown of Jesus.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,</p> <p>2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,</p> <p>3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,</p> | <p>4 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,</p> <p>5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,</p> <p>6 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our light. [night,</p> |
|--|--|

263

UGLOW. L. M.

Newkomm.

I GREAT God, to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise :
O let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,

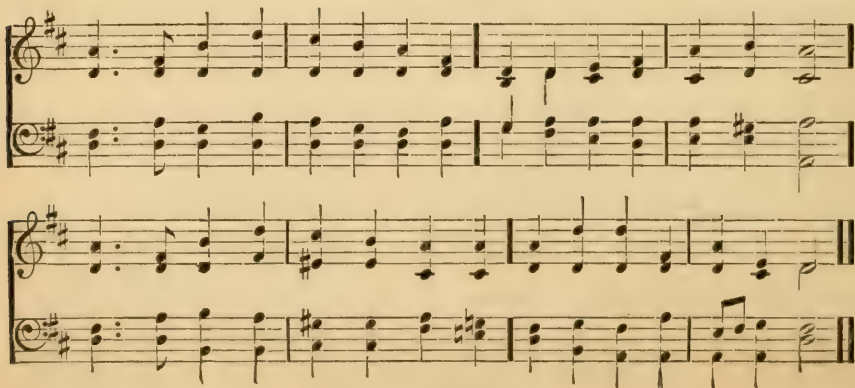
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; His name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name.

264

OSWALD. 8787.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal!

2 Though destruction walk around us;
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

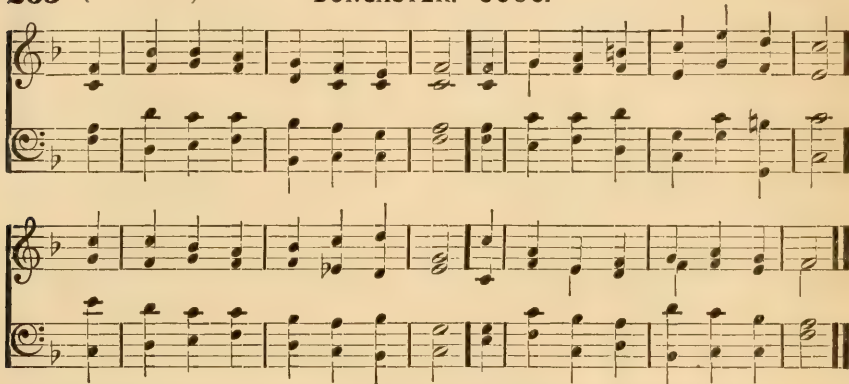
3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom!

265 (First Tune.)

DONCASTER. 8888.

Dr. Miller.



1 INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 A Sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;

Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

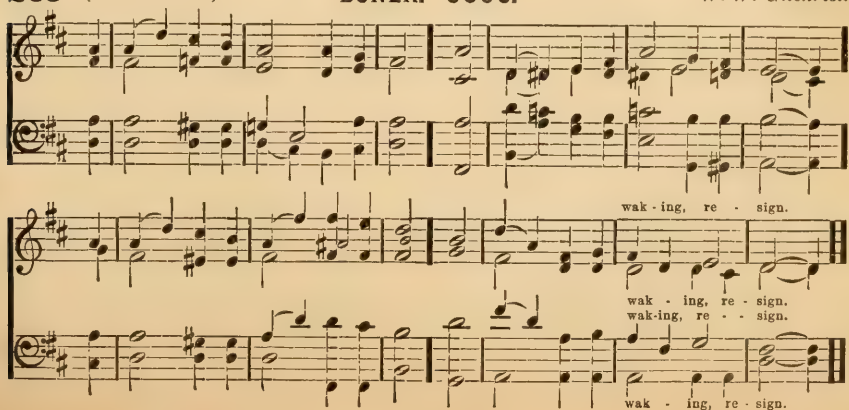
4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

5 All praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

265 (Second Tune.)

BONER. 8888.

W. W. Gilchrist.



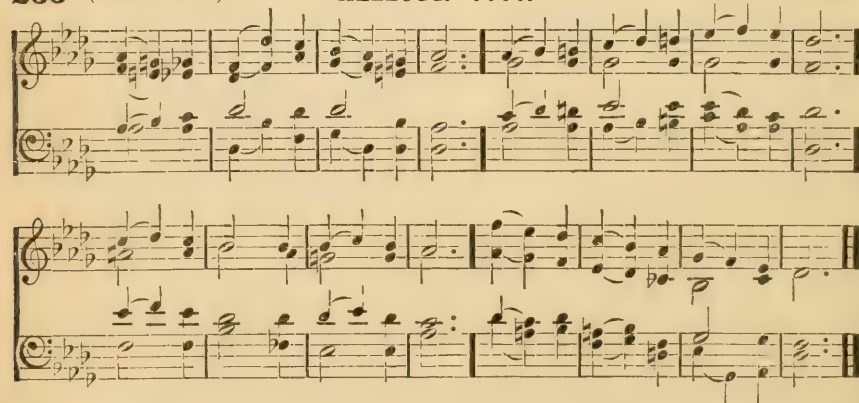
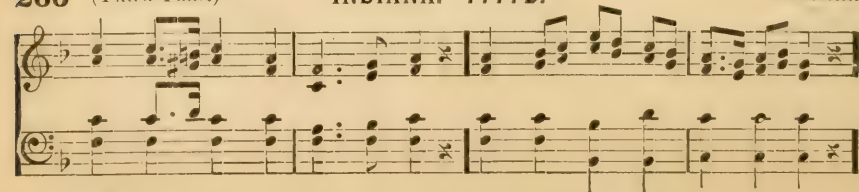
266 (*First Tune.*)**SEYMOUR. 7777.***Weber.*

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

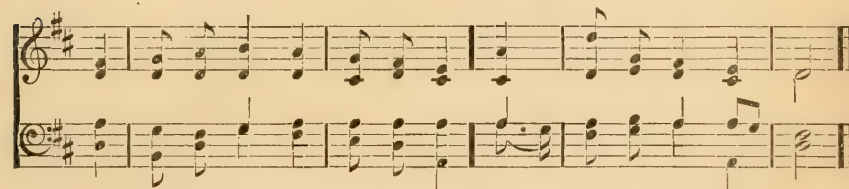
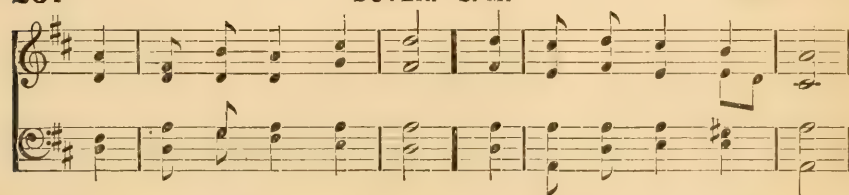
4 Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

266 (*Second Tune.*)**KELLOGG. 7777.***G. F. Lumsden.***266** (*Third Tune.*)**INDIANA. 7777D.***Donizetti.*



267

DOVER. S. M.

A. Williams' Coll.

1 THE day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True light that light'nest all.

2 Around Thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless songs to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh! the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir.

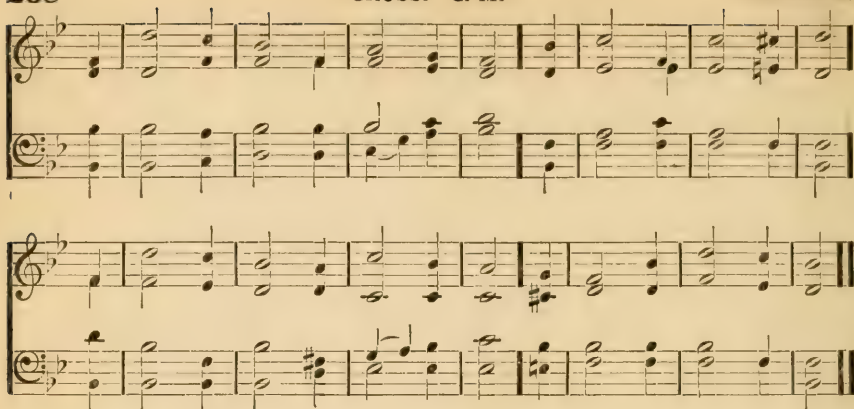
4 Yes, Lord, to Thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 Shine Thou within us, then,
A Day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

268

CROSS. C. M.

Mendelssohn.

1 Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

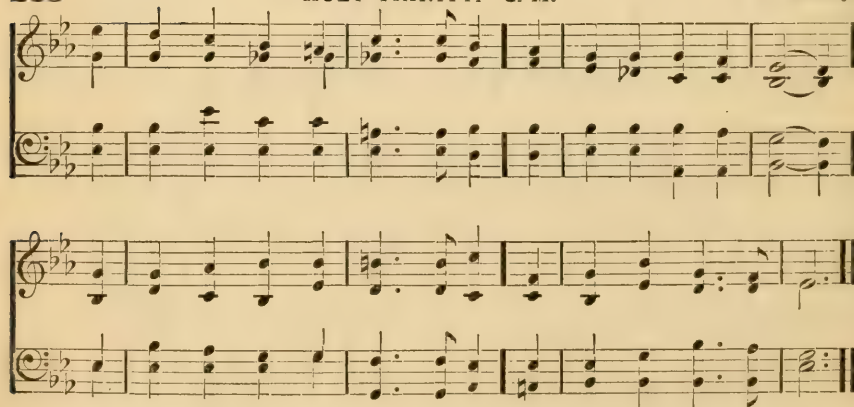
2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;

Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

269

HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

J. Barnby.

1 As now the sun's declining rays
Toward the eve descend,
E'en so our years are sinking down
To their appointed end.

2 Lord, on the cross Thine arms were
To draw Thy people nigh; [stretched,

O grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel host.

270

ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.

H. Hiles.

1 THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.

2 Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

3 The sorrow of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;

4 The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls:
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;

6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

7 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:

8 Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

271

VICTORY. P. M.

J. Barnby.

1 We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the con - quering Lamb be-

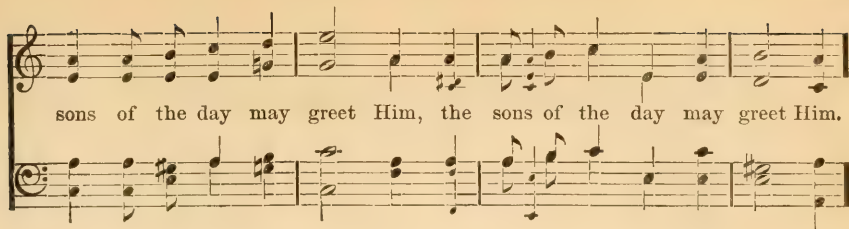
- fore us, With His lov - ing Eye look - ing down from the sky, And His

Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. We

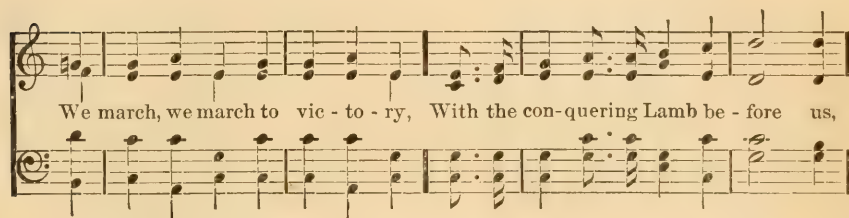
His Arm

come in the night of the Lord of Light, With ar - mor bright to

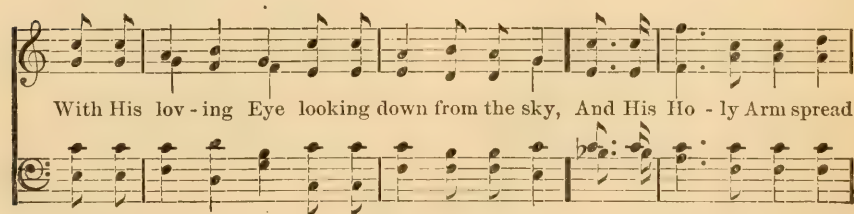
meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the



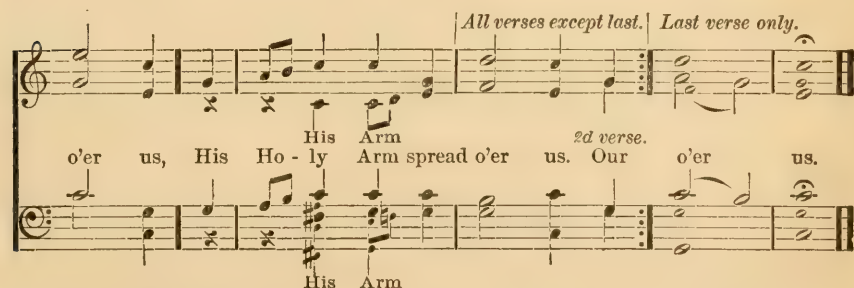
sons of the day may greet Him, the sons of the day may greet Him.



We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the con-quer-ing Lamb be - fore us,



With His lov - ing Eye looking down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arm spread



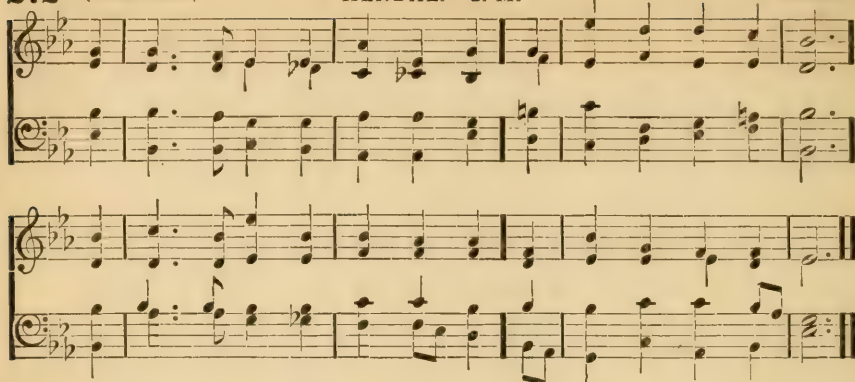
All verses except last. Last verse only.

o'er us, His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. Our o'er us.

His Arm

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Our Sword is the Spirit of God on High,
Our Hemlet His Salvation;
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our Watchword—the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.</p> | <p>3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen
And burst the bars of iron. [gates,
We march, we march, etc.</p> |
|---|--|

- 4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the conquering Lamb before us,
With His Eye of Love looking down from above,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, etc.

272 (*First Tune.*)**KENDAL. C. M.***A. Cottman.*

1 THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

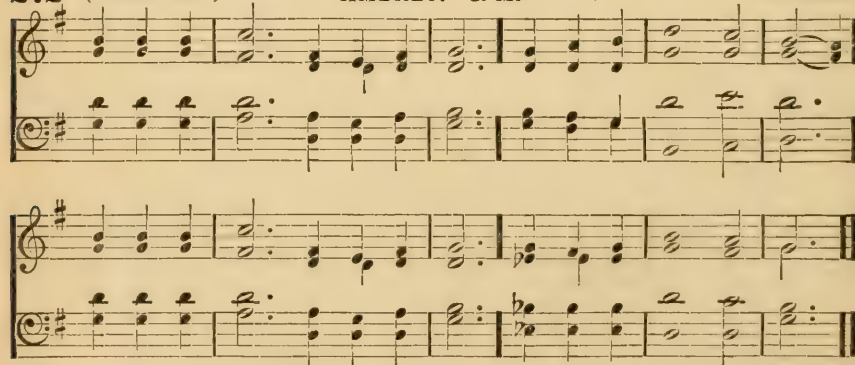
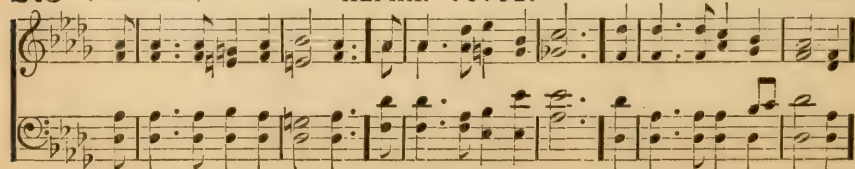
2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,

That we might go at last to heaven
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

272 (*Second Tune.*)**AMBREY. C. M.***S. Webbe.***273** (*First Tune.*)**ALPHA. 7676D.***H. J. Leslie.*



1 WHEN His salvation bringing,
To Sion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosannas to His name,
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
In Sion's heavenly hill,

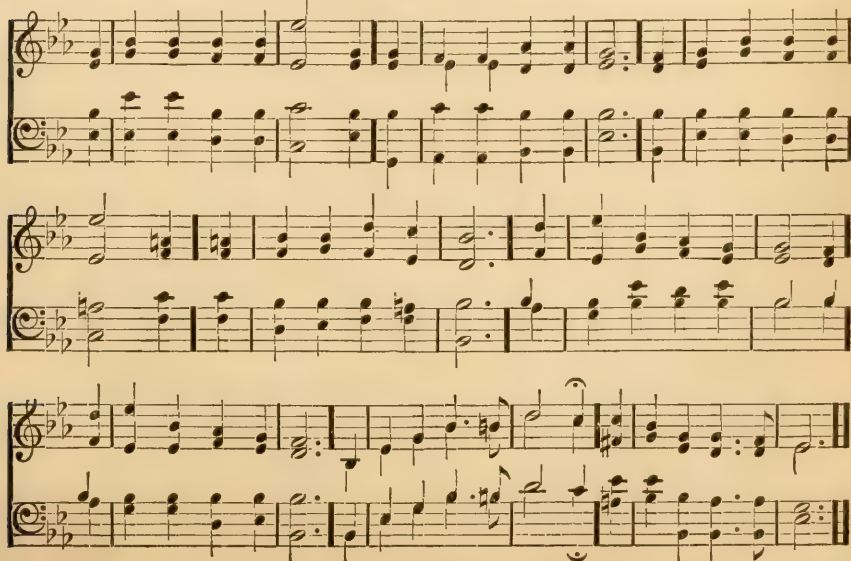
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon His throne,
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

273 (*Second Tune.*)

GREENLAND. 7676D.

Lausanne Psalter.



273 (*Third Tune.*)

ELI. 7676D.

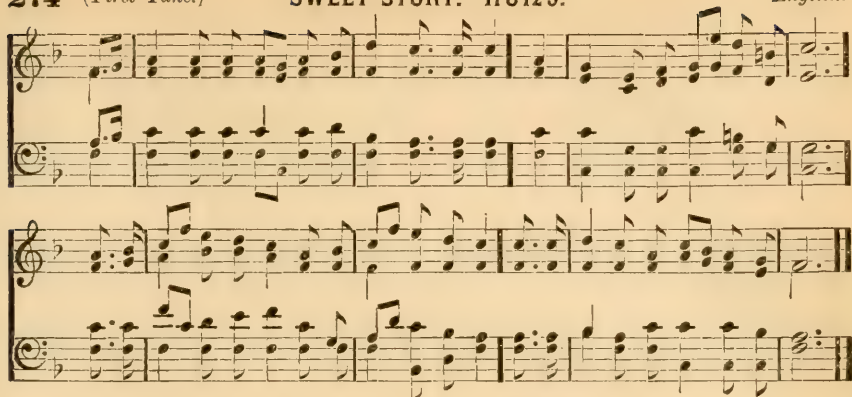
M. Costa.

1 WHEN His salvation bringing,
 To Sion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosannas to His name,
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But, as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.

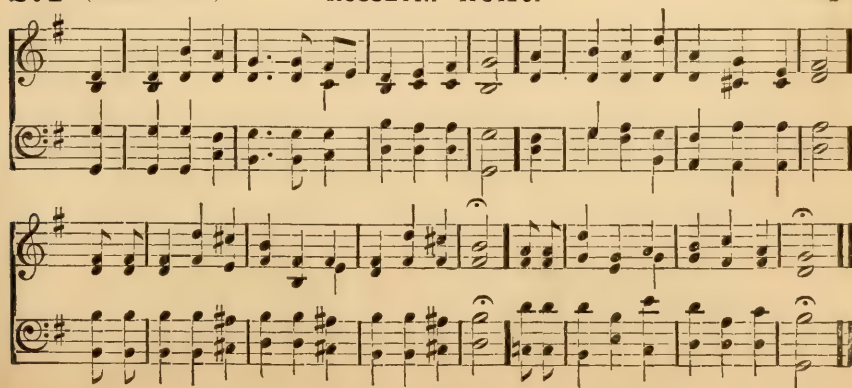
2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 In Sion's heavenly hill,

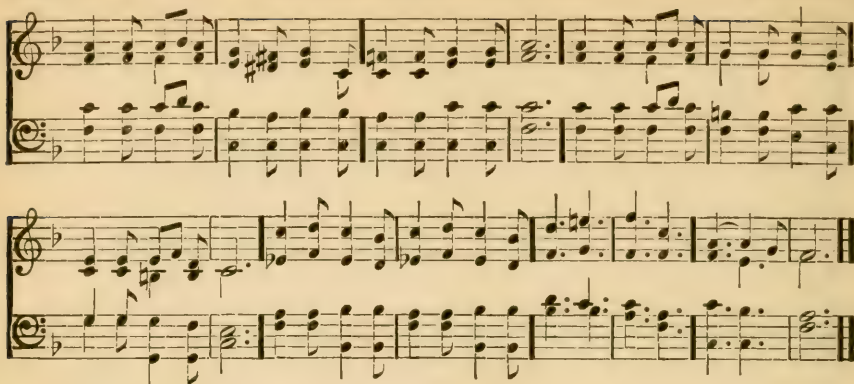
We'll flock around His banner,
 Who sits upon His throne,
 And cry aloud "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones our silence shaming,
 Would their Hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No; while our hearts are tender
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.

274 (*First Tune.*)**SWEET STORY. 118129.***English.*

- 1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above—
- 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven:
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home,
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

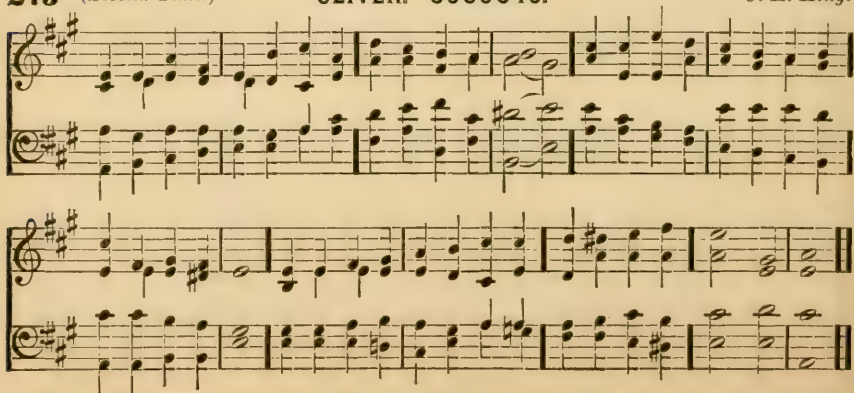
274 (*Second Tune.*)**ROSSLYN. 118129.***C. R. Cuff.*

275 (*First Tune.*)**ANGEL VOICES. 8585843.***A. Sullivan.*

- 1 ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night.
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might!
- 2 Thou Who art beyond the farthest
Mental eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us?
And will hear us?
Yea, we can.
- 3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For Thy praise combine;

Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

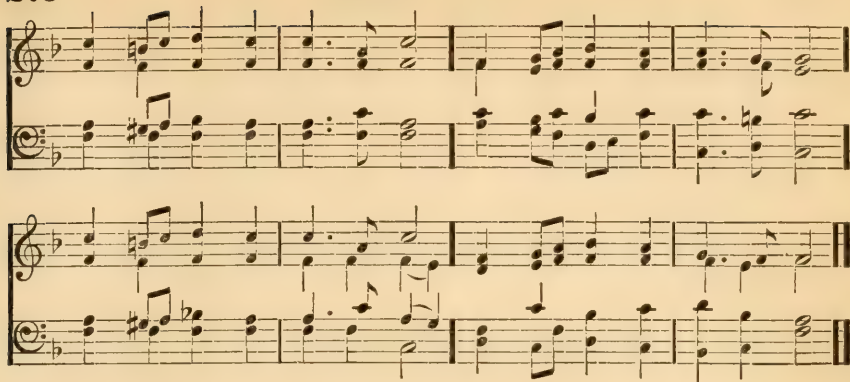
- 4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts, and minds, and hands, and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.
- 5 Honor, glory, might and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

275 (*Second Tune.*)**OLIVER. 8585843.***O. A. King.*

276

MAJESTY. 7777.

G. Lomas.



1 LAMB of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
When Thou wast a little child,
Thou wast gentle, meek and mild.

2 Due obedience Thou didst show;
Oh, make me obedient, too,
Thou wast merciful and kind;
Grant me, Lord, Thy loving mind.

3 Let me above all fulfill
God my heavenly Father's will,

Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

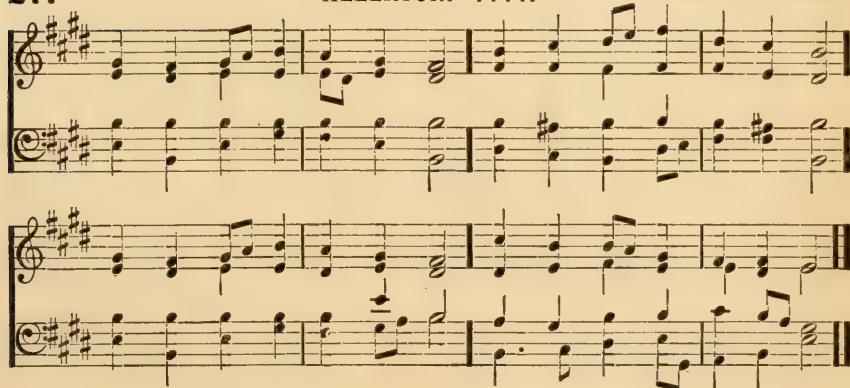
4 Loving Jesus, holy Lamb,
In Thy hands secure I am;
Fix Thy temple in my heart,
Never from Thy child depart.

5 Teach me to show forth Thy praise,
Love and serve Thee all my days;
Oh, might all around me see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

277

ALLERTON. 7777.

Rev. H. A. Crosbie.



1 GLORY to the Father give,
God in Whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

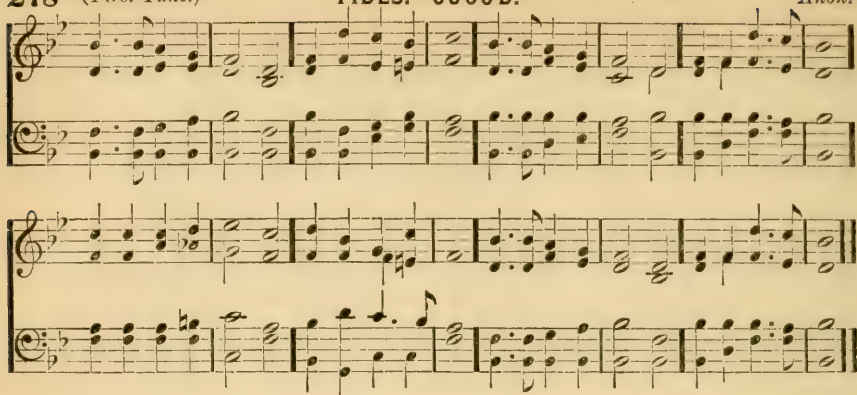
3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

278 (First Tune.)

FIDES. 6565D.

Anon.



1 JESUS Christ, our Saviour,
Once for us a child,
In Thy whole behaviour
Meek, obedient, mild;
In Thy footsteps treading
We Thy Lambs will be,
Fear nor danger dreading,
While we follow Thee.

2 For the varied blessings
Given us to share;
Mother's fond caressings,
Father's guardian care;
For our friends and kindred,
For our daily food,
For our wanderings hindered,
For our learning good;

3 For all Thou bestowest,
All Thou dost withhold;
Whatsoe'er Thou knowest
Best for us, Thy fold;

For all gifts and graces
While we live below,
Till in heavenly places
We Thy face shall know.

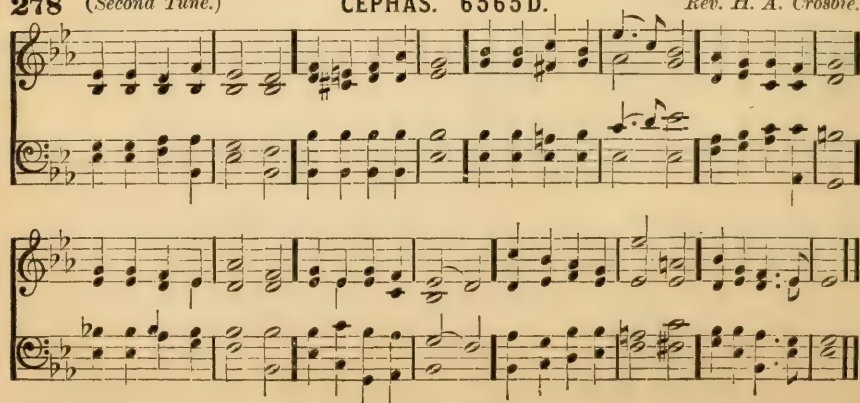
4 We Thy children raising
Unto Thee our hearts,
In Thy court and praising
Bear our duteous parts:
As Thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still Thy hands put on us,
Bless us day by day.

5 Let Thine angels guide us;
Let Thine arms enfold;
In Thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
To Thyself us gather,
'Mid the ransomed host,
Praising Thee, the Father
And the Holy Ghost.

278 (Second Tune.)

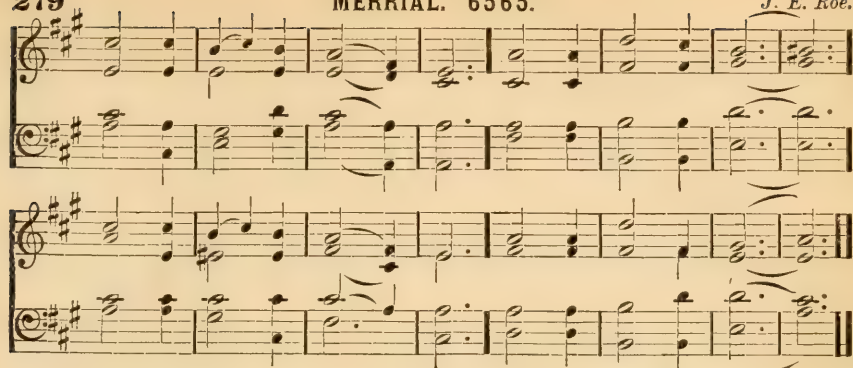
CEPHAS. 6565D.

Rev. H. A. Crosbie.



279

MERRIAL. 6565.

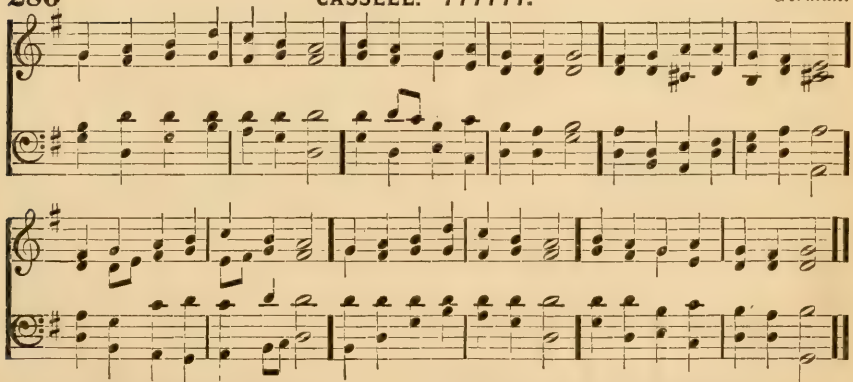
J. E. Roe.

- 1 JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.
- 2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.
- 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;

- Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.
- 4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.
- 5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

280

CASSELL. 777777.

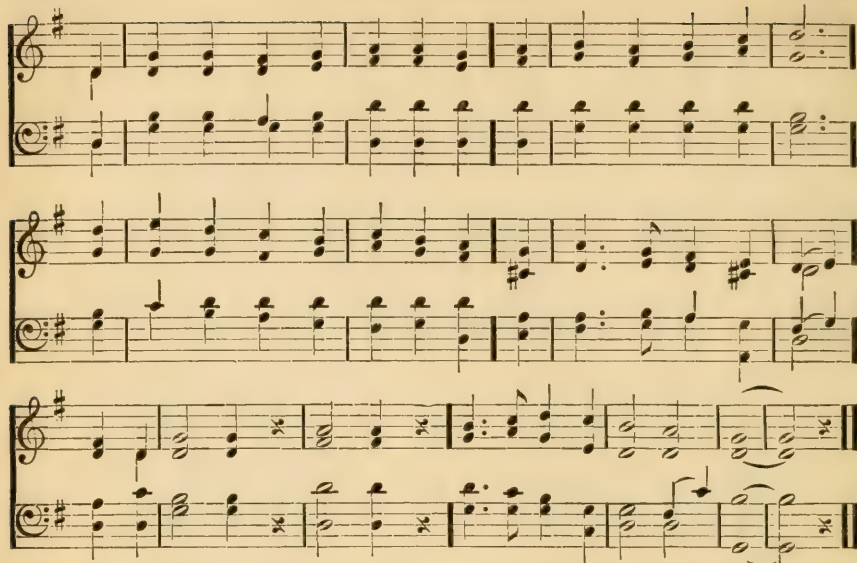
German.

- 1 FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

- 3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 4 For Thyself, best gift Divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth, and joy of heaven;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

281

CILICIA. 868667.

English.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
 Ten thousand children stand,
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,
 A holy happy band,
 Singing glory, glory,
 Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
 See every one arrayed:
 Dwelling in everlasting light
 And joys that never fade,
 Singing glory, etc.

3 What brought them to that world above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,

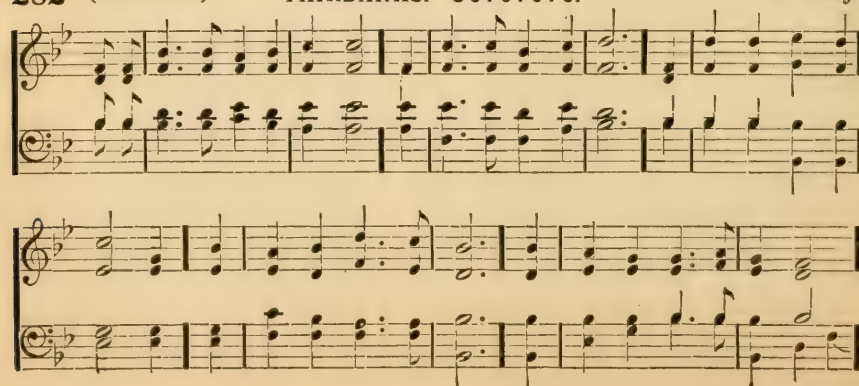
Where all is peace and joy and love,
 How came those children there?
 Singing glory, etc.

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
 To wash away their sin;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood
 Behold them white and clean,
 Singing glory, etc.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved His name;
 So now they see His blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb,
 Singing glory, etc.

282 (First Tune.)

FAIRBANKS. 86767676.

H. Hemy.



1 THERE'S a Friend for little children,
 Above the bright, blue sky ;
 A Friend who never changes,
 Whose love will never die ;
 Unlike our friends by nature,
 Who change with changing years,
 This Friend is always worthy
 The precious Name He bears.

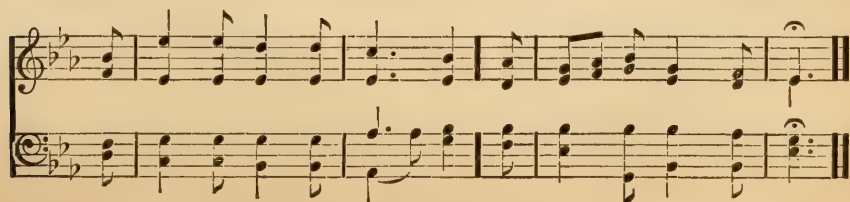
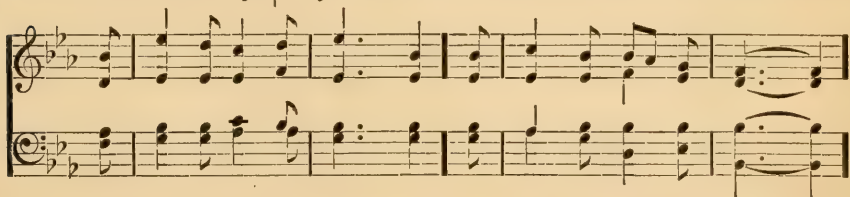
2 There's a rest for little children
 Above the bright, blue sky,
 Who love the blessed Saviour,
 And to His Father cry ;

A rest from every trouble,
 From sin and danger free ;
 There every little pilgrim
 Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children,
 Above the bright, blue sky,
 Where Jesus reigns in glory,
 A home of peace and joy ;
 No home on earth is like it,
 Nor can with it compare,
 For every one is happy,
 Nor can be happier there.

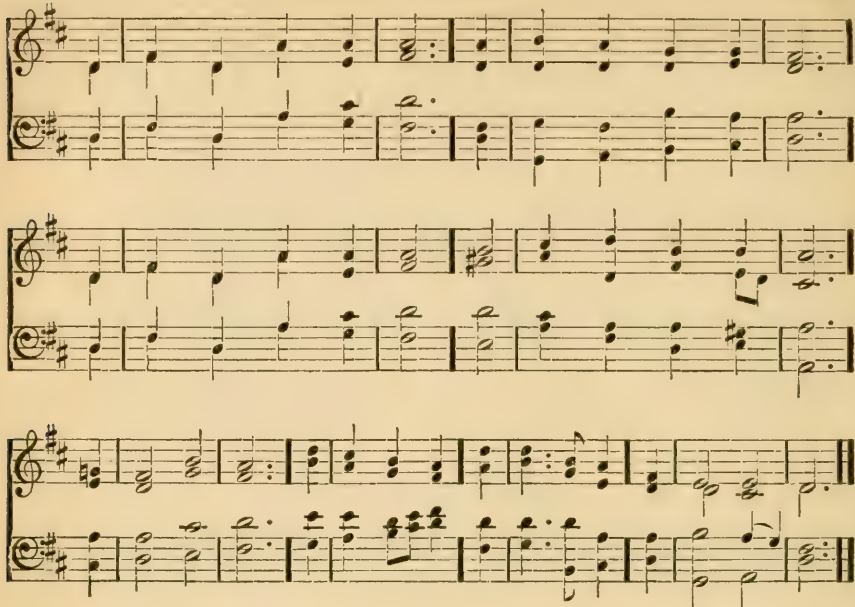
282 (*Second Tune.*) **IN MEMORIAM. 86767676.**

J. Stainer.



283

JUBILEE. 66664444.

F. C. Chattock.

1 ABOVE the clear blue sky,
 In heaven's bright abode,
 The angel host on high
 Sing praises to their God.
 Alleluia,
 They love to sing
 To God their King;
 Alleluia.

2 But God from infant tongues
 On earth receiveth praise;
 We then our cheerful songs
 In sweet accord will raise.
 Alleluia,
 We, too, will sing
 To God our King;
 Alleluia.

3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
 To us Thy babes impart;
 And teach us in our youth
 To know Thee as Thou art.
 Alleluia,
 Then we shall sing
 To God our King;
 Alleluia.

4 O may Thy holy word
 Spread all the world around;
 And all with one accord
 Uplift the joyful sound:
 Alleluia,
 Then all shall sing
 To God their King;
 Alleluia.

284

GILES. 6565D.

J. B. Calkin.



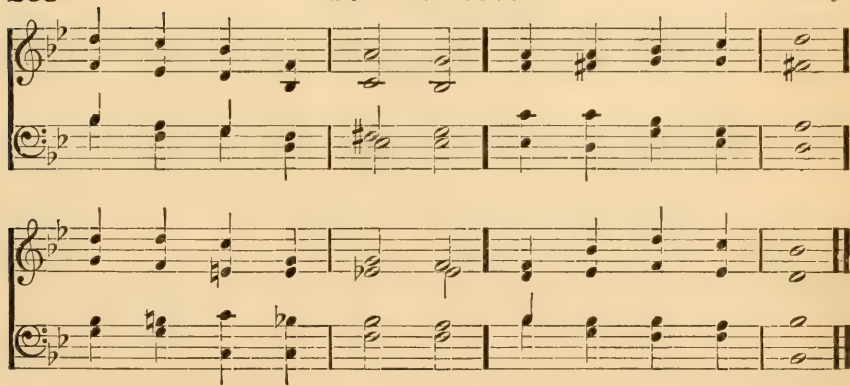
1 JESUS, tender Saviour,
Hast Thou died for me?
Make me very thankful
In my heart to Thee.
When the sad, sad story
Of Thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins, indeed.

2 Now I know Thou lovest
And dost plead for me,
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to Thee.
Soon I hope in glory
At Thy side to stand:
Make me fit to meet Thee
In that happy land.

285

DOMINIC. 6565.

W. A. Blakerey.



1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

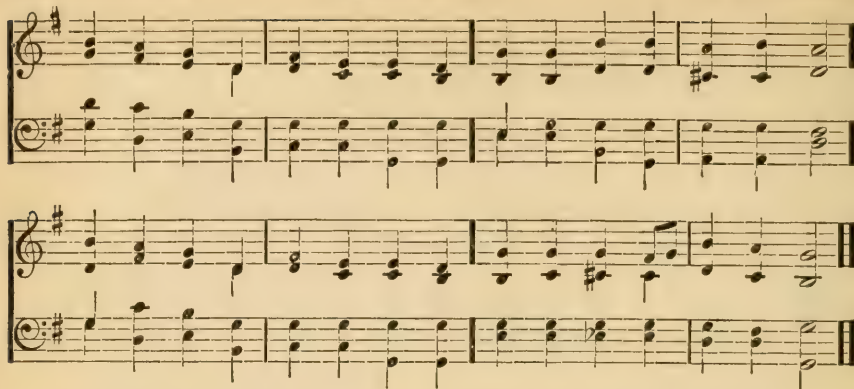
2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,

Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

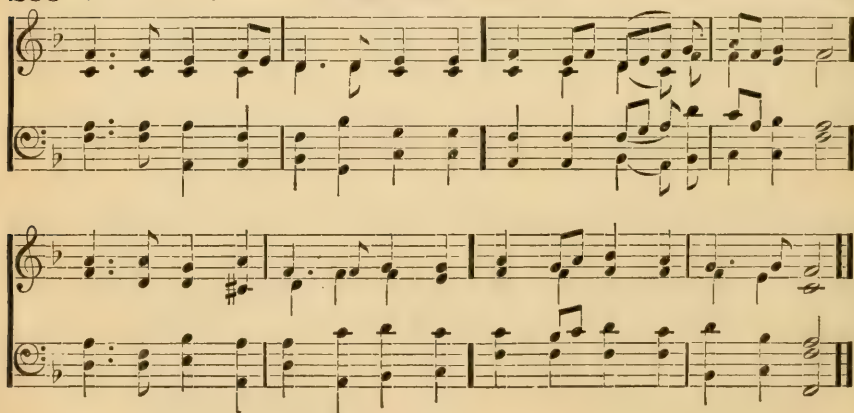
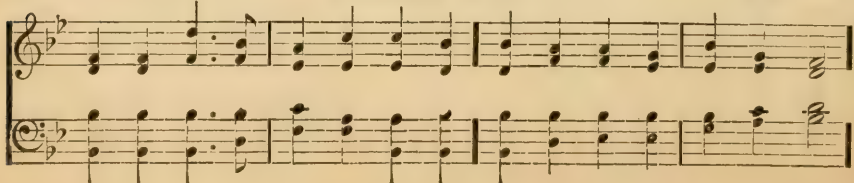
286 (*First Tune.*)**ASHTON. 8787.***Sac. Mus. Cabinet.*

1 JESUS, tender shepherd, hear me;
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
 Through the darkness be Thou near me;
 Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
 And I thank Thee for Thy care;

Kindly Thou hast clothed me, fed me;
 Listen to my evening prayer.

3 May my sins be all forgiven,
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

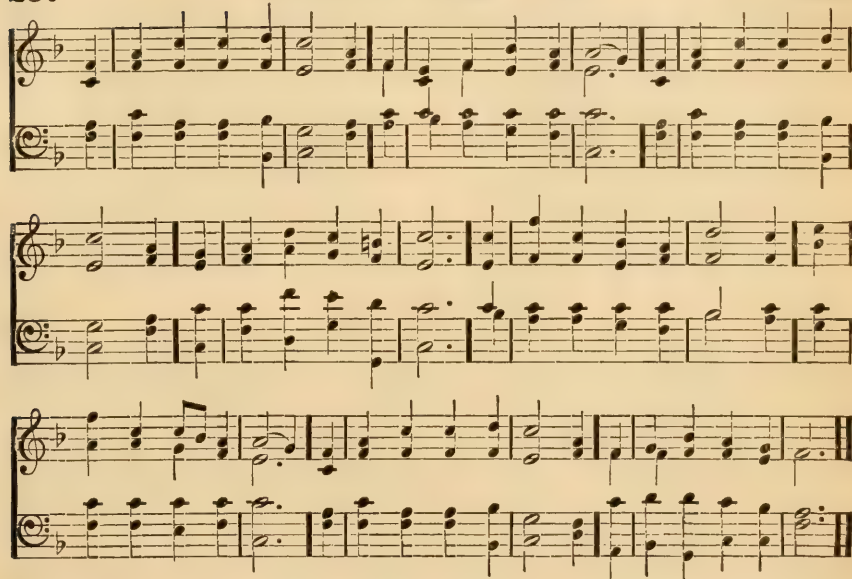
286 (*Second Tune.*)**KINDERHOOK. 8787.***Italian Chorale.***286** (*Third Tune.*)**LUCERNE. 8787.***T. A. Willis.*



MISSIONS AND CHARITIES.

287

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7676D.

Dr. L. Mason.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

288

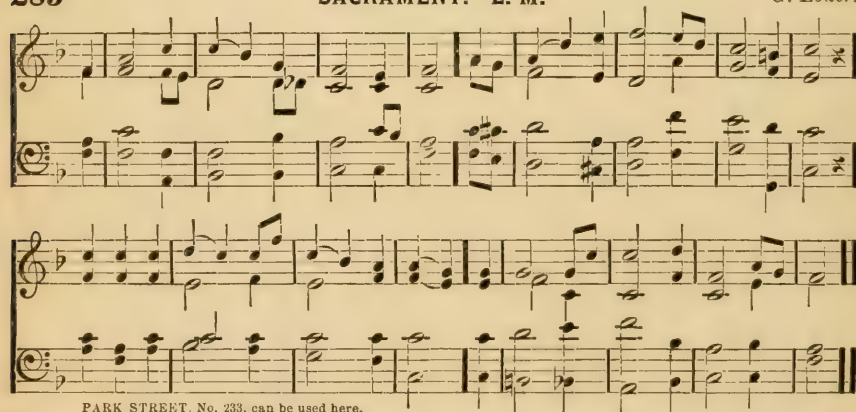
ROKER. L. M.

C. J. Vincent, Jr.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 UPLIFT the banner! Let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
 The sun shall light its shining folds,
 The cross on which the Saviour died!</p> <p>2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
 In anxious silence o'er the sign;
 And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonder of the love Divine.</p> <p>3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,</p> | <p>And nations, gathering at the call,
 Their spirits kindle in its light.</p> <p>4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
 Our glory only in the cross,
 Our only hope the Crucified.</p> <p>5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high
 Seaward and skyward let it shine:
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that sign.</p> |
|---|---|

289

SACRAMENT. L. M.

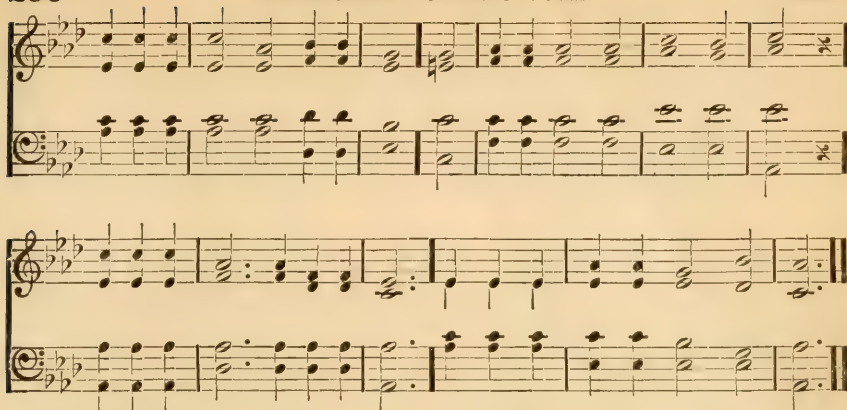
G. Loder.

PARK STREET, No. 233, can be used here.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.</p> <p>2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown His head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.</p> <p>3 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song;</p> | <p>And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.</p> <p>4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.</p> <p>5 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

290

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

C. Zeuner.

1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Emmanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

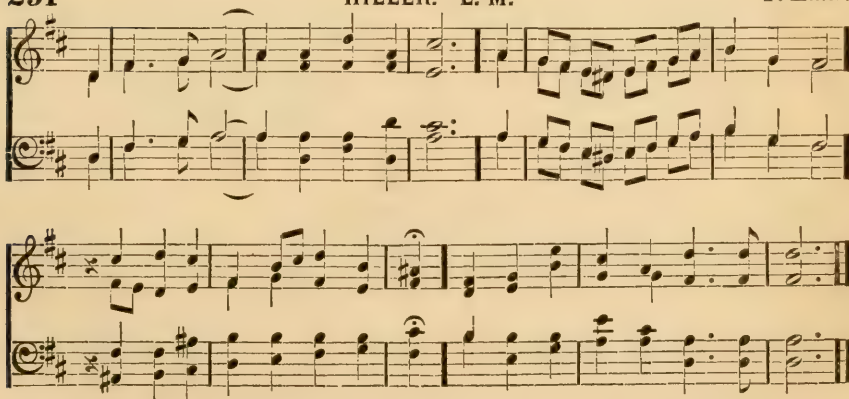
2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,

Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more,—
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

291

HILLER. L. M.

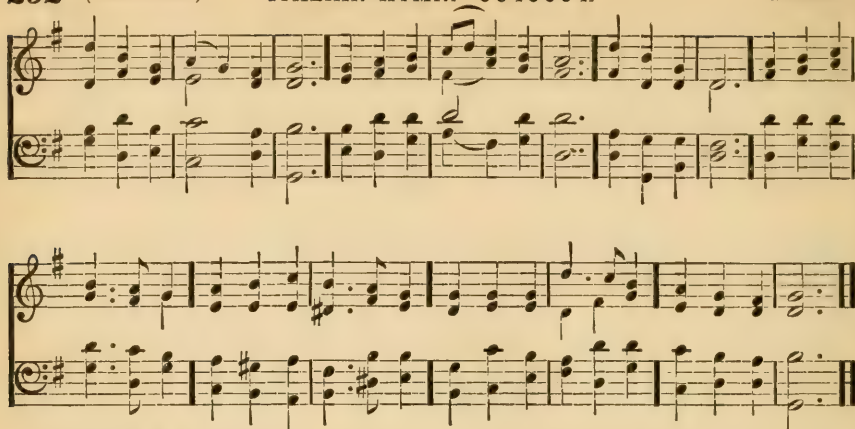
F. Hiller.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

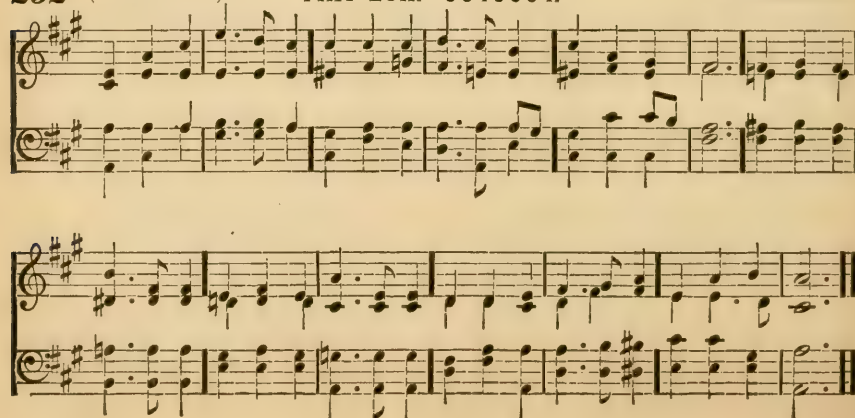
292 (*First Tune.*)**ITALIAN HYMN. 6646664.***Giardini.*

1 THOU Whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light.

2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light.

292 - (*Second Tune.*)**FIAT LUX. 6646664.***S. M. Barkworth.*

293

GRANTA. 8787D.

Dr. T. A. Walmisley.

1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
 Faithful let Thy sorrows be;
 By Thy pains and consolations
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee;
 Of Thy cross the wondrous story
 Be it to the nations told;
 Let them see Thee in Thy glory
 And Thy mercy manifold.

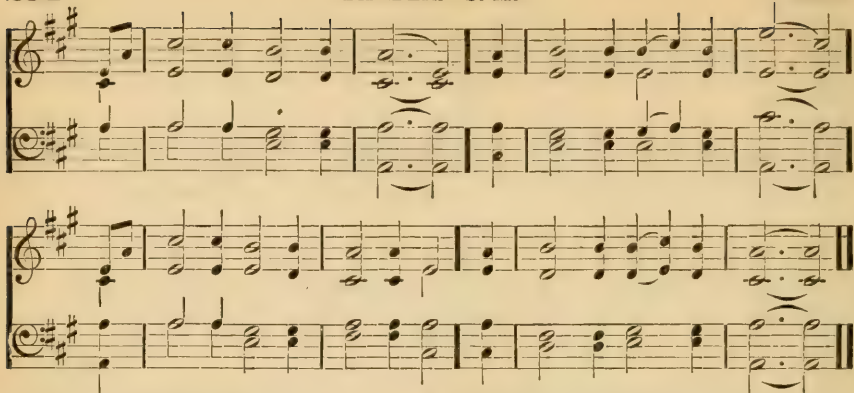
2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest;

Thirsting, as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown grass for rain,
 Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
 Thee, as man, for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the
 For Thy Spirit, new-creating, [sight,
 Love's pure flame and Wisdom's light;
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth by every creature
 Glory to the Lamb be sung.

294

BARBER. S. M.

Mozart.

1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

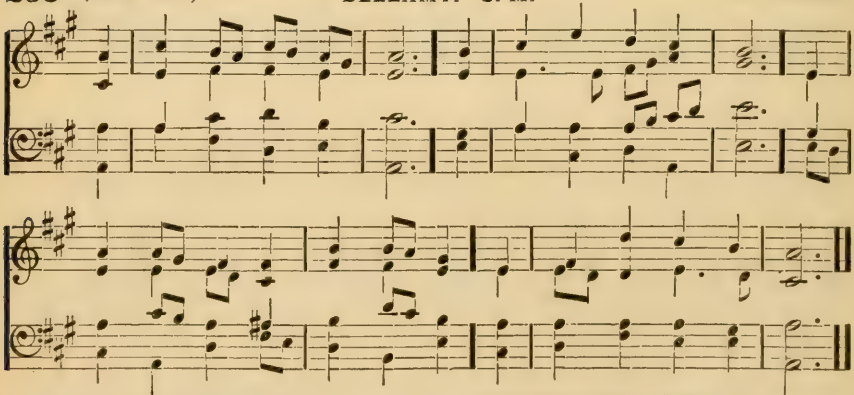
2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
The laborers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,
And make them strong for God.

4 O let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

295 (*First Tune.*)

BELLAMY. S. M.

R. Harrison.

1 WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly as Thou blestest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold.

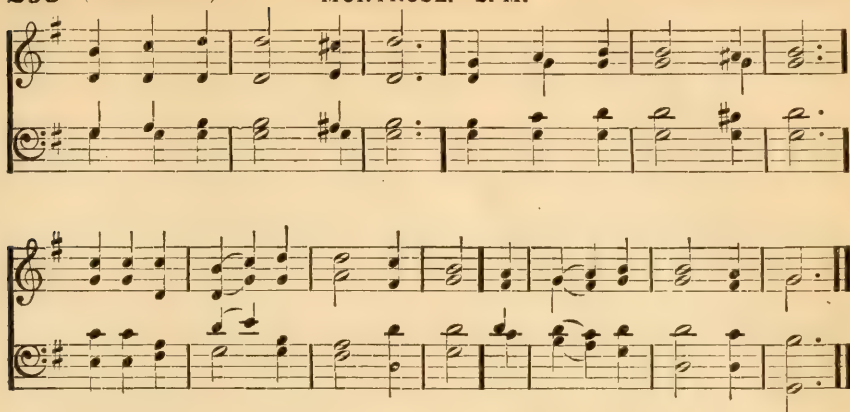
4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

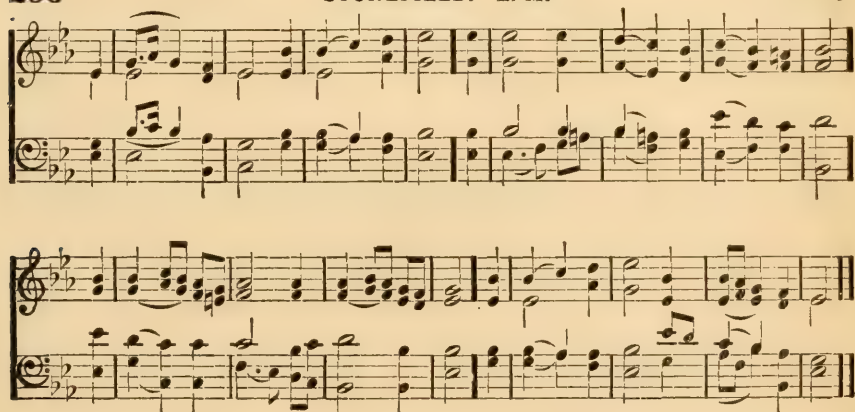
295 (Second Tune.)

MONTROSE. S. M.

St. Alban's Book.

296

STONEFIELD. L. M.

J. Stanley.

- 1 DISOWNED of heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Sion's hallowed ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around?
- 2 Lord, visit Thy forsaken race,
Back to Thy folds the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive-branch again
Firm to its parent-stock unite.
- 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long!
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

297

SELWYN. C. M. D.

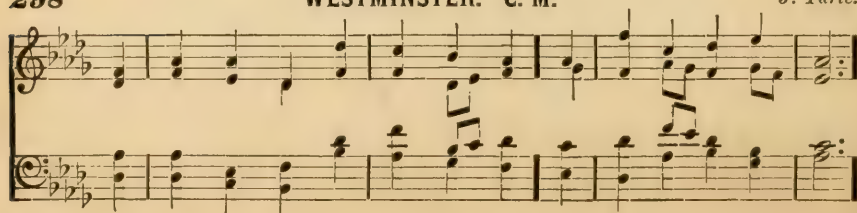
J. Tilleard.

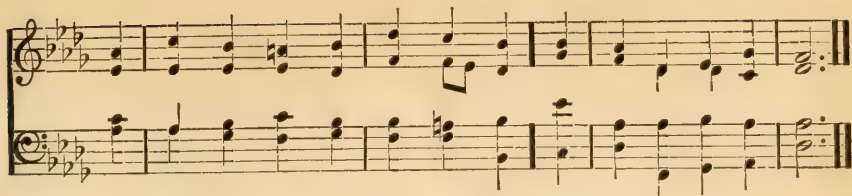
1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
 By lane and cell obscure,
 And let love's treasures still be spent,
 Like His, upon the poor:
 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
 Who bore the world's sad weight,
 We, in their crowded loneliness,
 Would seek the desolate.

2 For thou hast placed us side by side
 In this wide world of ill,
 And, that Thy followers may be tried,
 The poor are with us still.
 Mean are all offerings we can make,
 But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
 If given for the Saviour's sake,
 They lose not their reward.

298

WESTMINSTER. C. M.

J. Turle.



- 1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich Thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are Thine?
- 3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace,

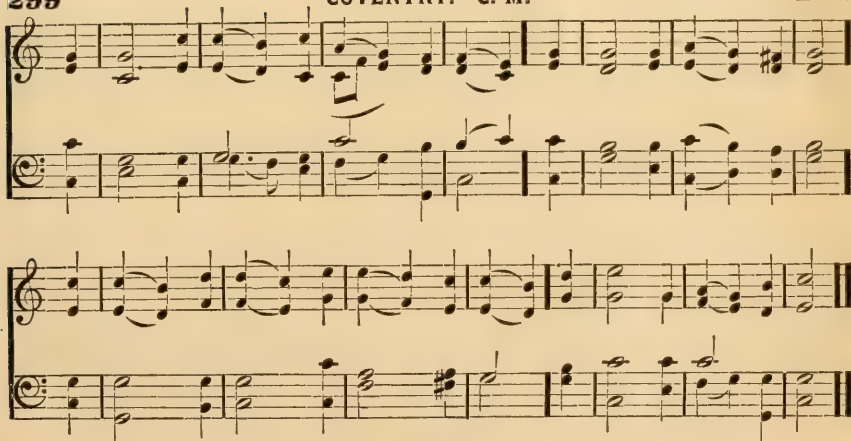
- And wilt confess their humble names
Before Thy Father's face.
- 4 In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee!

The Holy Scriptures.

299

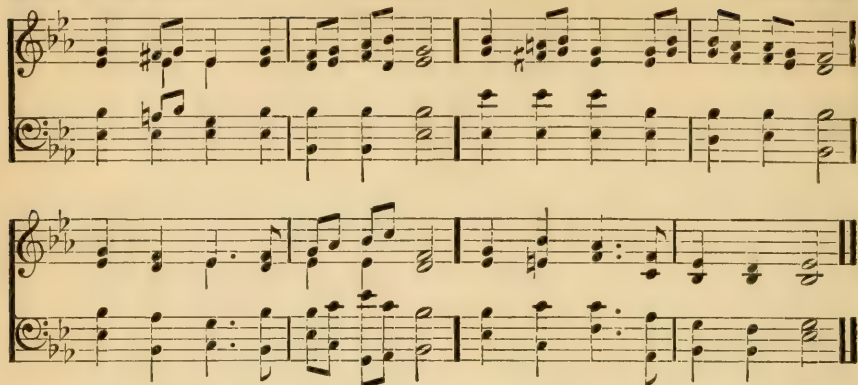
COVENTRY. C. M.

Anon.



- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

- 3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

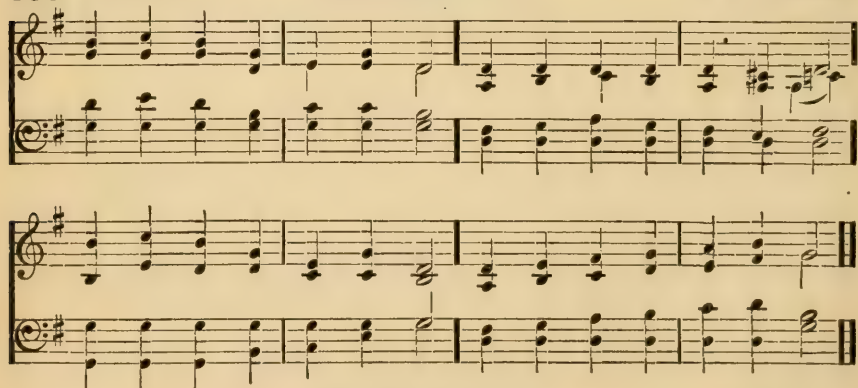
300 (*First Tune.*)**HOLLEY. 7777.***Geo. Hews.*

1 HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art, to guide and guard;
Mine, to punish or reward;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou Holy Book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

300 (*Second Tune.*)**DOVEDALE. 7777.***H. W. Greatorex.***301****ST. JOHN'S. C. M.***A. Williams.*



1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the Fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveler's way.

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

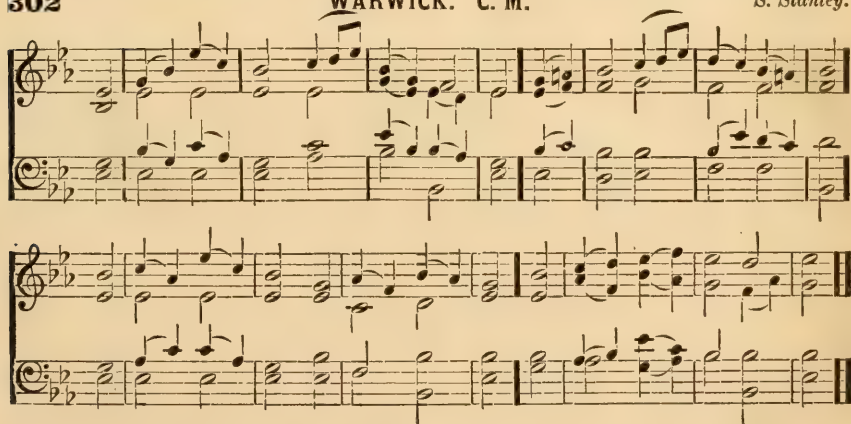
3 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

4 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, child-like hearts.

302

WARWICK. C. M.

S. Stanley.



1 FATHER of mercies! in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretchèd sons of want
Exhaustless riches find:
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;

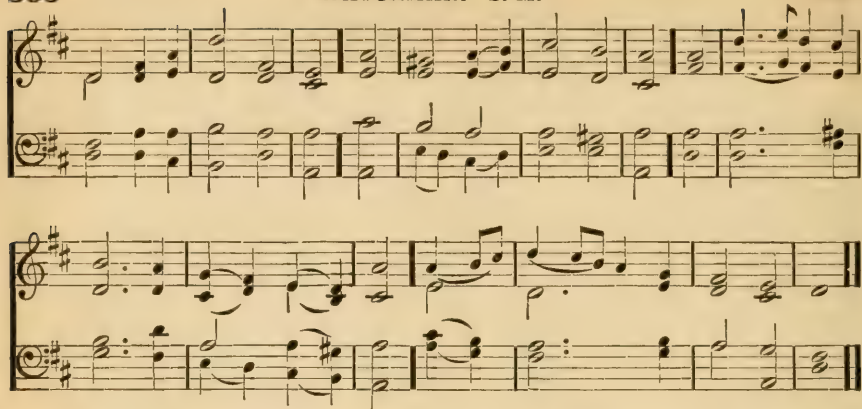
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

303

WATCHMAN. S. M.

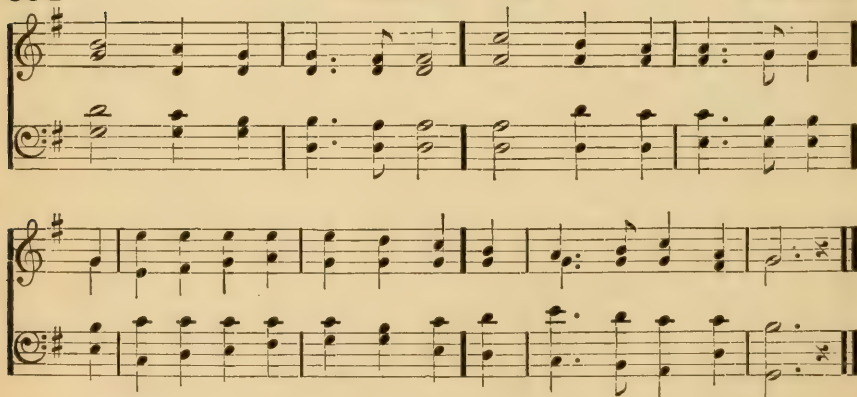
J. Leach.

- 1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

- 3 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.
- 4 I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

304

TURNBULL. S. M.

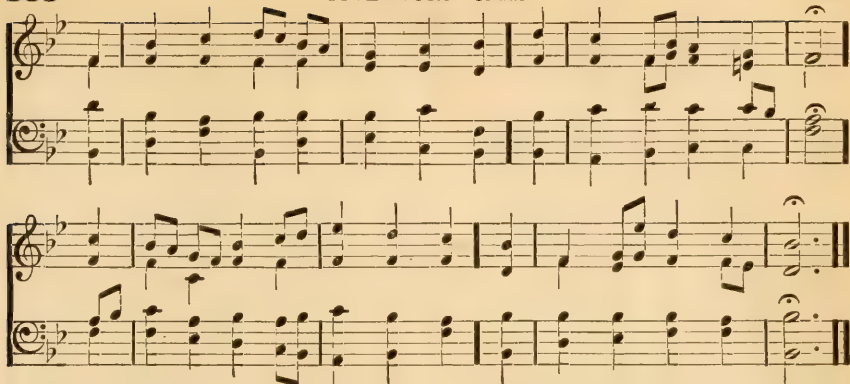
J. B. Calkin.

- 1 How perfect is Thy word,
And all Thy judgments just;
Forever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 2 I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.

- 3 Warn me of every sin;
Forgive my secret faults;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 4 While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread Thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

305

TIVERTON. C. M.

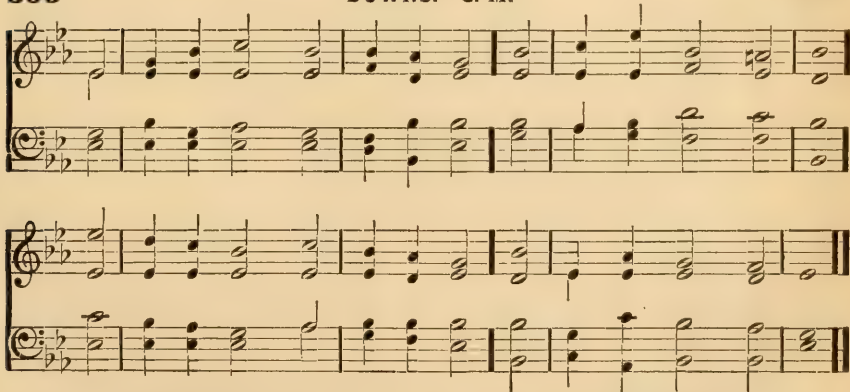
Grigg.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all Thy works I look;
But still Thy wisdom, power and grace,
Shine brightest in Thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But Thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;

- But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand Thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from Thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

306

DOWNS. C. M.

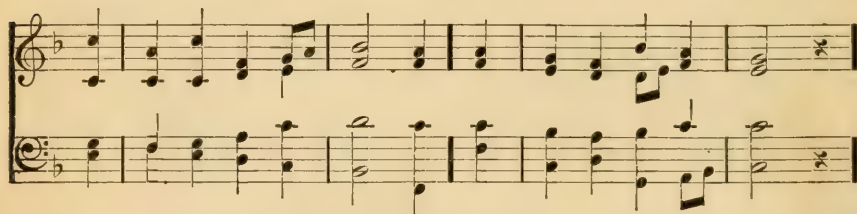
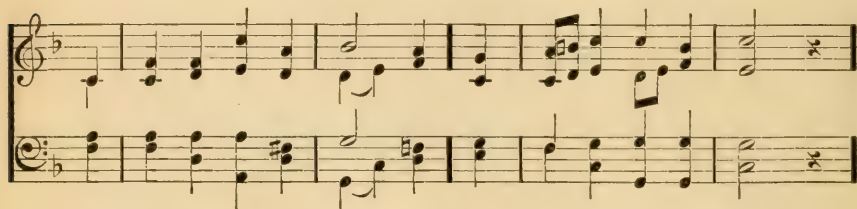
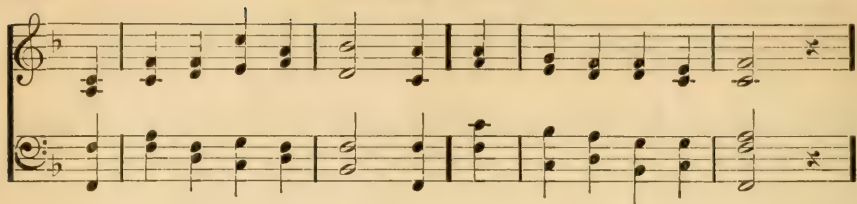
Dr. L. Mason.

- 1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page
Majestic like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise but never set.

- 3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brightest worlds above.

307

ROMAINE. 7676D.

Bannister.

- 1 O WORD of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky!
 We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.
- 2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored,
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ the living Word.

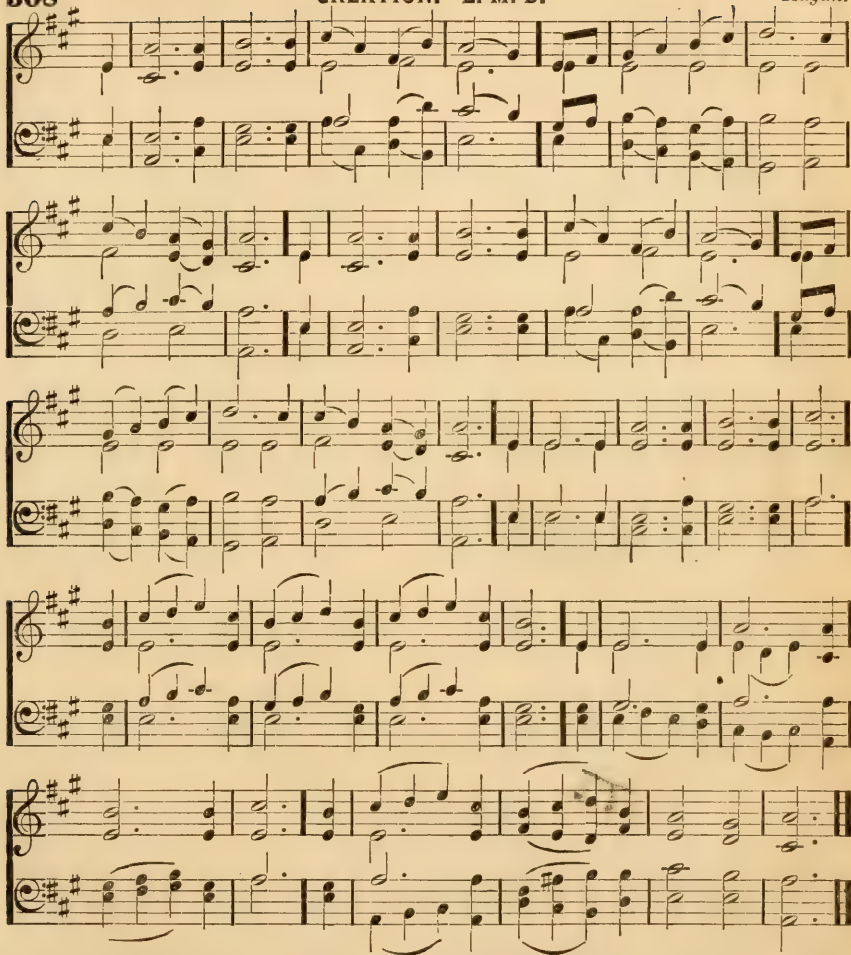
- 3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
 Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.
- 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old;
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

Creation.

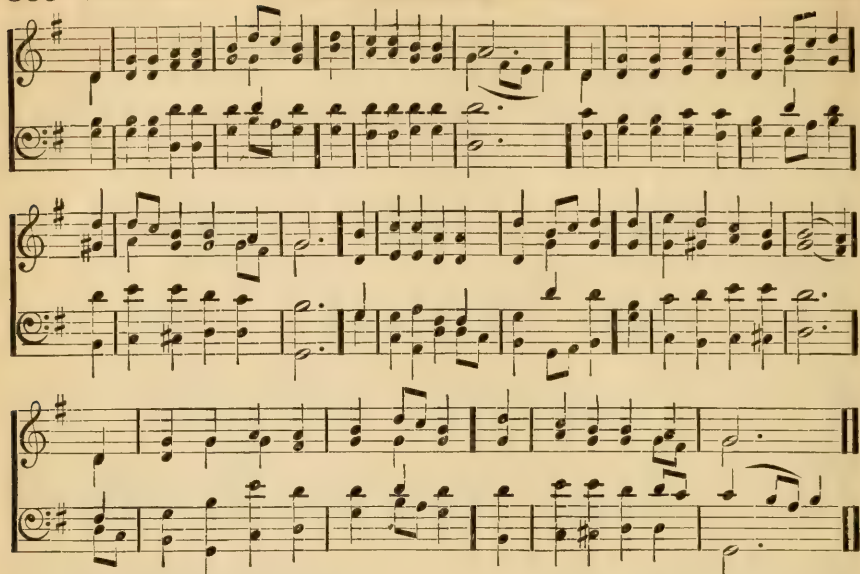
308

CREATION. L. M. D.

Haydn.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.</p> <p>2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does His Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.</p> <p>3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;</p> | <p>4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.</p> <p>5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?</p> <p>6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."</p> |
|--|--|

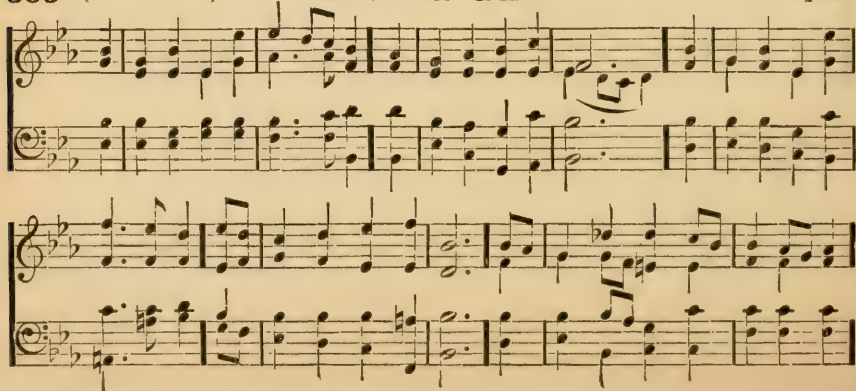
309 (*First Tune.*) **ST. BARTHOLOMEW. C. M. D.***Giornivichi.*

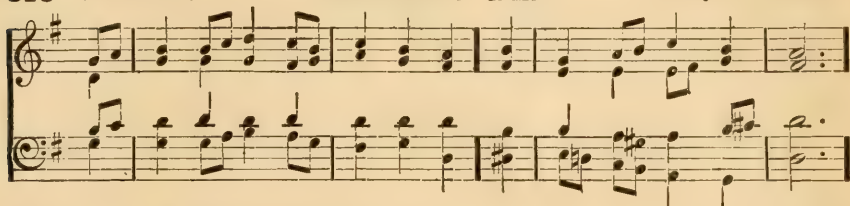
1 JESUS is God: the solid earth,
 The ocean broad and bright,
 The countless stars, like golden dust,
 That strew the skies at night,
 The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
 The pleasant wholesome air,
 The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
 His own creations were.

2 Jesus is God: the glorious bands
 Of golden angels sing
 Songs of adoring praise to Him,
 Their Maker and their King,

He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
 On Calvary's cross true God;
 He Who in heaven eternal reigned
 In time on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God: let sorrow come,
 And pain, and every ill,
 All are worth while, for all are means
 His glory to fulfill;
 Worth while a thousand years of woe
 To speak one little word,
 If by that "I believe" we own
 The Godhead of our Lord.

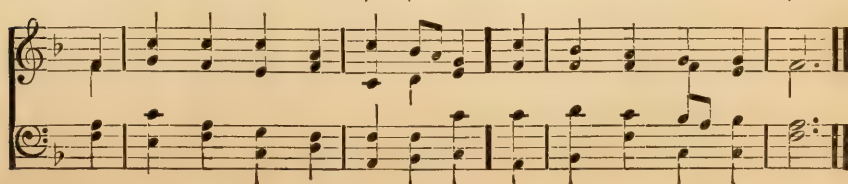
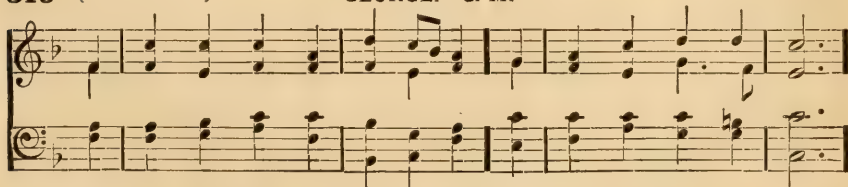
309 (*Second Tune.*) **FLENSBURG. C. M. D.***L. Spohr.*

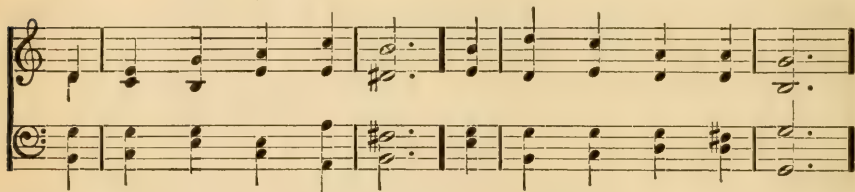
**310** (*First Tune.*)**GREGORIAN. C. M.***Arr. by W. H. Walter.*

- 1 I SING th'almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn my eye;

If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

- 4 There's not a plant nor flower below
But makes Thy glories known:
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.
- 5 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye:
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh?

310 (*Second Tune.*)**GEORGE. C. M.***N. Hermann.*

311 (*First Tune.*)**CHRIST CHURCH. 666688.***C. Steggall.***1** To God, the mighty Lord!

Your joyful thanks repeat;

To Him due praise afford,

As good as He is great.

For God does prove our constant Friend;

His boundless love shall never end.

2 By His Almighty hand

Amazing works are wrought;

The heavens by His command

Were to perfection brought.

For God does prove our constant Friend;

His boundless love shall never end.

3 He spread the ocean round

About the spacious land;

And bade the rising ground

Above the waters stand.

For God will prove our constant Friend;

His boundless love shall never end.

4 He does the food supply

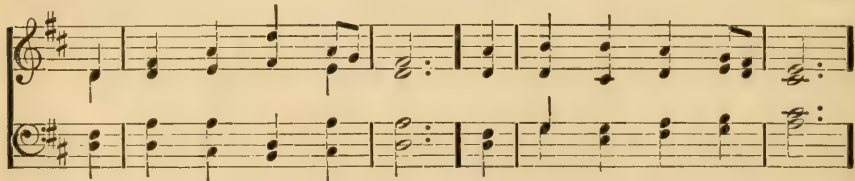
On which all creatures live;

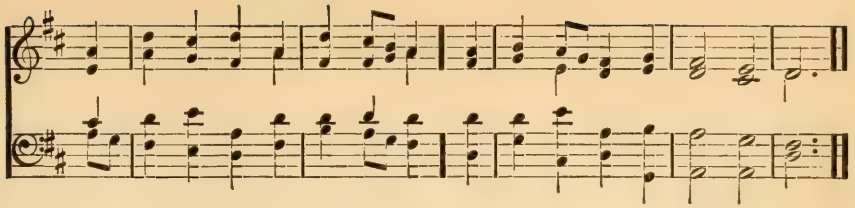
To God, who reigns on high,

Eternal praises give!

For God will prove our constant Friend;

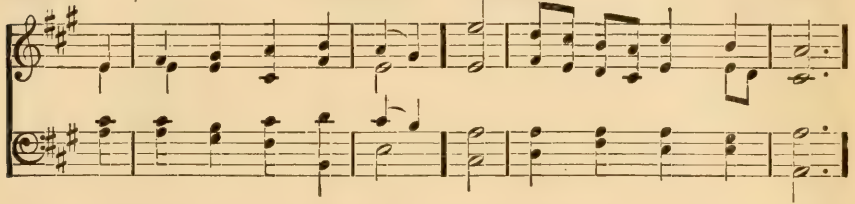
His boundless love shall never end.

311 (*Second Tune.*)**BEVERLY. 666688.***Anon.*



312

HAREWOOD. 666688.

S. S. Wesley.

LENOX, No. 124, can be used here.

- 1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng of angels bright,
In worlds of light, begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:
His power declare, ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly in empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand;
Or in swift courses move,
By His supreme command:

He spake the word, and all their frame
From nothing came, to praise the Lord!

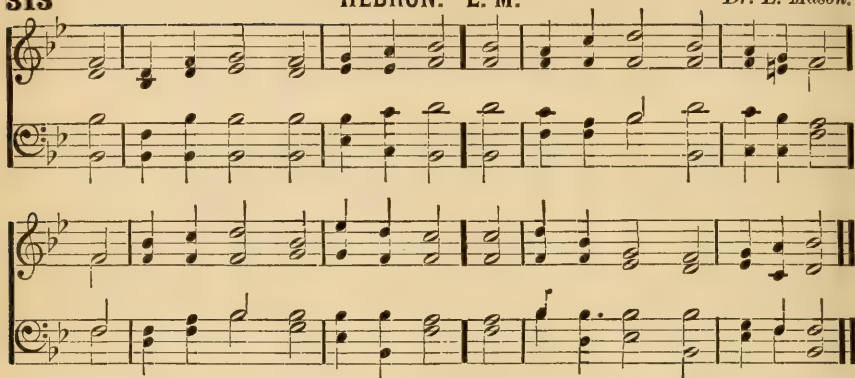
- 4 Ye vapors, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th'almighty Lord;
And stormy winds that blow
To execute His word;
When lightnings shine or thunders roar,
Let earth adore His hand divine.

- 5 Let all the nations fear
The God That rules above;
He brings His people near,
And makes them taste His love:
While earth and sky attempt His praise,
His saints shall raise His honors high.

Providence.

313

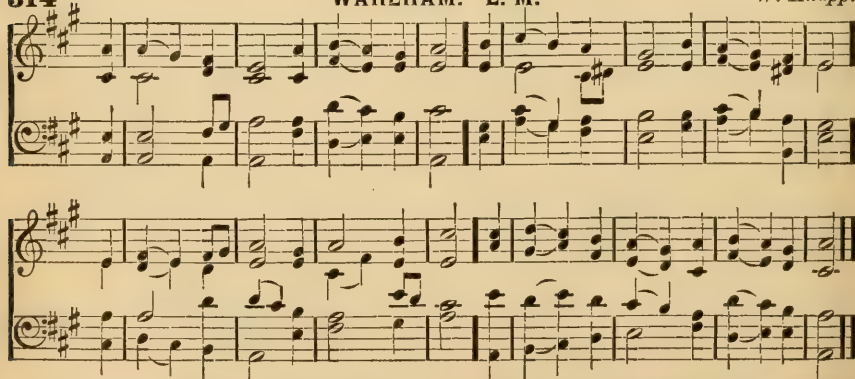
HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

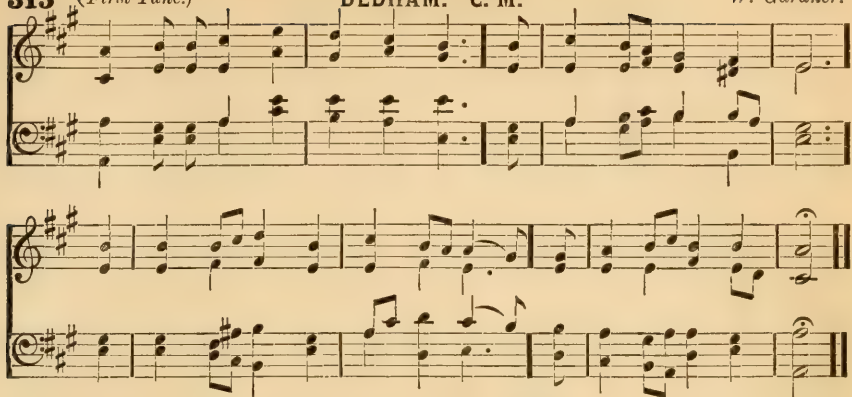
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O LORD, Thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heavenly orb ascends,
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.</p> <p>2 Thy justice like the hills remains, [are
Unfathomed depths, Thy judgments
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is Thy care.</p> <p>3 Since of Thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just</p> | <p>Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to Thy protection trust!</p> <p>4 Such guests shall to Thy courts be led,
To banquet on Thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.</p> <p>5 With Thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;
O let Thy saints Thy favor gain,
To upright hearts Thy truth display.</p> |
|---|--|

314

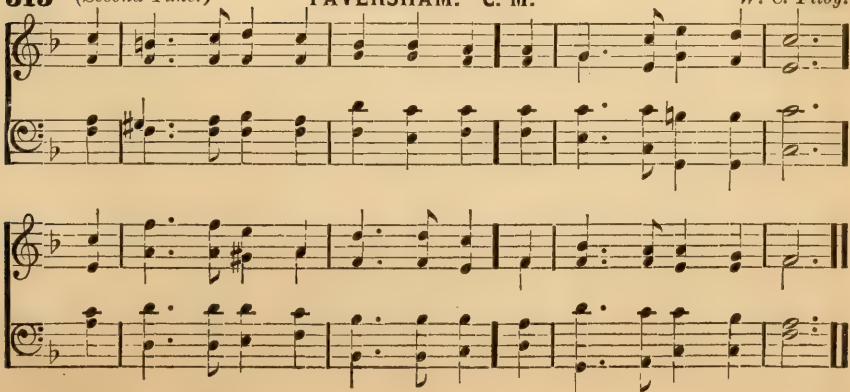
WAREHAM. L. M.

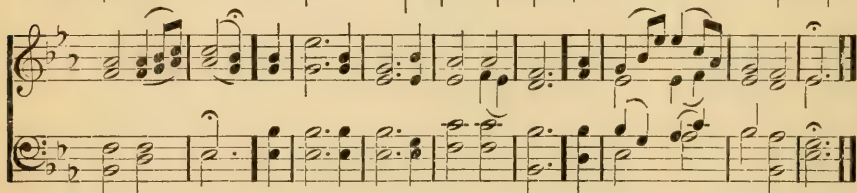
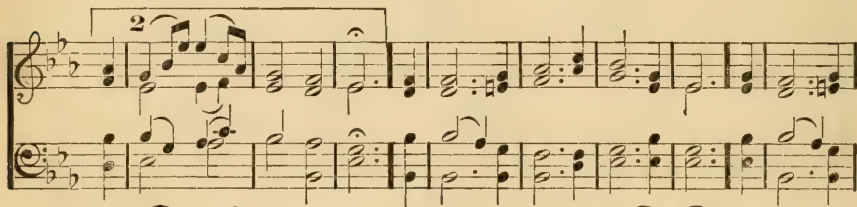
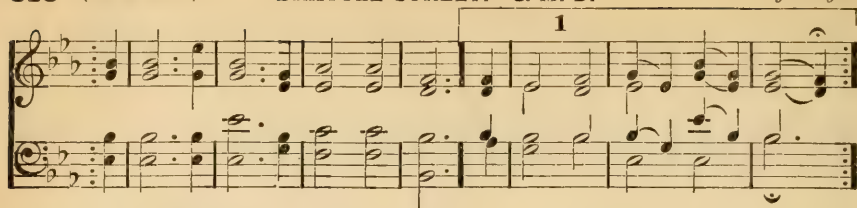
W. Knapp.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In His just government rejoice;
Let all the lands, with sacred mirth,
In His applause unite their voice.</p> <p>2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;</p> | <p>Judgment and righteousness are made
The habitation of His seat.</p> <p>3 For Thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned;
Thou, Lord, unrivalled in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art owned.</p> |
|---|---|

315 (*First Tune.*)**DEDHAM. C. M.***W. Gardner.*

- 1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar:
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

315 (*Second Tune.*)**FAVERSHAM. C. M.***W. C. Filby.*

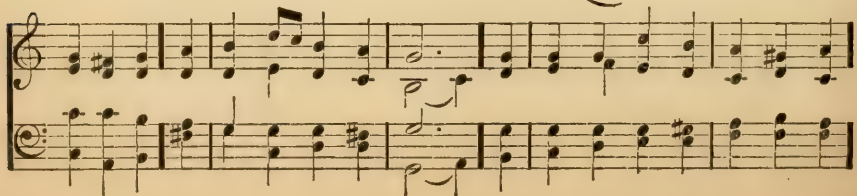
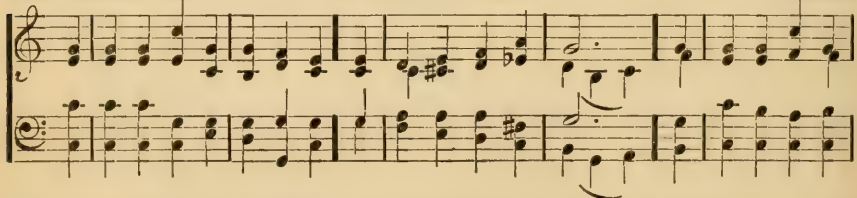
316 (*First Tune.*)**BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.***Ig. Pleyel.*

1 WHILE Thee I seek, protecting power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
 To Thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
 That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see:
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet Thy will.
 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storms shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
 That heart will rest on Thee.

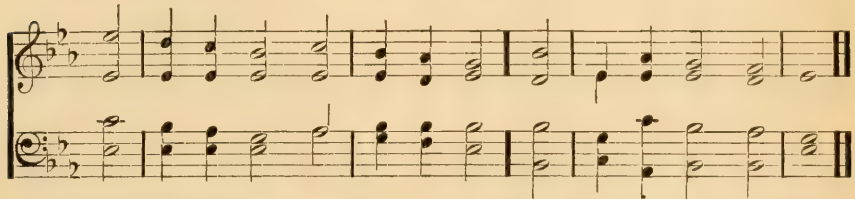
316 (*Second Tune.*)**ANAGOLA. C. M. D.***T. H. H. Crossley.*



317 (First Tune.)

Downs. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



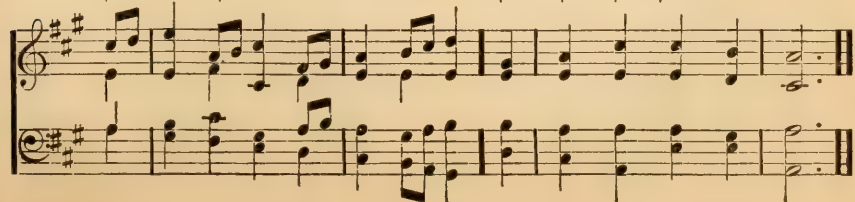
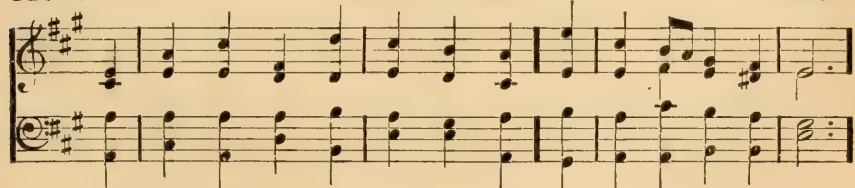
- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

317 (Second Tune.)

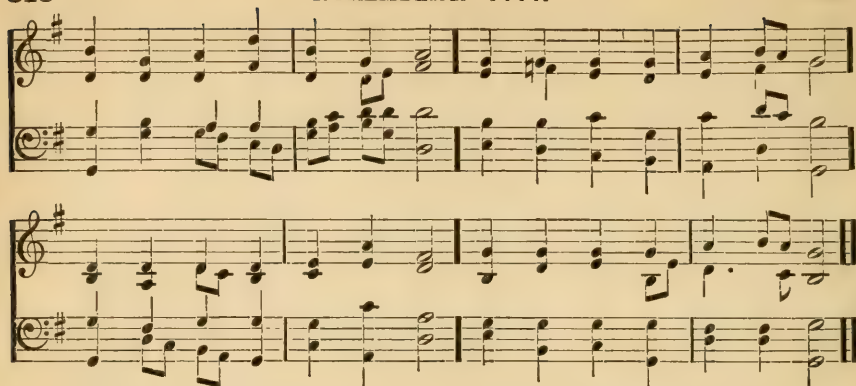
Bristol. C. M.

E. Hodges.



318

NUREMBERG. 7777.

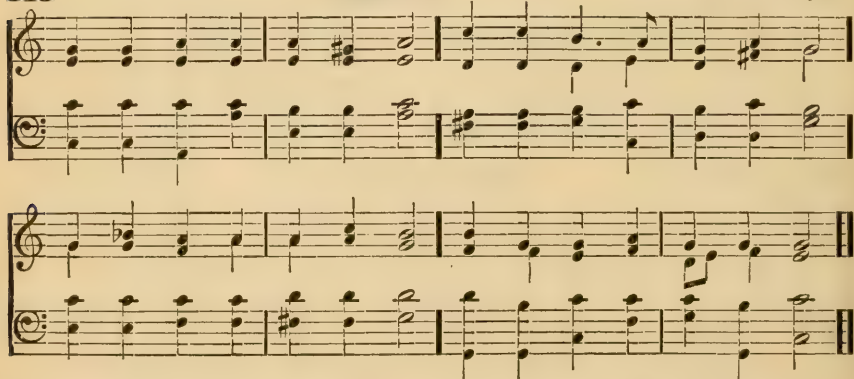
J. R. Ahle.

- 1 **MAGNIFY** Jehovah's name:
For His mercies ever sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.
- 2 Let His ransomed flock rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

- 4 To the Lord their God they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.
- 5 Them to pleasant lands He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.
- 6 O that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness to their race;
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace!

319

SUBMISSION. 7777.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

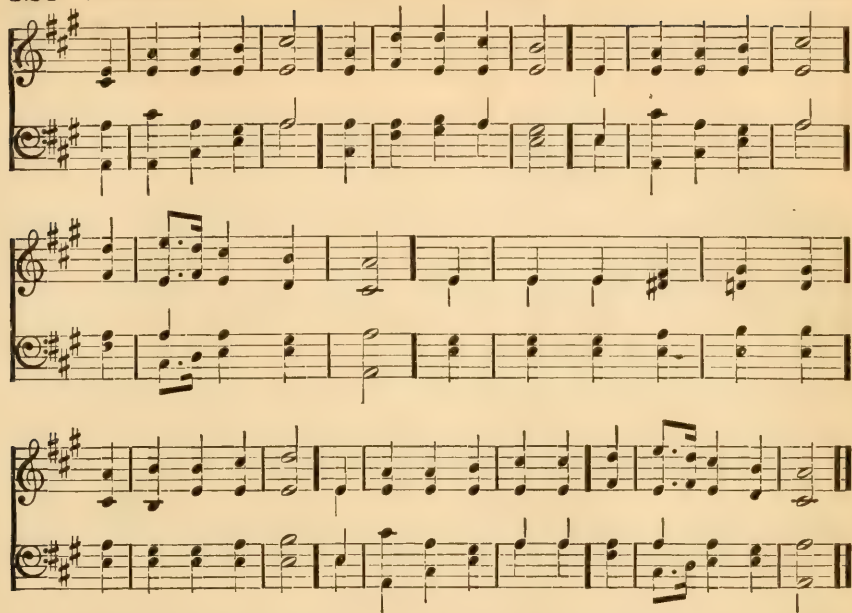
- 1 **SOVEREIGN** ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All our times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.
- 2 He that formed us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb:
All our ways shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.

- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasure; all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.
- 4 May we always own Thy hand,
Still to Thee surrendered stand,
Know that Thou art God alone,
We and ours are all Thy own!

320 (*First Tune.*)

LYONS. 55556565.

Haydn.

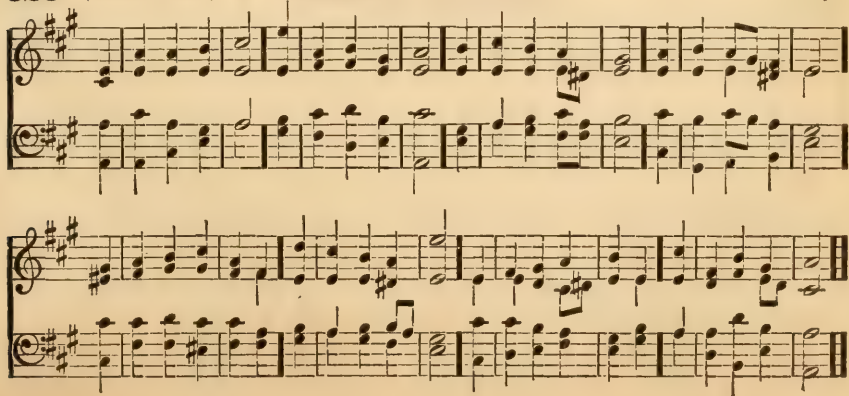


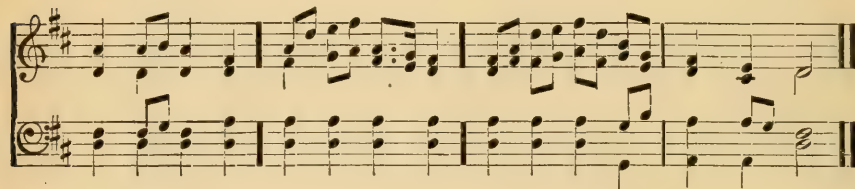
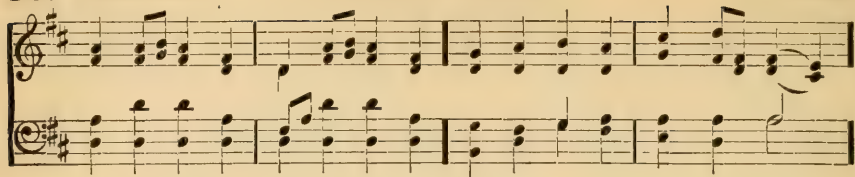
1 How wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise!
How just, King of saints,
And true are Thy ways!
O who shall not fear Thee,
And honor Thy name?
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme.

2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to Thy throne;
Thy truth and Thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess Thee their God.

320 (*Second Tune.*) ✓ **HANOVER.** 55556565.

Dr. Croft.

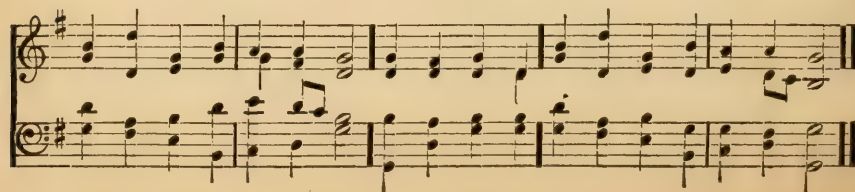
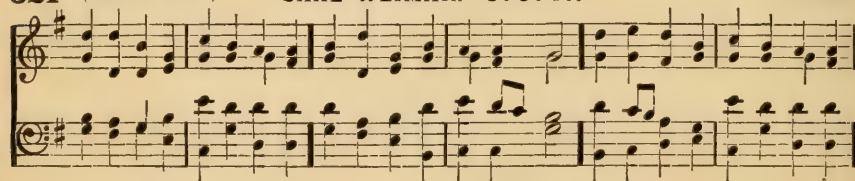


321 (*First Tune.*)**OLIPHANT. 878747.***Dr. L. Mason.*

- 1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me now and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside,
 Death of death and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

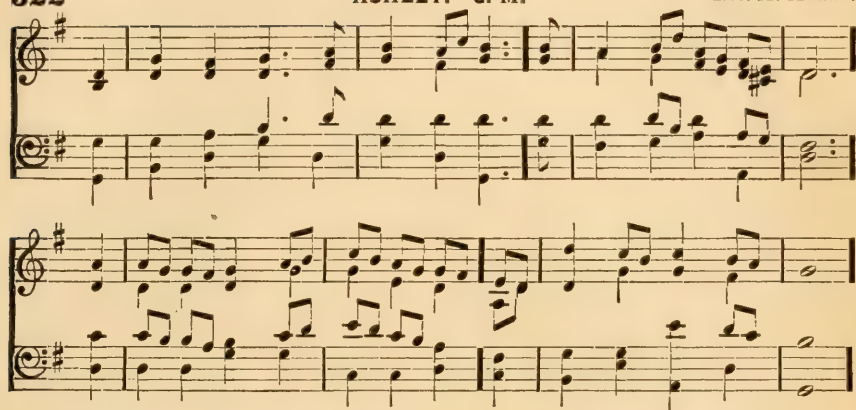
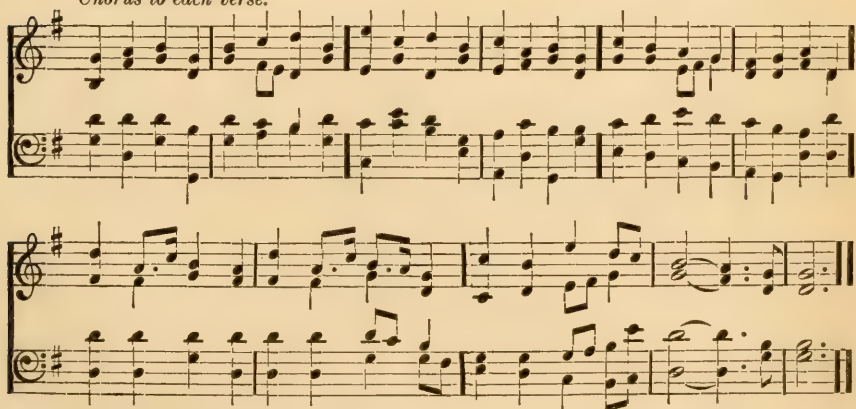
321 (*Second Tune.*)**SAXE-WEIMAR. 878747.***German.*

Redemption.

322

ASHLEY. C. M.

Rev. M. Madan.

*Chorus to each verse.*

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

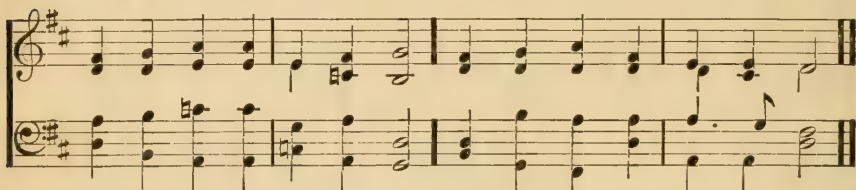
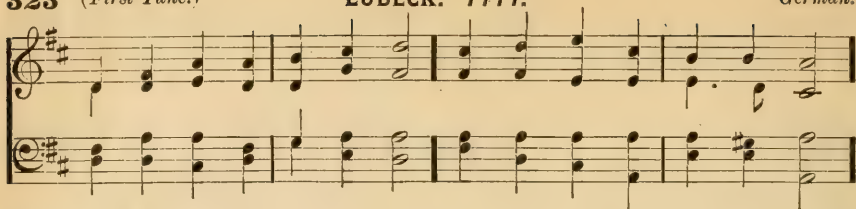
2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But now we rise by grace Divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around;

While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
 To Thee the praise belongs;
 Our hearts shall kindle at Thy Name.
 Thy Name inspire our songs.

Chorus for the end of each verse.
 Glory, honor, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb forever!
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
 Alleluia, praise the Lord!

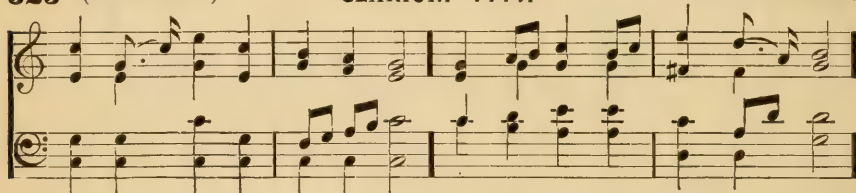
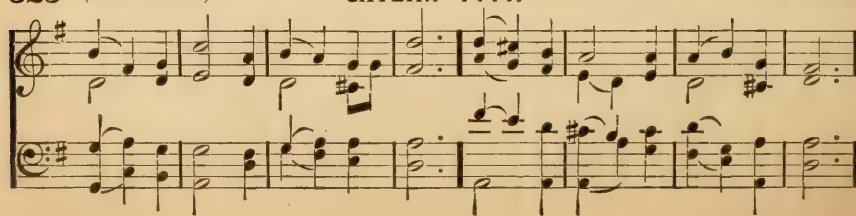
323 (*First Tune.*)**LUBECK. 7777.***German.*

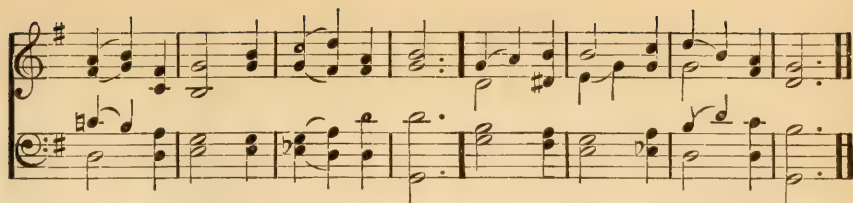
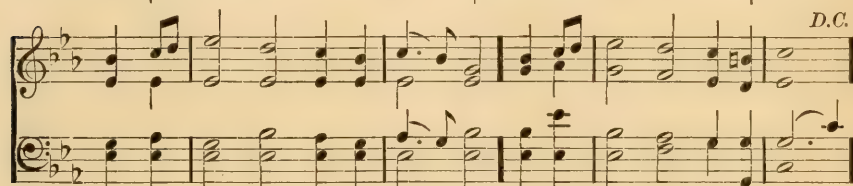
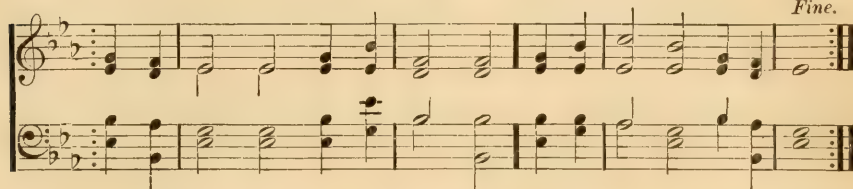
1 SING, my soul, His wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends His grace.

2 Heaven and earth by Him were made,
All is by His sceptre swayed;
What are we that He should show
So much love to us below?

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore His name,
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise Him, till He calls thee home;—
Trust His love for all to come.

323 (*Second Tune.*)**CLARION. 7777.***E. F. Rimbault.***323** (*Third Tune.*)**CATLIN. 7777.***P. Armes.*

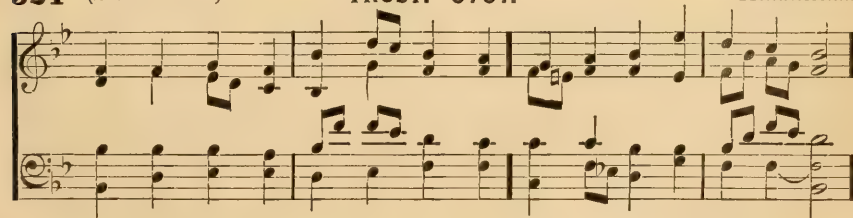
**324** (*First Tune.*)**NETTLETON. 8787D.***Nettleton.
Fine.*

1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

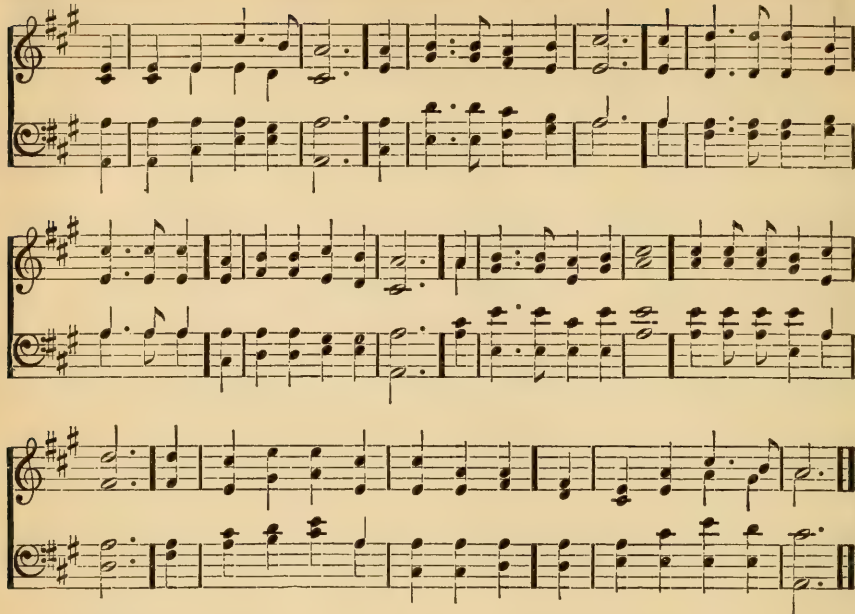
4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

324 (*Second Tune.*)**TRUST. 8787.***Mendelssohn.*

325 (First Tune.)

NEARER HOME. S. M. D.

I. B. Woodbury.



1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled;
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child;
 He followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild;
 He found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone;
 He bound me with His bands of love,
 He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole;
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled,
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold;
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam,
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home.

325 (Second Tune.)

LEBANON. S. M. D.

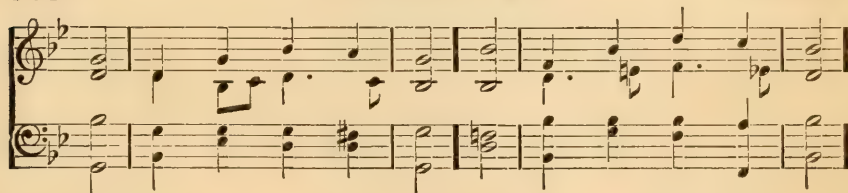
J. Zundel.





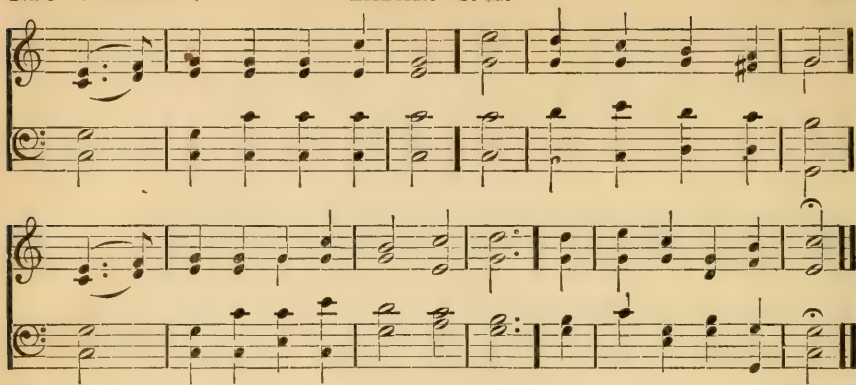
326

ST. BRIDE. S. M.

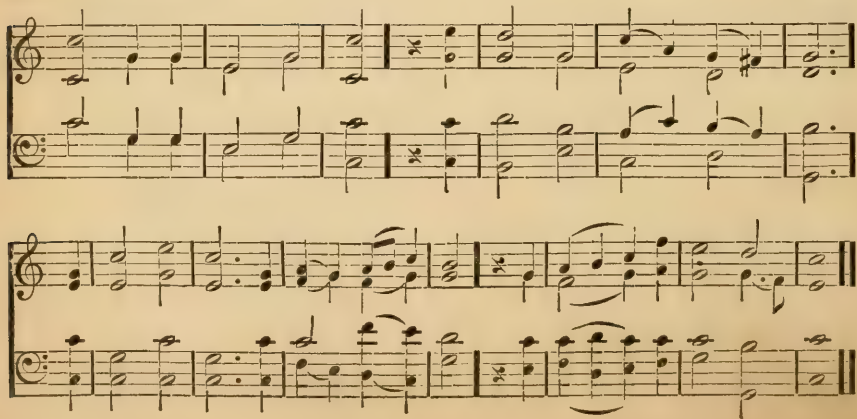
Dr. Howard.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 Christ, the true paschal Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,

- While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 Lord, I look back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And see my guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice,
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

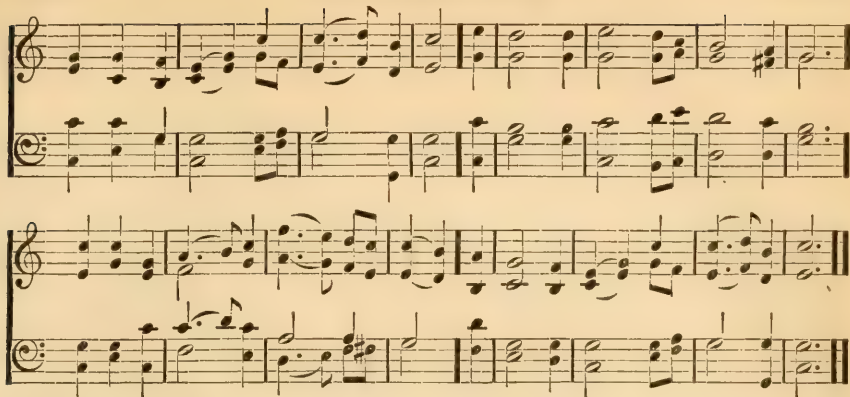
327 (*First Tune.*)**LABAN. S. M.***Dr. L. Mason.*

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

327 (*Second Tune.*)**SILVER STREET. S. M.***I. Smith.*

328

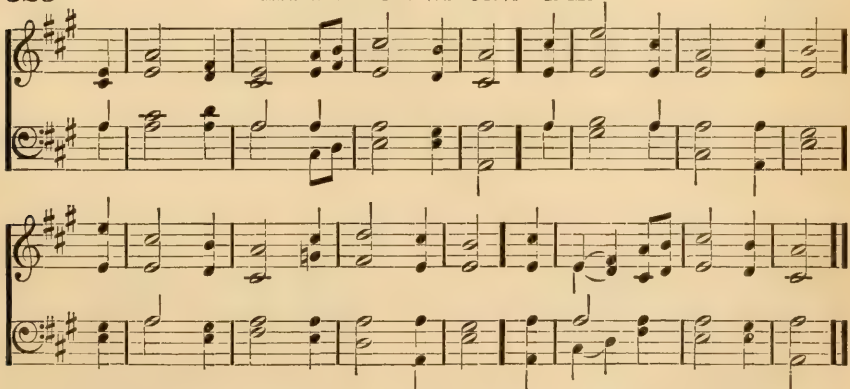
WARRINGTON. L. M.

R. Harrison.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 He's blest, whose sins have pardon gained,
No more in judgment to appear,
Whose guilt remission has obtained,
And whose repentance is sincere.</p> <p>2 No sooner I my wound disclosed
The guilt that tortured me within,
But Thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm poured in.</p> | <p>3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied
The hardened sinner shall confound;
But them who in His truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.</p> <p>4 His saints that have performed His laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.</p> |
|--|--|

329

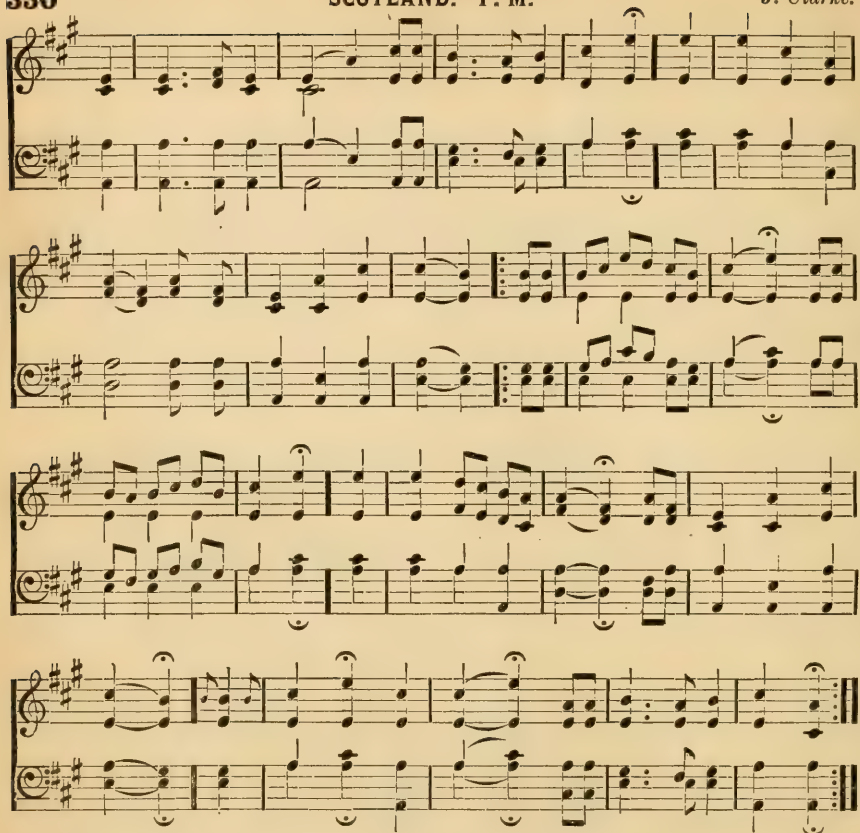
MARTYRDOM (AVON). C. M.

H. Wilson.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for me!</p> <p>2 Hark, how He groans! while nature
shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.</p> | <p>3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul!" He cries;
See where He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head and dies.</p> <p>4 But soon He'll break death's envious
chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?</p> |
|--|--|

330

SCOTLAND. P. M.

J. Clarke.

1 THE voice of free grace
 Cries, Escape to the mountain;
 For Adam's lost race
 Christ hath opened a fountain;
 For sin and uncleanness
 And every transgression,
 His blood flows most freely
 In streams of salvation.
 Alleluia to the Lamb
 Who hath bought us our pardon;
 We'll praise Him again
 When we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded,
 To Jesus repair;
 He calls you in mercy,
 And can you forbear?
 Though your sins be as scarlet,
 Still flee to the mountain,
 That blood can remove them

Which streams from this fountain.
 Alleluia, etc.

3 O Jesus! ride onward,
 Triumphantly glorious;
 O'er sin, death, and hell
 Thou'rt more than victorious;
 Thy name is the theme
 Of the great congregation,
 While angels and saints
 Raise the shout of salvation.
 Alleluia, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand
 When escaped to that shore;
 With our harps in our hand
 We will praise Him the more;
 We'll range the sweet fields
 On the banks of the river,
 And sing of salvation
 For ever and ever.
 Alleluia, etc.

331 (*First Tune.*)**FOUNTAIN. C. M.***Old Melody.*

Musical score for 'Fountain. C. M.' in C major, common time. The score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a 'Fine.' marking. The third system ends with a 'D. S.' (Da Capo) marking. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady rhythm.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,

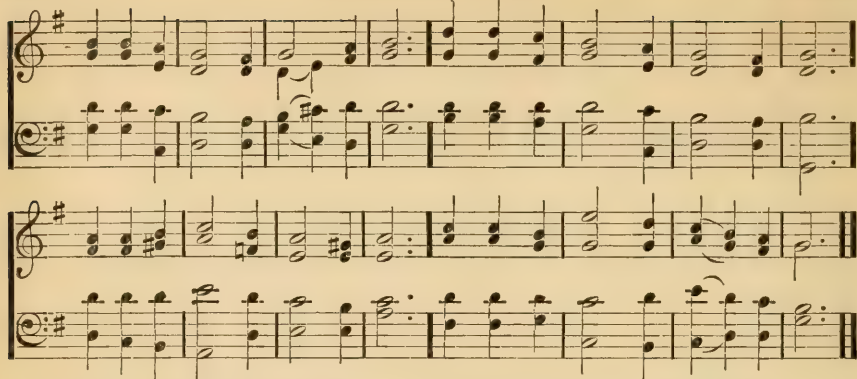
- Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue
 When this poor, lisping, stammering
 Lies silent in the grave.

331 (*Second Tune.*)**COWPER. C. M.***Dr. L. Mason.*

Musical score for 'Cowper. C. M.' in C major, common time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is more complex than the first tune, featuring more frequent sixteenth and thirty-second notes, giving it a more flowing and expressive character.

332

POLYCARP. L. M.

Ig. Pleyel.

1 AH, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer Him should dare;
Condemned, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before His bar.

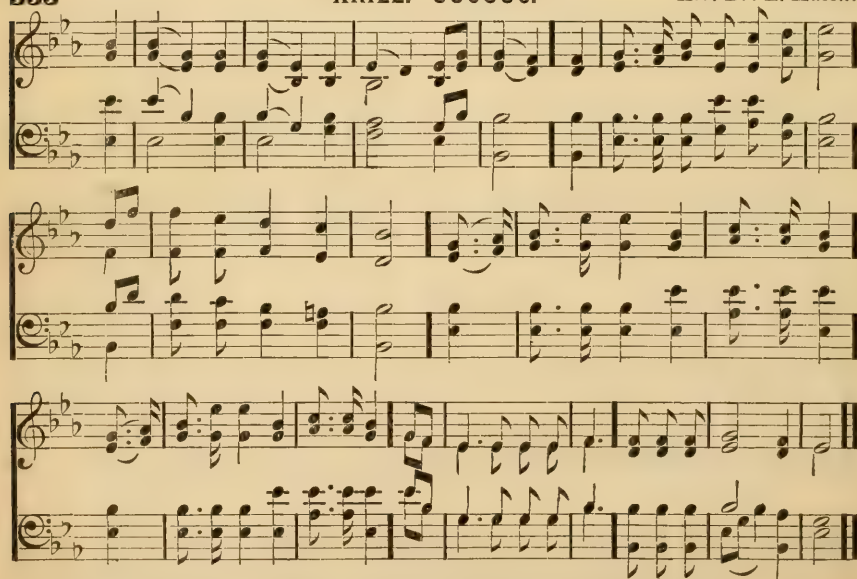
2 There must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace;

With God for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

3 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crowned:
In Him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In Him thy righteousness be found.

333

ARIEL. 886886.

Arr. Dr. L. Mason.

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath Divine!
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

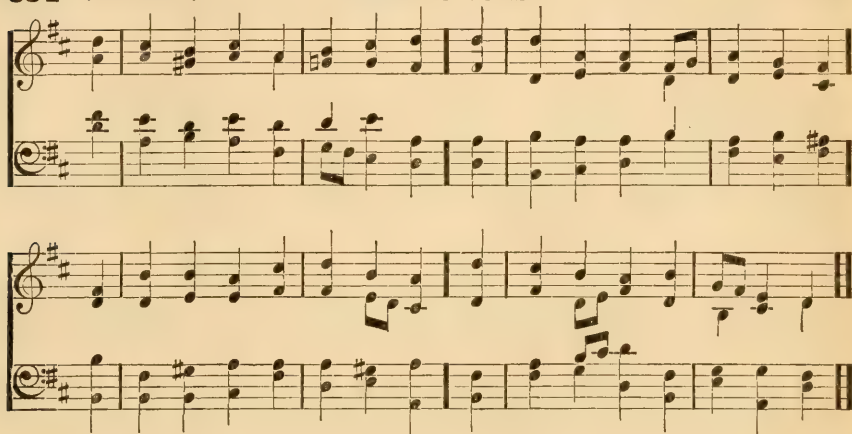
3 I'd sing the character He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.

4 O the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

334 (*First Tune.*)

ERFURT. L. M.

M. Luther.

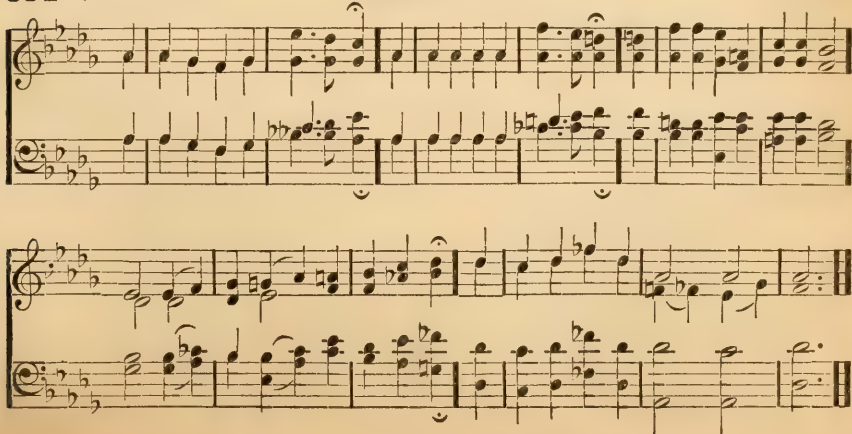


- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 ALL glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view!</p> <p>2 Once we were fall'n, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe!
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,</p> | <p>3 Scattered the shades of death and night,
And spread around His heavenly light;
By Him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverished and undone!</p> <p>4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait
To share their holy, happy state.</p> |
|--|--|

334 (*Second Tune.*)

ETTORE. L. M.

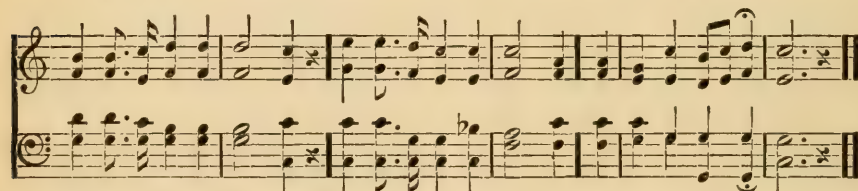
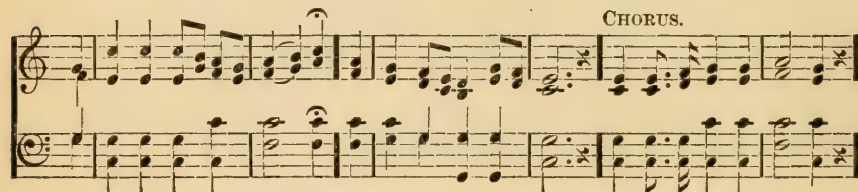
E. Barili.



335

THE OLD, OLD STORY. 7676D.

W. H. Doane.



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1 TELL me the old, old Story,
 Of unseen things above;
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love!
 Tell me the Story simply,
 As to a little child!
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.

Chorus.—Tell me the old, old Story,
 Tell me the old, old Story,
 Tell me the old, old Story,
 Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the Story slowly,
 That I may take it in,
 That wonderful Redemption,
 God's remedy for sin.
 Tell me the Story often,
 For I forget so soon,

The "early dew" of morning
 Has passed away at noon.—*Cho.*

3 Tell me the Story softly,
 With earnest tones and grave;
 Remember! I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save;
 Tell me the Story always!
 If you would really be,
 In any time of trouble,
 A comforter to me.—*Cho.*

4 Tell me the same old Story,
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear;
 Yes! and when that world's glory
 Is dawning on my soul,
 Tell me the old, old Story:
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"—*Cho.*

336

HANKEY. 7676D.

W. G. Fischer.

CHORUS.

- 1 I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Chorus.—I love to tell the Story!
"Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old Story
Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams;
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me!

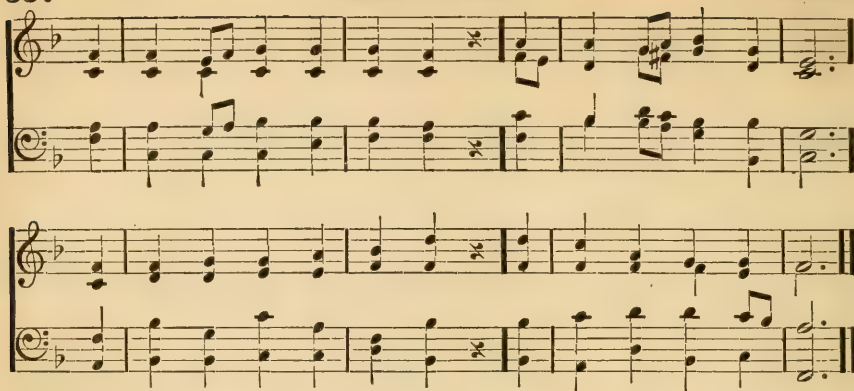
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—*Cho.*

- 3 I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet;
I love to tell the Story;
For some have never heard
The message of Salvation
From God's own Holy Word.—*Cho.*

- 4 I love to tell the Story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old Story
That I have loved so long.—*Cho.*

337

BARTON. 7676.

J. H. Knecht.

1 'Tis not that I did choose Thee,
For, Lord! that could not be;
This heart would still refuse Thee;
But Thou hast chosen me.

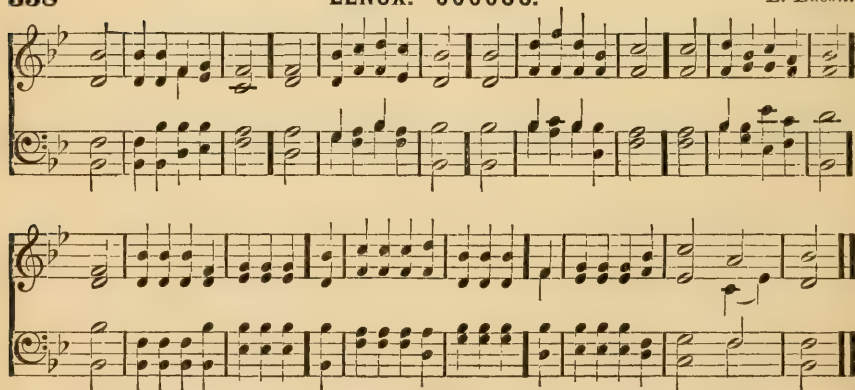
2 Thou from the sin that stained me
Washed me and set me free;
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to Thee.

3 'Twas sovereign Mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.

4 My heart owns none above Thee;
For Thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing: if I love Thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

338

LENOX. 666688.

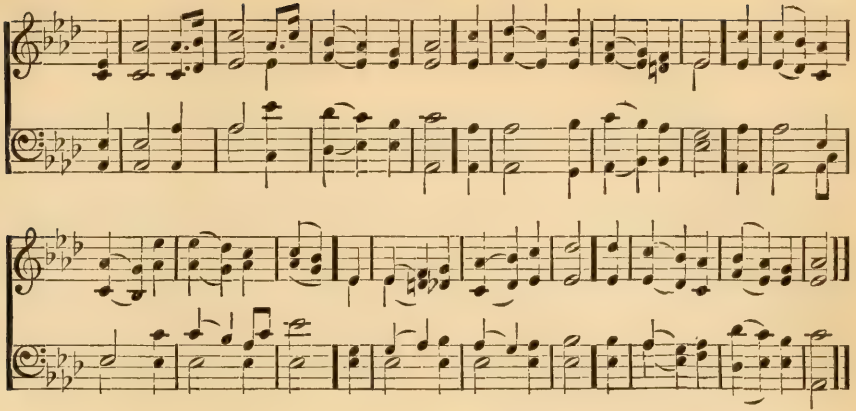
L. Edson.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet! blow;
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made!
Ye weary spirits! rest;

Ye mournful souls! be glad.
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God!
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The Year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

339 (*First Tune.*)**SWANWICK. C. M.***J. Lucas.*

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

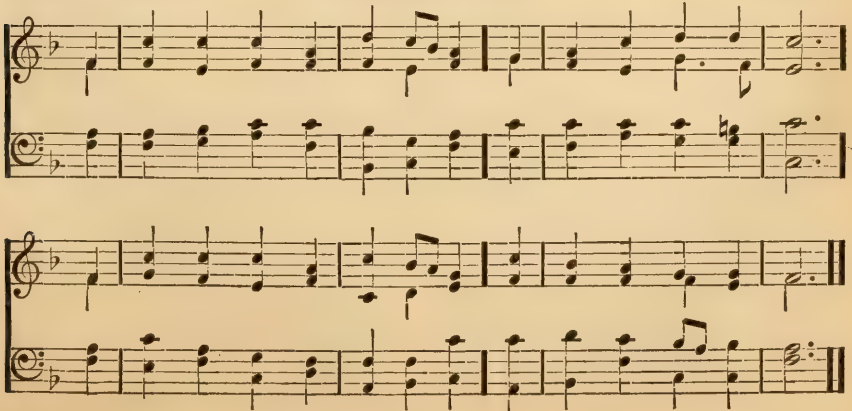
2 My gracious Master, and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in my ravished ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
And sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

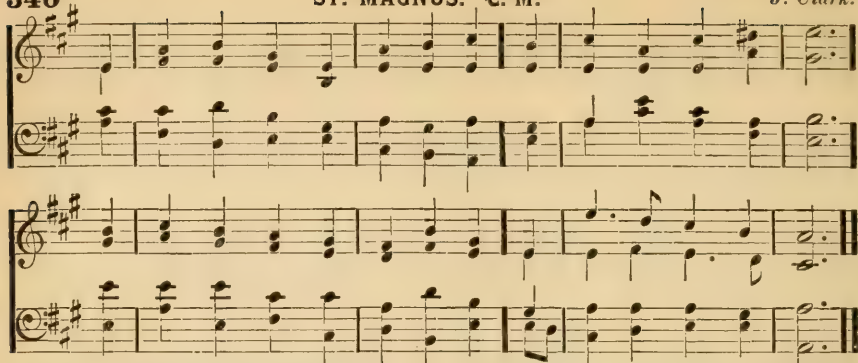
5 He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Look unto Him, ye nations! own
Your God, ye fallen race!
Look! and be saved through faith alone;
Be justified by grace.

339 (*Second Tune.*)**GEORGE. C. M.***N. Hermann.*

340

ST. MAGNUS. C. M.

J. Clark.

1 THE Gospel comes to guilty men
With news of pardoning grace;
And brings the prodigal again
Before the Father's face.

2 'Tis the sweet Story of God's love,
Incarnate in His Son;
The purpose of His grace, before
Creation was begun.

3 What Jesus is, has done, and is
In covenant to do,
Is both the Alpha of its song,
And its Omega, too.

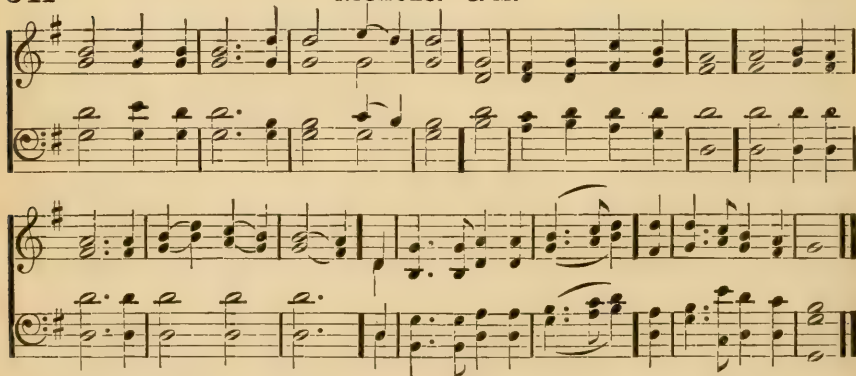
4 The story of His birth grows bright,
When read on Calvary's Hill;
And resurrection's glorious light
Shows it diviner still.

5 It gives to lost and guilty men,
Faith's all-prevailing plea—
When Jesus died and rose again,
He died and rose for me.

6 Faith makes this saving plea its own,
And entering into rest,
Leans, with the spirit of a son,—
Upon the Father's breast!

341

NICHOLS. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

1 LORD Jesus! are we one with Thee?
Oh height! oh depth, of love!
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In Thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from Heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows One.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee!

The gall, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

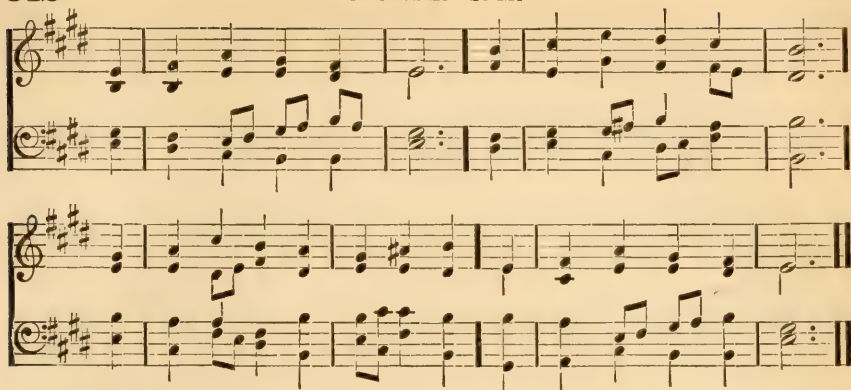
4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints from Thee can part.

5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious Day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art One.

342

POTSDAM. S. M.

J. S. Bach.



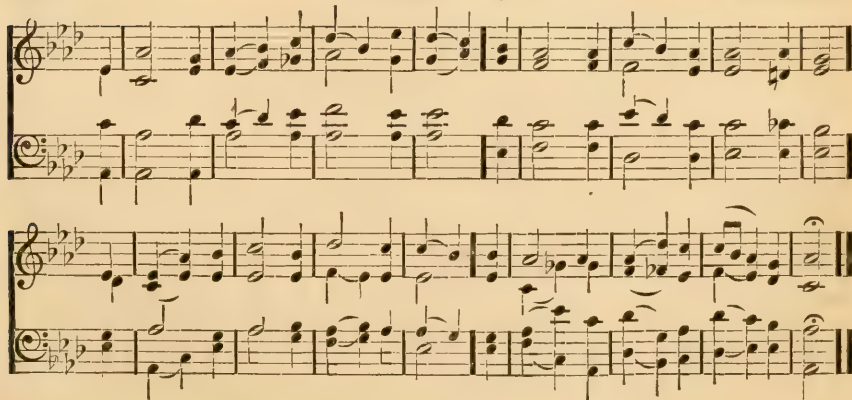
- 1 How wondrous is the grace
That sought my soul to win;
And brings me to my Father's face,
Rescued from all my sin!
- 2 How Thy compassions move
In tenderness divine;
While bearing on Thy heart of love
This guilty soul of mine!
- 3 It was my sins that laid
Their heavy load on Thee;

- And Thou the fearful debt hast paid,
To let my soul go free.
- 4 Not free to live in sin;
But ransomed from its power,
And quickened by Thy life within,
To live for Thee each hour.
- 5 Lord Jesus! make me know
The treasures of Thy love;
That I may walk with Thee below,
And reign with Thee above.

343

ELSTOW. L. M.

Mendelssohn.

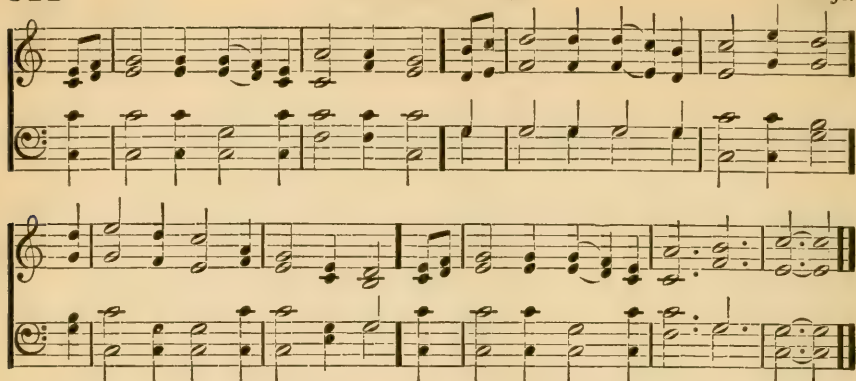


- 1 My soul complete in Jesus stands;
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.
- 2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace His pardon gives;

- Receives the grace His death secured,
And pleads the anguish He endured.
- 3 A song of praise my soul shall sing
To our eternal, glorious King;
Shall worship humbly at His feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

344

RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. Hastings.

1 JESUS! my one prevailing Plea!
To Thee, alone, for help I flee:
Teach me my all in Thee to find,
Thou Priest and Sacrifice combined!

2 Thy presence fills the Holy Place
With the pure light of heavenly grace;
Yet still the marks of Calvary shine
With light and glory more divine!

3 In hands and feet and side, appear
The imprints of the nails and spear!
But, with the marks upon Thy brow,
They're trophies for the Victor now!

4 And thus, within the Veil, we see
Thy presence, the prevailing Plea;
Thy work, the sinner's only hope,
Thyself, that work's unbounded scope!

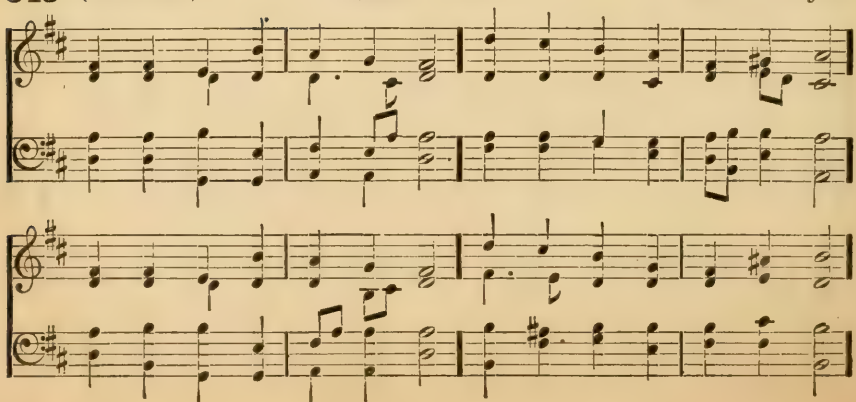
5 Far as Thy perfect Law extends,
Its utmost claim Thy work defends;
Deep as our sorest need it goes,
And boundless as Thy love it flows!

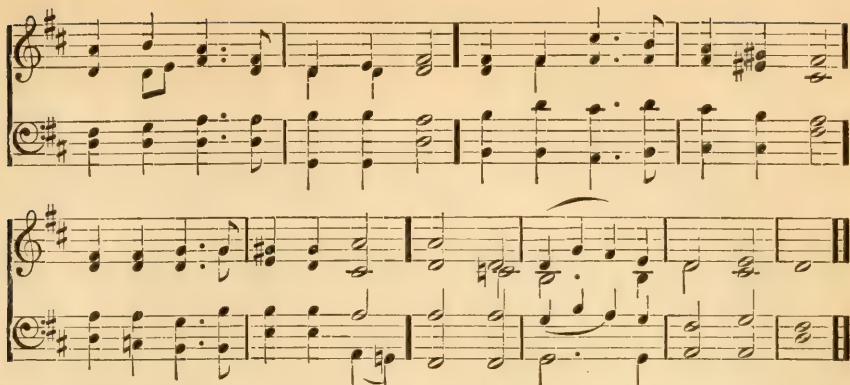
6 Thus, every needed grace comes down,
Thy Sacrificial Work to crown;
And faithful prayers fit answers meet,
With Jesus at the Mercy-Seat!

Invitation and Warning.

345 (*First Tune.*)

GOODE. 7777D.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



1 SINNERS! turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you why:
 God, Who did your being give,
 Made you with Himself to live:
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of His own hands:
 Why, ye thankless creatures! why
 Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why:
 He who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself that ye might live.

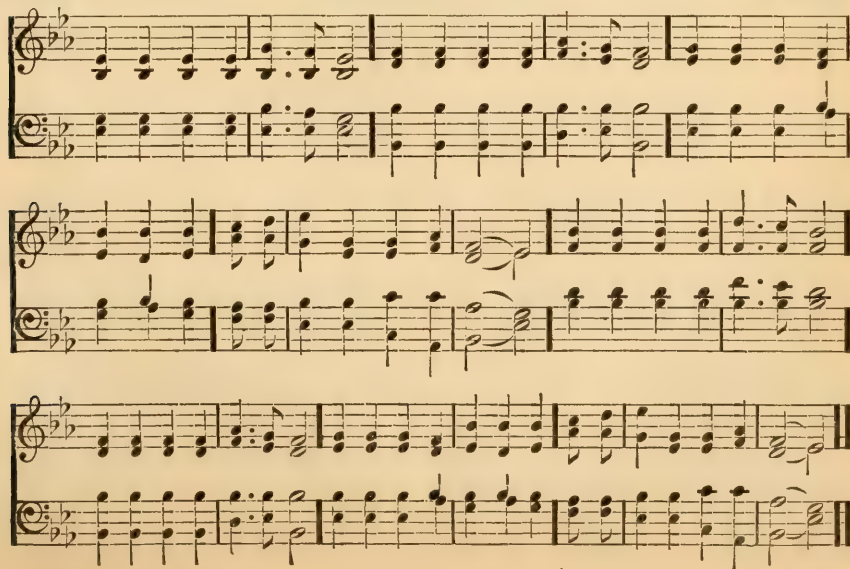
Will you let Him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace, and die?

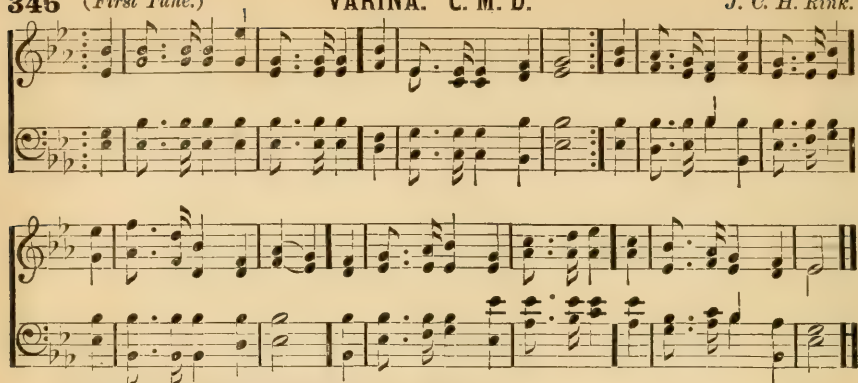
3 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why:
 He Who all your lives hath strove—
 Wooed you to embrace His love.
 Will ye not His grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God, and die.

345 (*Second Tune.*)

BENEVENTO. 7777D.

S. Webbe.



346 (*First Tune.*)**VARINA. C. M. D.***J. C. H. Rink.*

Tune, No. 538, expressly written for this Hymn, can be used here.

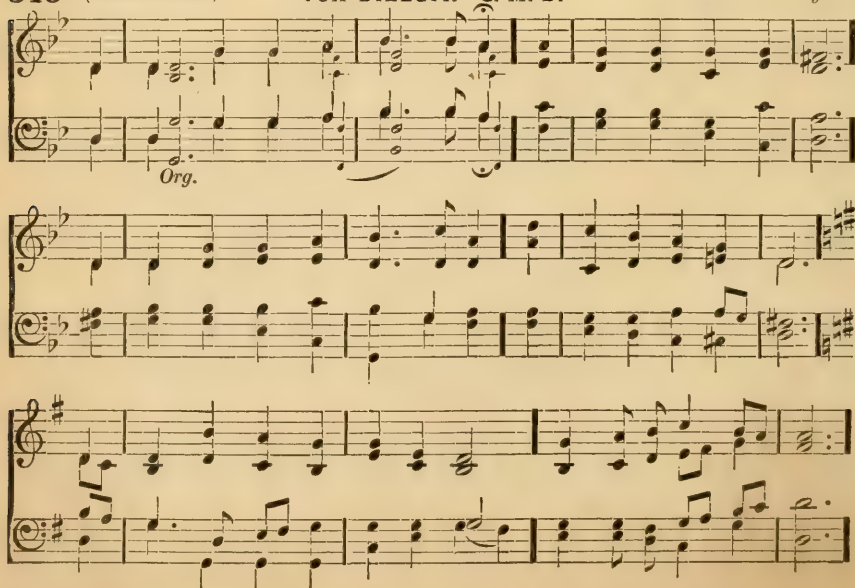
1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast:"
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live:"

* I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

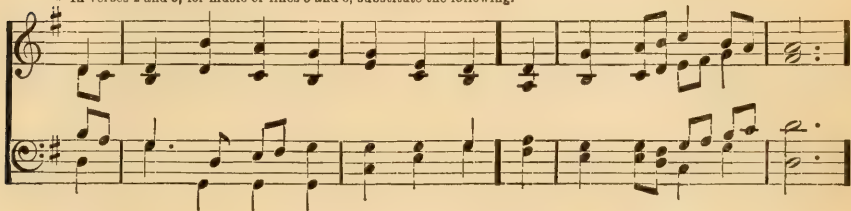
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light.
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright:"

* I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till traveling days are done.

346 (*Second Tune.*)**VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.***Rev. J. B. Dykes.*



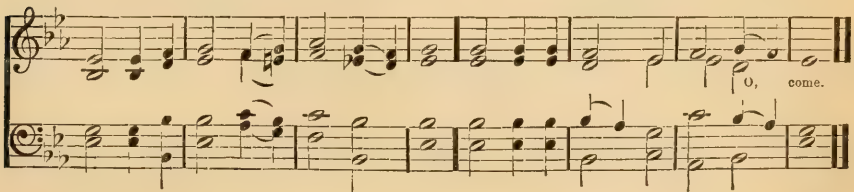
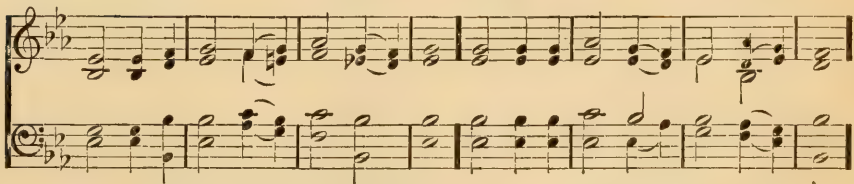
* In verses 2 and 3, for music of lines 5 and 6, substitute the following:



347

HAMBURG. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

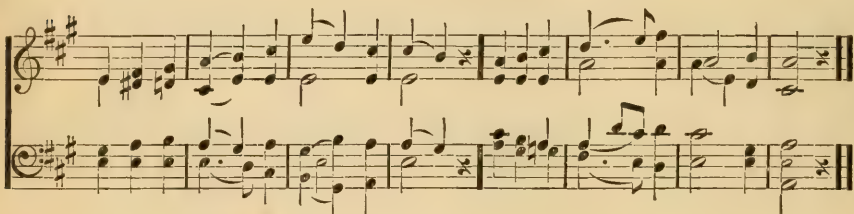
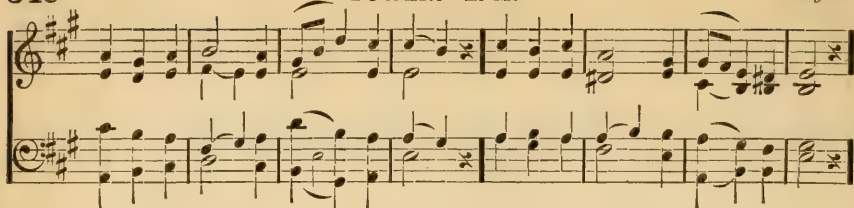


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 JUST as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
Oh, guilty sinner! come.</p> <p>2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on Me,
That peace and pardon might be free;
Oh, wretched sinner!—come.</p> <p>3 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be
blest,
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;
Oh, weary sinner! come.</p> | <p>4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss;
Oh, needy sinner! come.</p> <p>5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
Oh, trembling sinner! come.</p> <p>6 "The Spirit and the bride say, come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
come;
Thy Saviour bids thee come.</p> |
|---|---|

348

BOWEN. L. M.

Haydn.

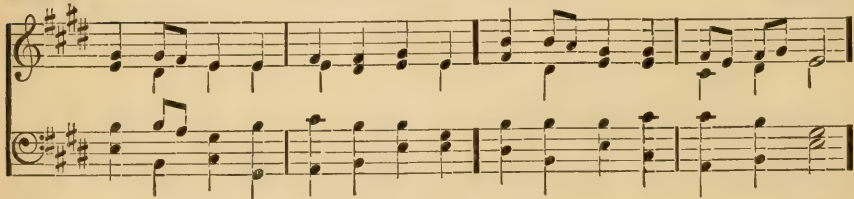


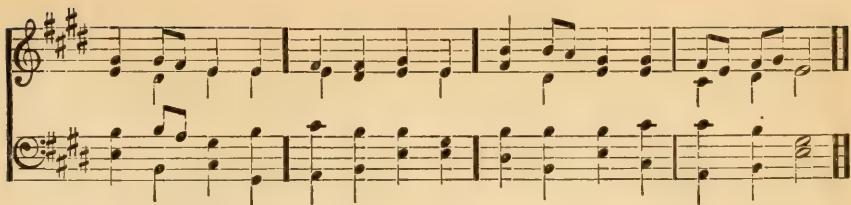
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 "Ho, every one that thirsts, draw nigh,"
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
"Salvation without money buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.</p> <p>2 "Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free to all.</p> <p>3 "See from the Rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.</p> | <p>4 "Nothing you in exchange shall give,
Leave all you are and have behind;
Thankful the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.</p> <p>5 "In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife;
Whither, ah, whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.</p> <p>6 "I bid you all My goodness prove,
My promises for all are free;
Come taste the manna of My love,
And let your souls delight in Me."</p> |
|--|--|

349

GREENVILLE. 8787447.

Rousseau.





1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

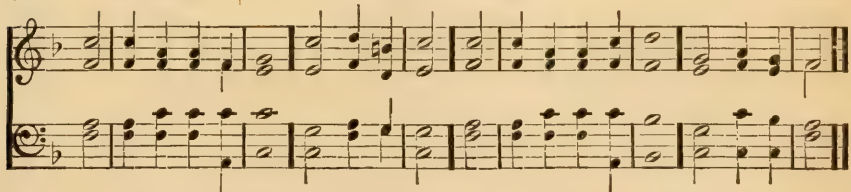
5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th'incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merits of His blood;
Venture on Him—venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

350 (First Tune.)

TO-DAY. 6464.

Dr. L. Mason.



1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls;
Ye wanderers, come!
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O listen now;
Within these sacred walls,
To Jesus bow.

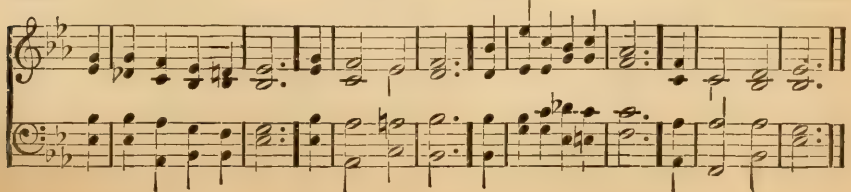
3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

350 (Second Tune.)

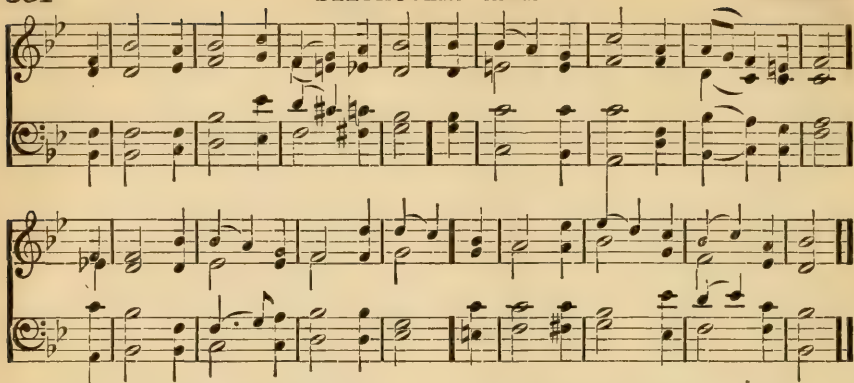
JUSTICE. 6464.

P. R. Sleeman.



351

BEETHOVEN. L. M.

Beethoven.

1 BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! And He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,

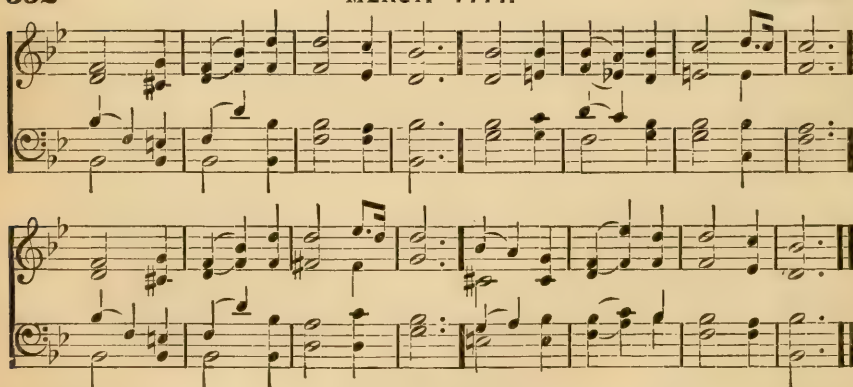
That hateful, hell-born monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return!
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When, at His door, denied you'll stand.

5 Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of peace!
O may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire, all mankind!

352

MERCY. 7777.

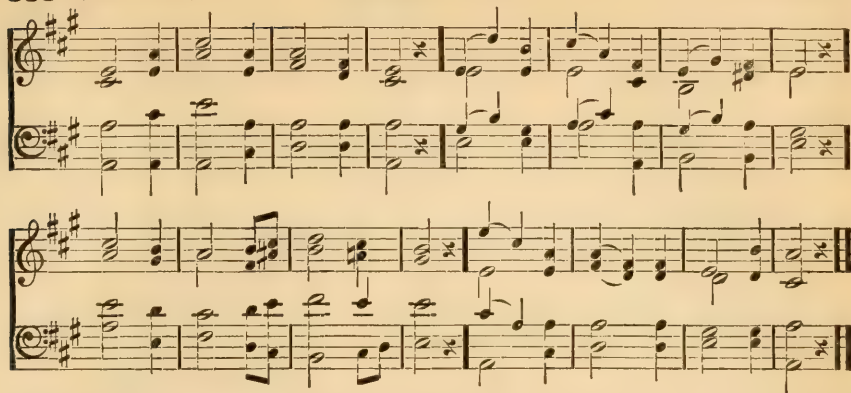
L. M. Gottschalk.

1 HASTEN, sinner! to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run

3 Hasten, sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

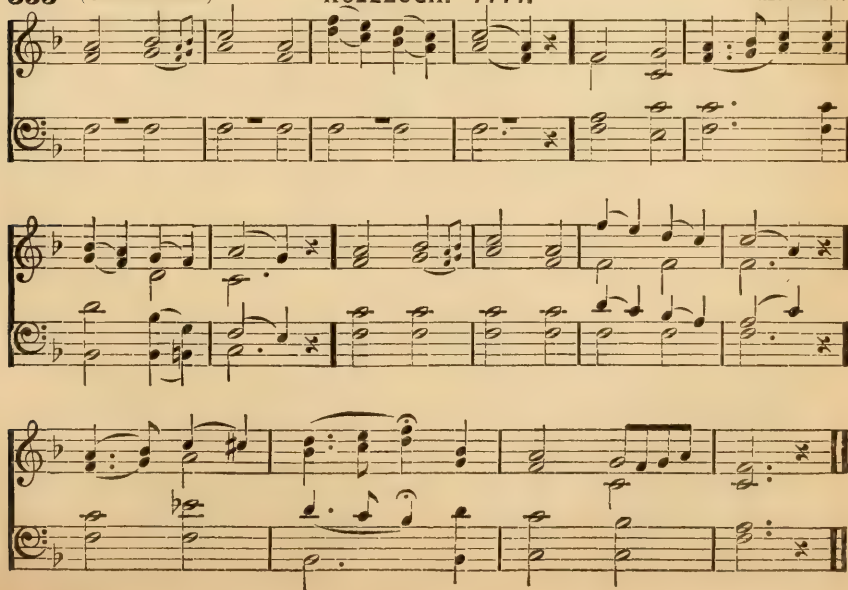
353 (*First Tune.*)**HORTON. 7777.***Von Whartensee.*

1 "COME," said Jesus' sacred voice,
 "Come, and make My path your choice;
 I will guide you to your home;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come;

2 "Thou who, homeless, sore, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In remorse for guilt who mourn:—

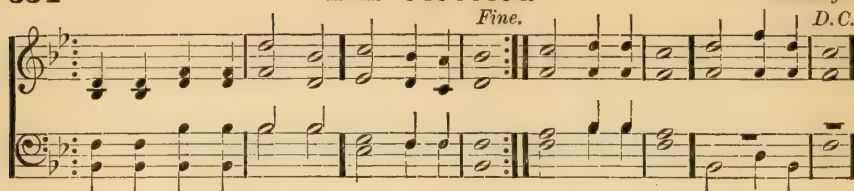
4 "Hither come! for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound;
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

353 (*Second Tune.*)**KOZELUCH. 7777.***Kozeluch.*

354

AVA. 64644464.

Dr. Hastings.



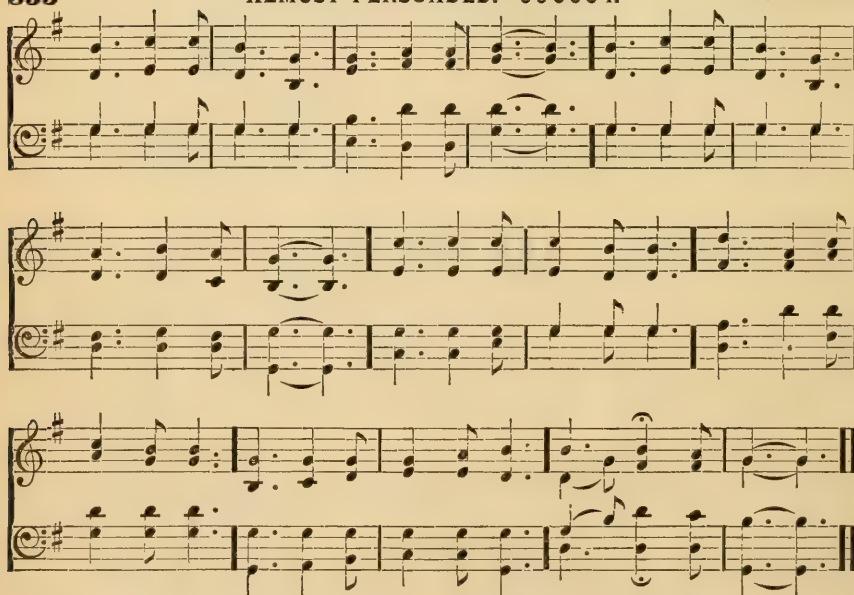
1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day!
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey!

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high!
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

355

ALMOST PERSUADED. 996664.

P. P. Bliss.



1 ALMOST persuaded now to believe;
Almost persuaded Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

2 Almost persuaded, come, come to-day;
Almost persuaded, turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,

Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
Oh, wanderer, come!

3 Almost persuaded, harvest is past!
Almost persuaded, doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail,
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail,
"Almost, but lost!"

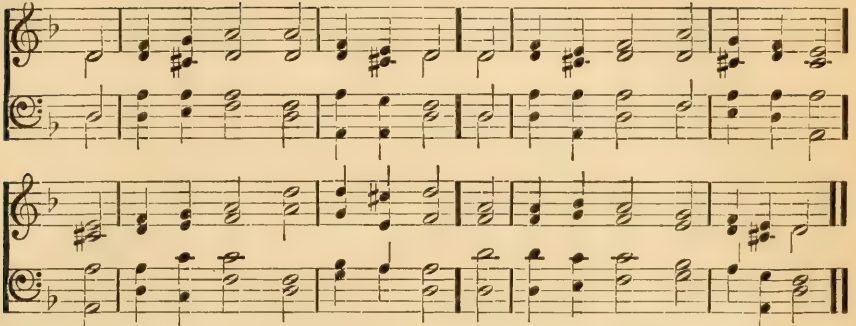
Christian Life.

REPENTANCE.

356

WINDHAM. L. M.

D. Read.



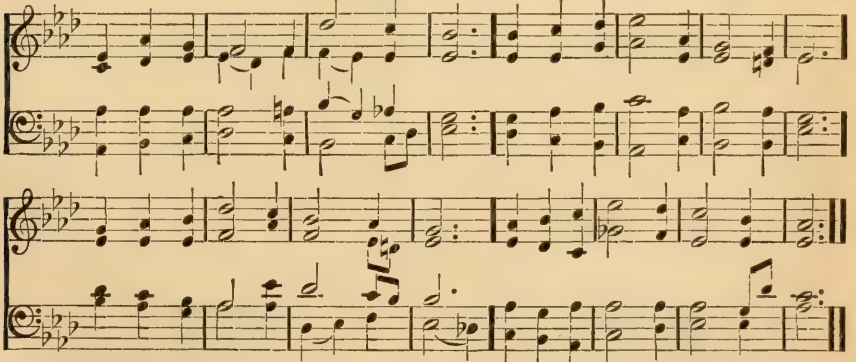
- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight:

- Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
 - 5 O may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

357

ABENDS. L. M.

H. S. Oakeley.

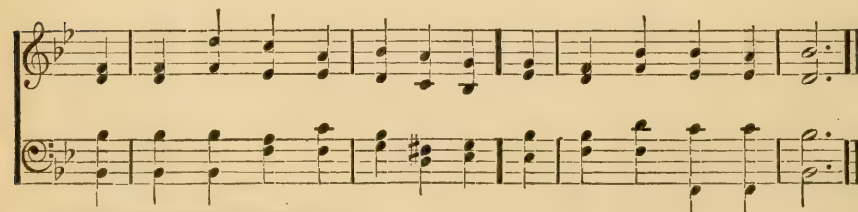
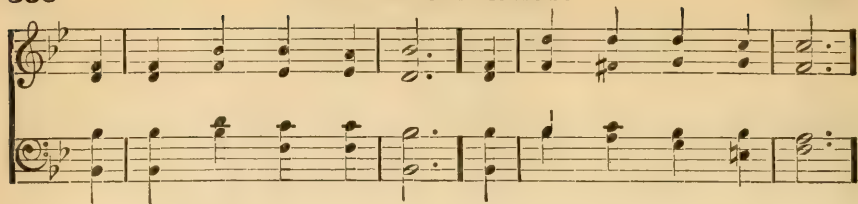


- 1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting sinner live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;

- Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
 - 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, [word,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

358

HARVINGTON. S. M. D.

C. E. Kettle.

NEARER HOME, No. 326, can be used here.

1 Ah, whither should I go,
 Burdened, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my trouble show,
 And pour out my complaint?
 My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from Him I stray.

2 Jesus, the hindrance show,
 Which I have feared to see;
 Yea, let me now consent to know
 What keeps me back from Thee.

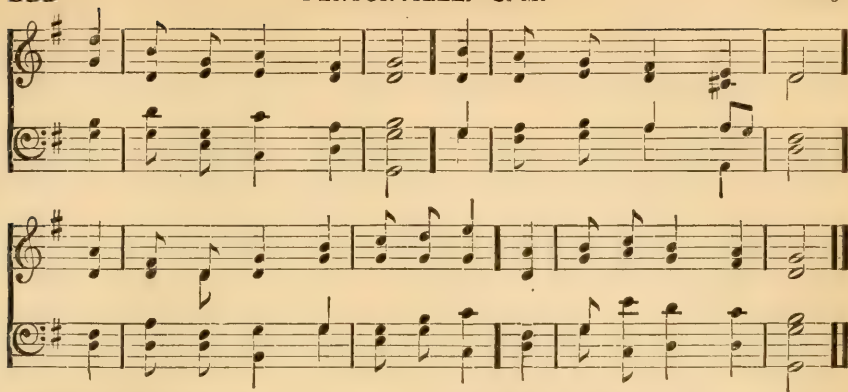
Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display:
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.

3 I now believe; in Thee
 Compassion reigns alone:
 According to my faith, to me
 Oh let it, Lord, be done.
 In me is all the bar,
 Which Thou wouldst fain remove;
 Remove it, and I shall declare
 That Thou, O God, art love.

359

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

T. Lindley.



1 OUT of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;
Before Thy throne of Grace I fall,
Be merciful to me.

2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within:

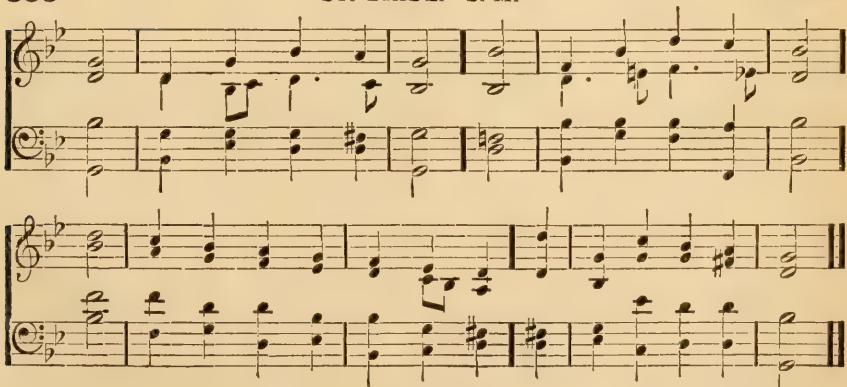
3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now
As ever was with Thee;
Before Thy throne of Grace I bow;
Be merciful to me.

360

ST. BRIDE. S. M.

Dr. Howard.



1 AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If He contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath His rod.

2 If He our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with Thee contend?

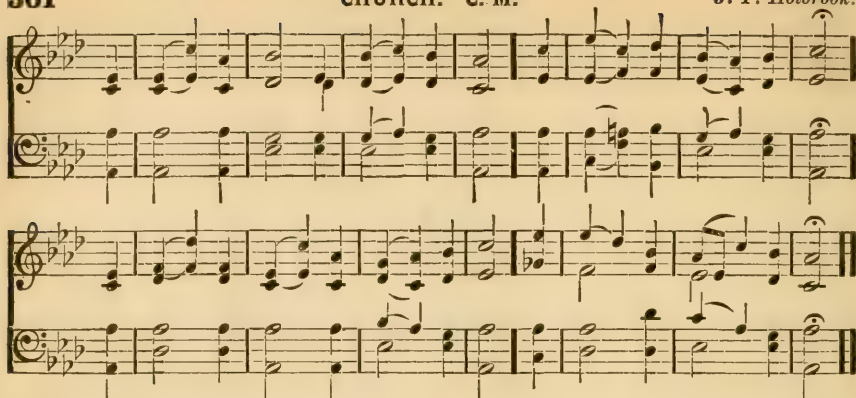
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in Thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God!
None, none can meet Him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

361

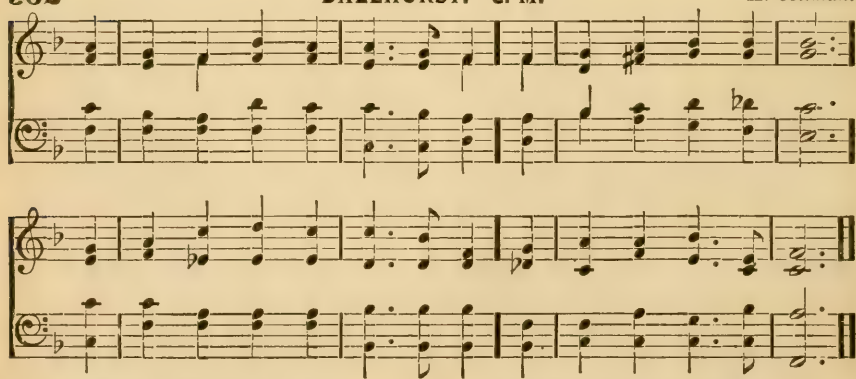
CHURCH. C. M.

J. P. Holbrook.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O THOU, Whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye;—</p> <p>2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wand'rer mourn:
 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
 Hast Thou not said,—Return?</p> <p>3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from Thy feet?
 O let not this dear Refuge fail,—
 This only safe Retreat.</p> | <p>4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
 Without one cheering ray,—
 Through dangers, fears and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way!</p> <p>5 O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine;
 And let Thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joy divine.</p> <p>6 Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy;
 Be thus my solace, here below,
 And my eternal joy.</p> |
|--|---|

362

DALEHURST. C. M.

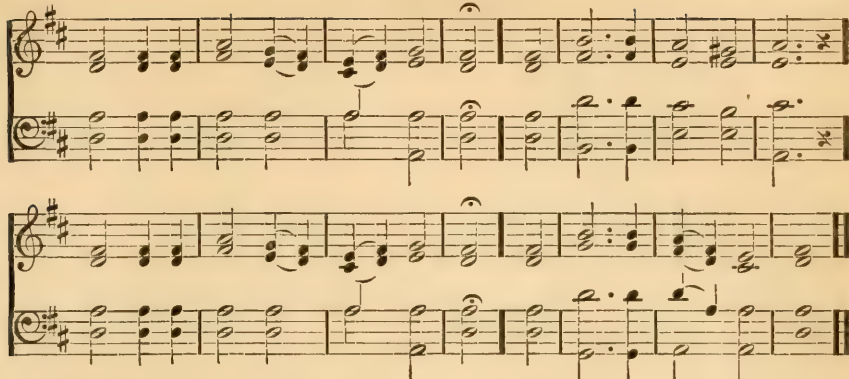
A. Cottman.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O JESUS, Saviour of the lost,
 My Rock and Hiding-place,
 By storms of sin and sorrow tossed,
 I seek Thy sheltering grace.</p> <p>2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord! I cry,
 Pursued by foes, I come;
 A sinner, save me or I die;
 An outcast, take me home.</p> | <p>3 Once safe in Thine Almighty arms,
 Let storms come on again;
 There danger never, never harms;
 There death itself is gain.</p> <p>4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
 And all Thy glory see,
 Still be my righteousness alone
 To hide myself in Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

363

NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,

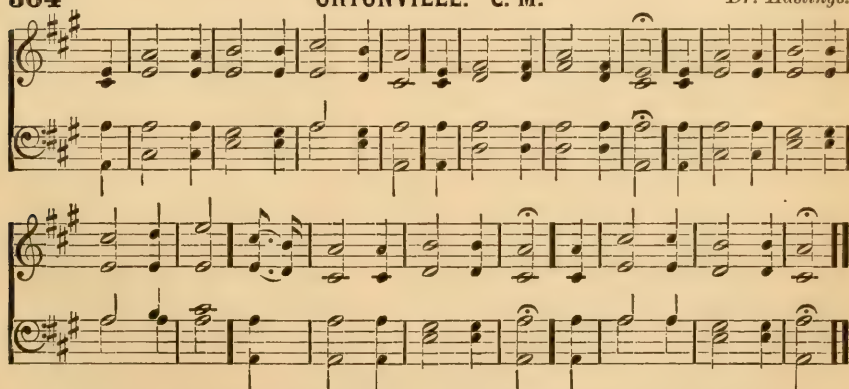
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

- 4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place!
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face.
And tell Him, Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

364

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

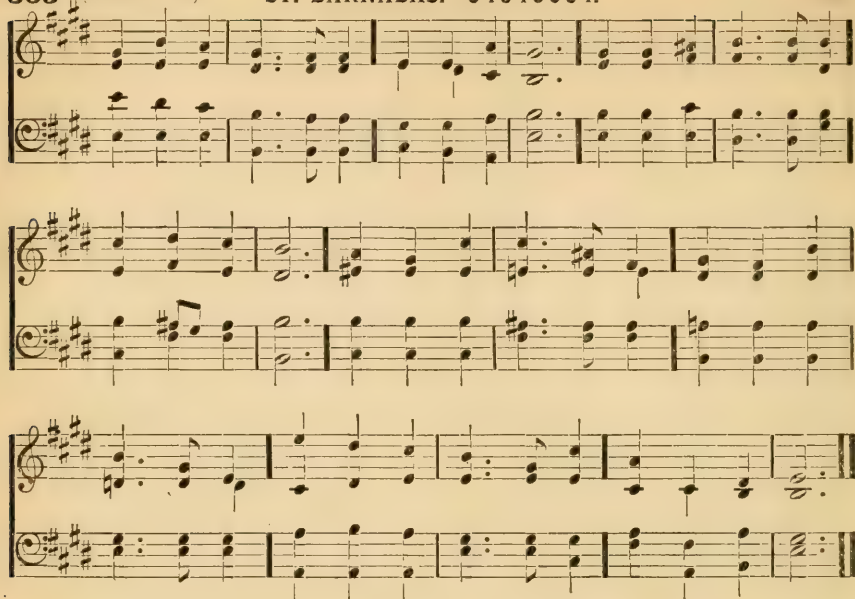
Dr. Hastings.



- 1 THOU art the Way, to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth, Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

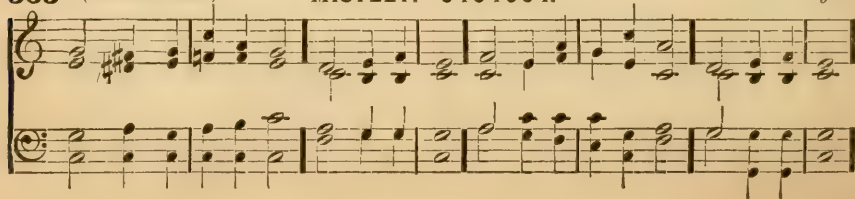
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

365 (*First Tune.*)**ST. BARNABAS. 64646664.***W. R. Braine.*

- 1 No; not despairingly
Come I to Thee:
No; not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.
- 2 Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson hath been,
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin:
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.
- 3 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.

Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord, make me clean.

- 4 Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call;
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.
- 5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within:
Thus shall I walk with Thee—
The Loved Unseen,
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

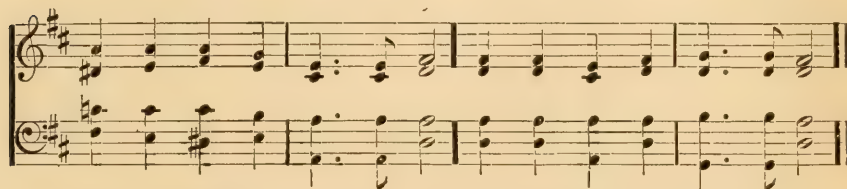
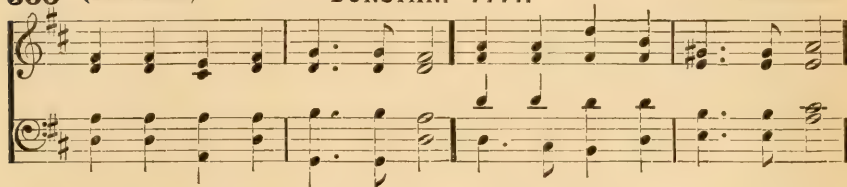
365 (*Second Tune.*)**MISTLEY. 64646664.***L. G. Hayne.*



366 (*First Tune.*)

DUNSTAN. 7777.

R. Redhead.



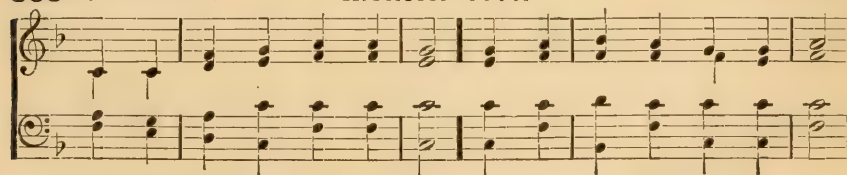
- 1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear.
- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn:
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear.
- 3 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;

- Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear.
- 4 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear.
- 5 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, loving Saviour, hear.

366 (*Second Tune.*)

INTROIT. 7777.

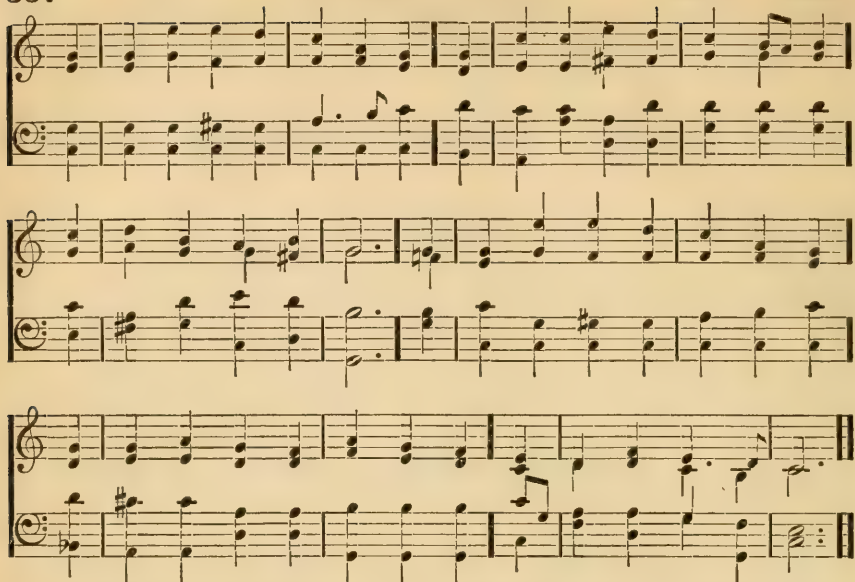
H. J. Gauntlett.



367

WELFIELD. 886886.

Rev. H. A. Crosbie.



1 O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
I plead with Thee, my suit to gain,—
I plead what Thou hast done:
Didst Thou not die the death for me?
Jesus, remember Calvary,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Receive the purchase of Thy blood,
My Friend and Advocate with God,—
My Ransom and my Peace:

My Surety! Thou my debt hast paid,
For all my sins atonement made,—
The Lord my Righteousness.

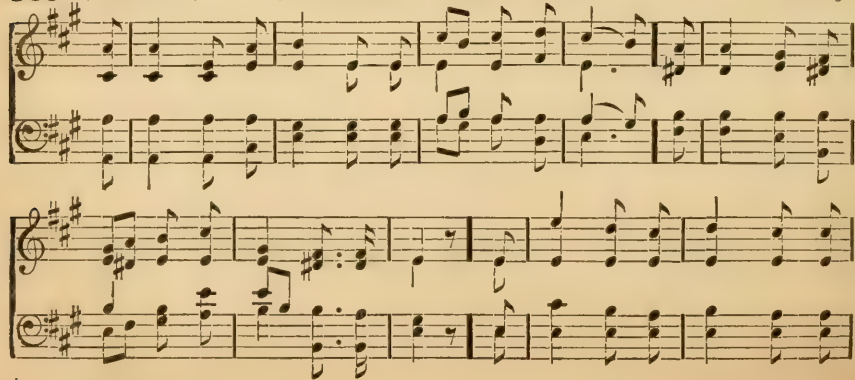
3 O let Thy Spirit shed abroad
The love of my redeeming God,
In this cold heart of mine:
O might He now descend, and rest
Forever in this troubled breast,
And keep me ever Thine.

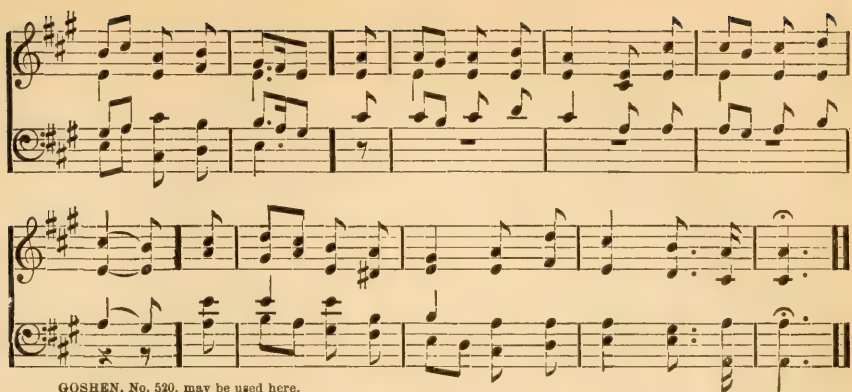
FAITH.

368 (First Tune.)

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11111111.

J. Reading.





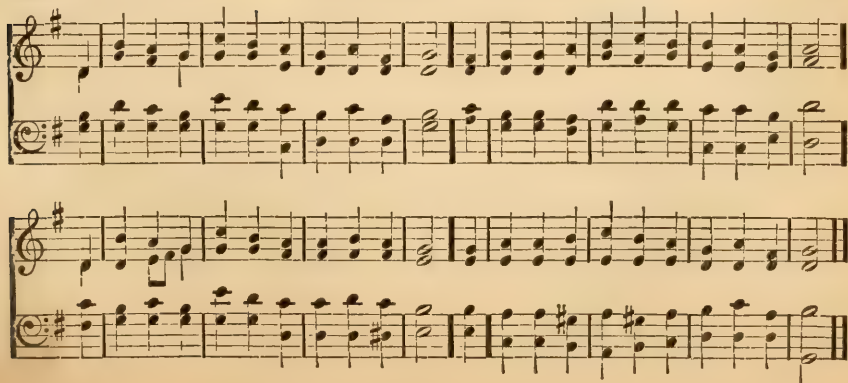
GOSHEN, No. 520, may be used here.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

368 (Second Tune.)

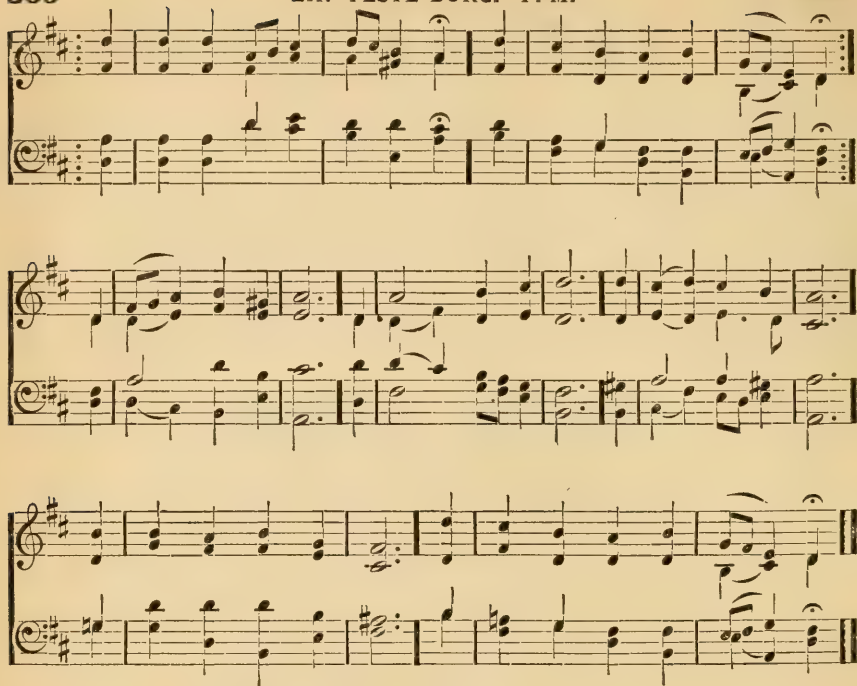
GALLAGHER. 11111111.

Anon.



369

EIN' FESTE BURG. P. M.

M. Luther.

1 A MOUNTAIN fastness is our God,
On which our souls are planted:
And though the fierce foe range abroad,
Our hearts are nothing daunted.

What though He beset,
With weapon and net,
Arrayed in death-strife?
In God are help and life:
He is our sword and armor.

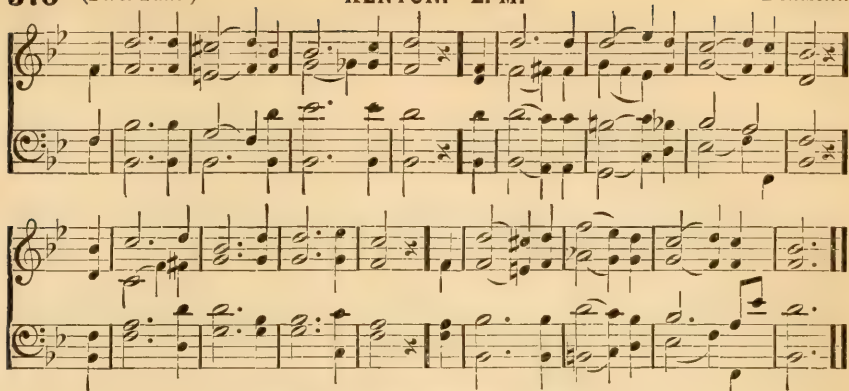
By our own might we naught can do;
To trust it were sure losing;
For us must fight the Right and True,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask for His name?
Christ Jesus we claim;
The Lord God of hosts;
The only God: vain boasts
Of others fall before Him.

3 What though the troops of Satan filled
The world with hostile forces?
E'en then our fears should all be stilled:
In God are our resources.
The world and its King

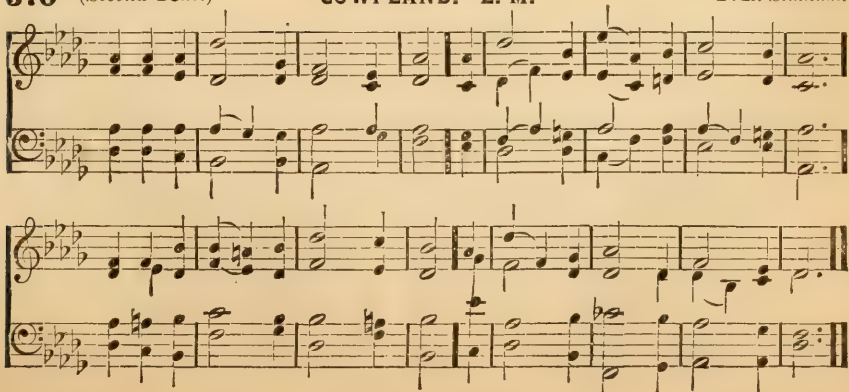
No terrors can bring:
Their threats are no worth:
Their doom is now gone forth:
A single word can quell them.

4 God's word through all shall have free
sway,
And ask no man's permission:
The Spirit and His gifts convey
Strength to defy perdition.
The body to kill,
Wife, children, at will,
The wicked have power;
Yet lasts it but an hour!
The kingdom's ours for ever!

5 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
For ever be outpouring
One chorus from the heavenly host
And saints on earth adoring!
That chorus resound
To earth's utmost bound,
And spread from shore to shore,
Like stormy ocean's roar,
Through endless ages rolling.

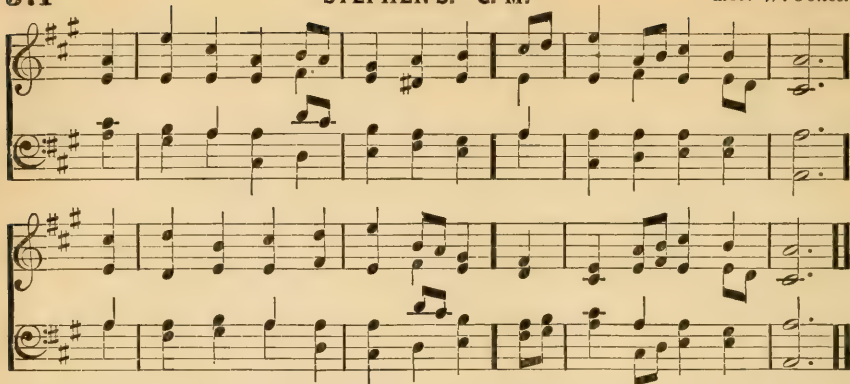
370 (*First Tune.*)**KENYON. L. M.***Donizetti.*

- 1 FROM my own works at last I cease,
For God alone can give me peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Of my own strength I must despair.
- 2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till Thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of woe.
- 3 'Tis Thine alone to change the heart,
Thou only canst good gifts impart;
I therefore will my heart resign
To Thee; oh, cleanse and seal it Thine.
- 4 With humble faith on Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my all;
I wait, O Lord, to hear Thee say,
"My blood hath washed thy sins away."
- 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
And give Thyself unto my heart.

370 (*Second Tune.*)**COWPLAND. L. M.***F. R. Statham.*

371

STEPHEN'S. C. M.

Rev. W. Jones.

1 INCREASE our faith beloved Lord,
For Thou alone canst give
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,
The faith by which we live.

2 Increase our faith ! So weak are we
That we both may and must
Commit our very faith to Thee,
Entrust to Thee our trust.

3 Increase our faith ! On this broad shield
All fiery darts be caught ;
We must be victors in the field,
When Thou for us hast fought.

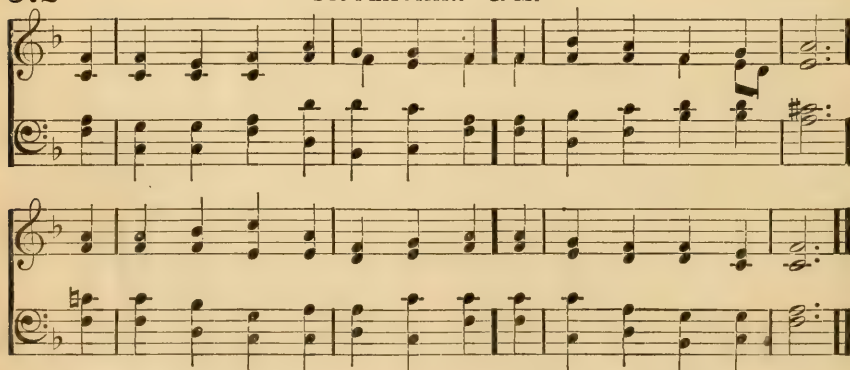
4 Increase our faith, for Thou hast prayed
That it should never fail ;
Our steadfast anchorage is made,
With Thee, within the veil.

5 Increase our faith, that unto Thee
More fruit may still abound ;
That it may grow exceedingly,
And to Thy praise be found.

6 Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By Thy sweet sovereign grace,
Till, changing faith for vision clear,
We see Thee face to face.

372

ST. FLAVIAN. C. M.

R. Redhead.

1 THOU Friend of sinners, hear my cry,
And grant me my request,
May I in Thy atonement find
My everlasting rest.

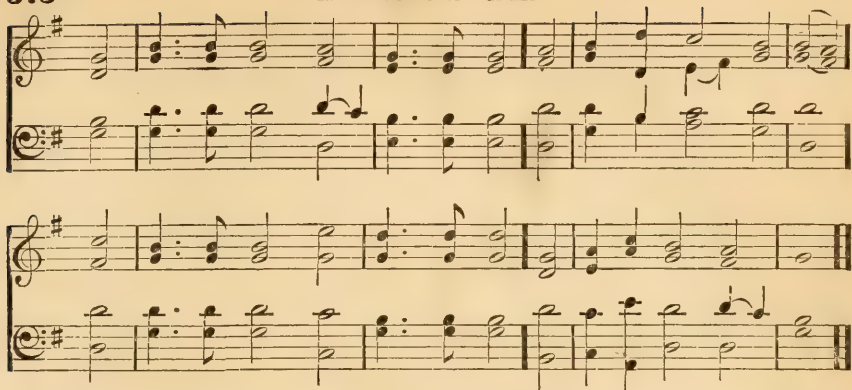
2 May I no more resist Thy love,
No more Thy Spirit grieve,
But as a little child become,
And simply Thee believe.

3 Faith is Thy gift, Thou smitten Lamb,
Gained by Thy death for me,
Therefore the privilege I claim,
A child of God to be.

4 Impress this truth upon my breast,
That Thou for me hast died,
That I in Thee with confidence
Forever may abide.

373

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. Arne.

1 HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail,
Thou Author of our faith,
The Finisher of all our hopes,
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

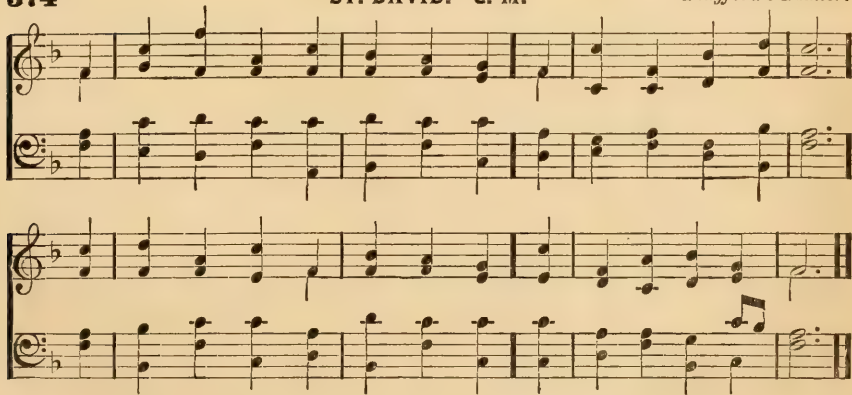
2 Hail, First and Last, Thou great I AM,
In whom we live and move;
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.

3 O, let that faith which Thou has taught
Be treasured in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

4 Then shall we go from strength to
From grace to greater grace; [strength:
From each degree of faith to more,
Till we behold Thy face.

374

ST. DAVID. C. M.

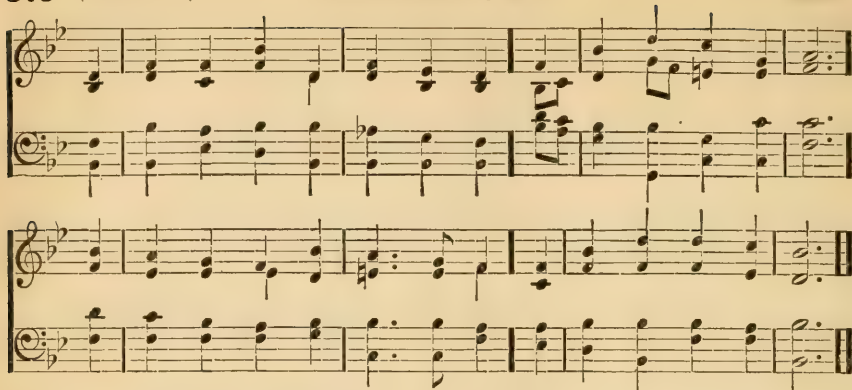
Playford's Psalter.

1 O LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe?

2 He Who His only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall He not all things freely grant
That boundless love can give?

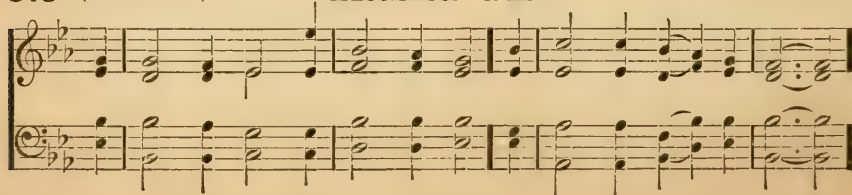
3 Who now His people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified;
Who now His people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And He Who died hath risen again
Triumphant from the grave;
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

375 (*First Tune.*)**CATERHAM. C. M.***A. Cottman.*

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe;
- 2 That will not murmur or complain,
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;

- That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Illumes a dying bed.
- 5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

375 (*Second Tune.*)**JUDEA. C. M.***W. Arnold.***375** (*Third Tune.*)**MESSAROS. C. M.***J. W. Pommer.*

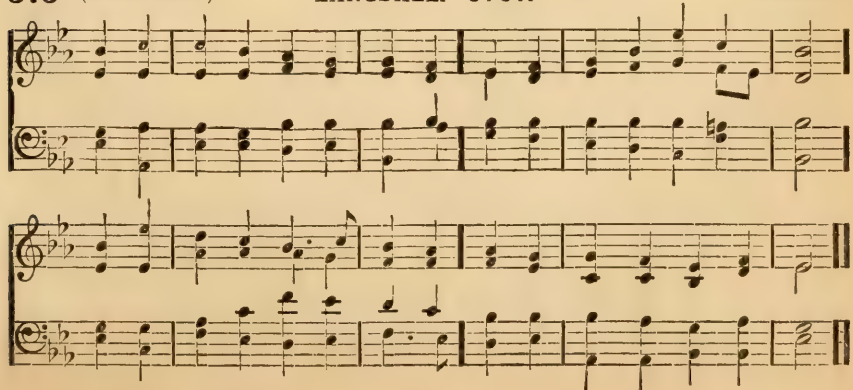
**376** (*First Tune.*)**STOCKWELL. 8787.***D. E. Jones.*

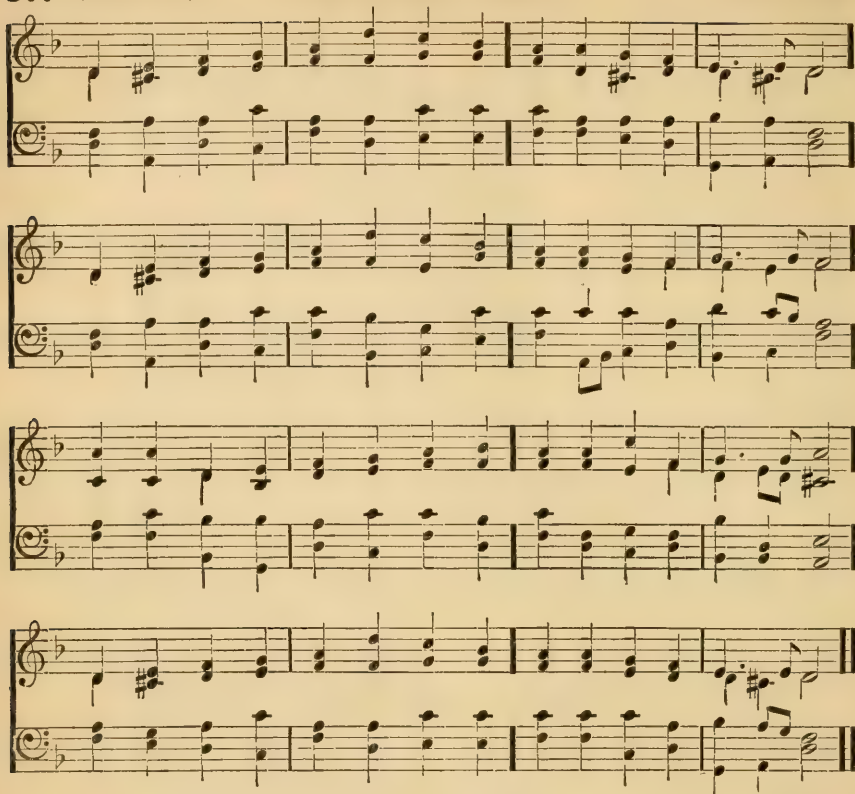
1 ERE we know our lost condition,
 Ere we feel our inbred woe;
 And exclaim with deep contrition,
 "To be saved what must I do?"

2 Naught can yield true consolation,
 Vain is all our righteousness:
 Faith alone in Christ's oblation
 Gives the conscience rest and peace.

3 Living faith, with clearest vision,
 Sees the Lamb upon the throne,
 And in Him a full provision,
 Righteousness and peace, our own:

4 Then our days are marked with blessing,
 Then our hearts with rapture glow;
 Streams of comfort, rich, unceasing,
 From the wounds of Jesus flow.

376 (*Second Tune.*)**LANGDALE. 8787.***R. Redhead.*

377 (*First Tune.*)**SUPPLICATION. 8787D.***W. H. Monk.*

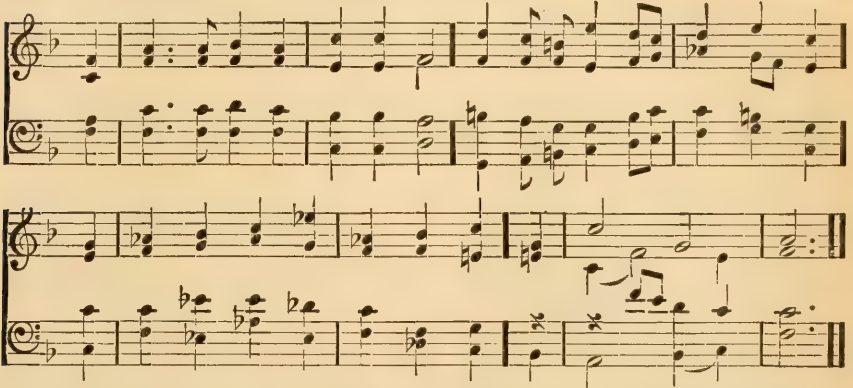
1 WHEN a sinner in affliction,
Mourneth on account of sin,
Feels the Spirit's deep conviction,
But no power of faith within;

2 While the troubled soul is sighing,
"Where shall I find Jesus, where?"
And with tears of anguish crying,
"Oh, that He my Saviour were!"

3 In a moment stands before us
Jesus, with His piercèd side:
Now we find, that He's desirous
Us from wrath to screen and hide.

4 Thus the soul at once obtaineth
Pardon from the sinner's Friend;
To true happiness attaineth,
And to life that hath no end.

377 (*Second Tune.*)**BARRITI. 8787.***H. G. Trembath.*

**378** (*First Tune.*)**BISSETT. 8884.***P. Armes.*

1 JESUS, my Saviour! look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed,
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

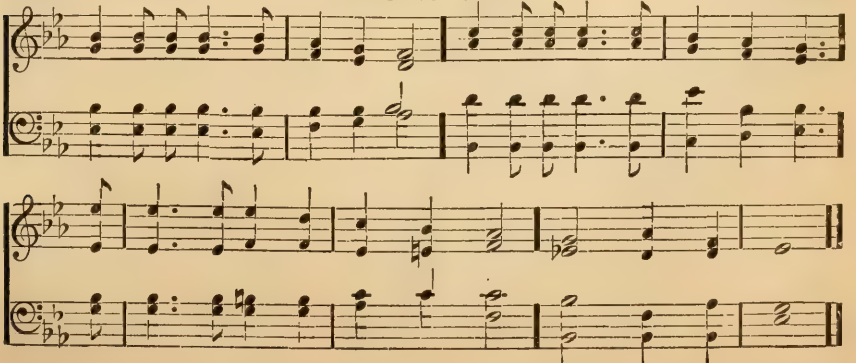
2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid Omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

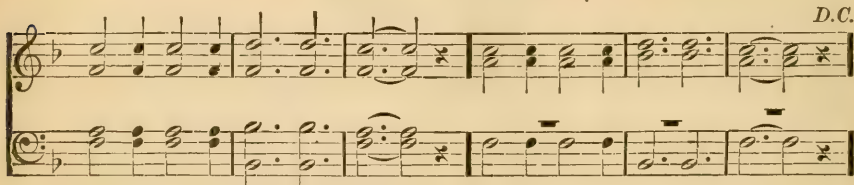
3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

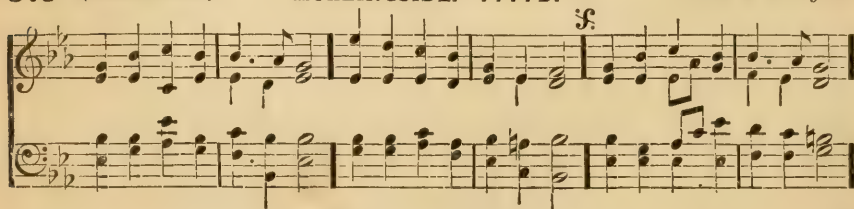
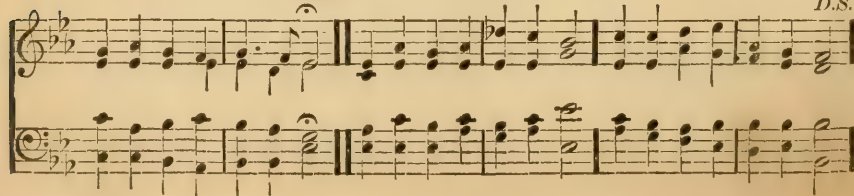
378 (*Second Tune.*)**HANFORD. 8884.***A. Sullivan.*

379 (*First Tune.*)**MARTYN. 7777D.***Marsh.
Fine.**D.C.*

BLUMENTHAL, No. 32, or REFUGE, No. 39, may be used here.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

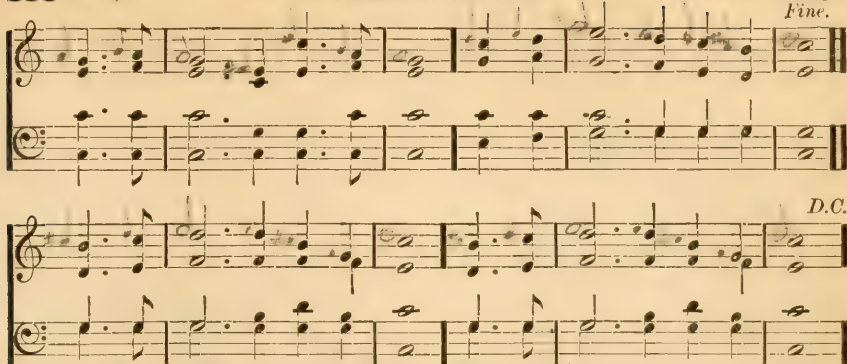
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee:
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

379 (*Second Tune.*)**HOLLINGSIDE. 7777D.***Rev. J. B. Dykes.**Fine.**D.S.*

380

TOPLADY. 777777.

Dr. Hastings.
Fine.



1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

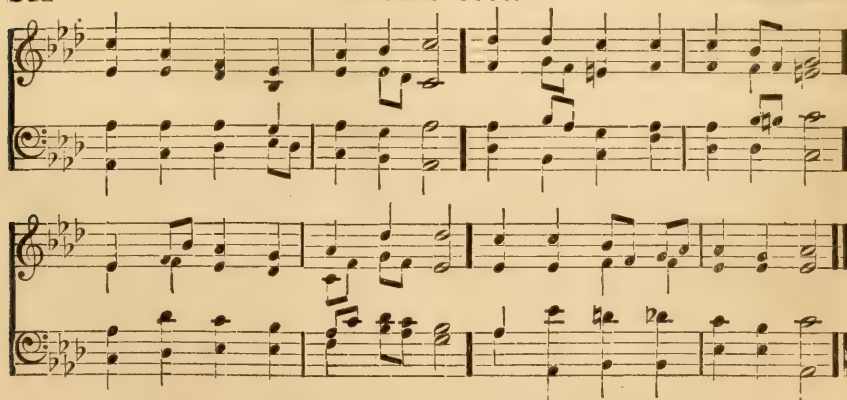
3 Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

381

ELIJAH. 7777.

Mendelssohn.

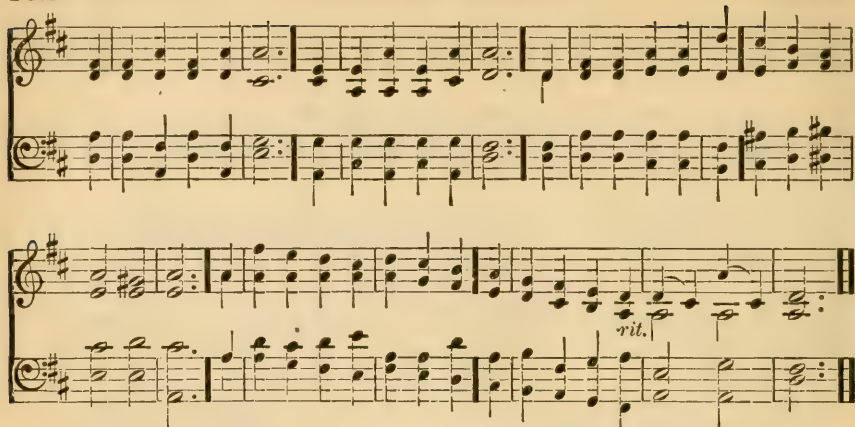


1 LAMB of God, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee desire to live,
Cry by day and night to Thee:
"As Thou art, so let us be."

2 Fix, oh, fix our wavering mind,
To Thy cross us firmly bind;

Gladly now we would be clean:
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, Thou Son of God:
Take the purchase of Thy blood.

382 (*First Tune.*)**SAFE HOME. 666688.***A. Sullivan.*

1 THY works, not mine, O Christ!
 Speak gladness to this heart;
 They tell me all is done;
 They bid my fear depart:
 To whom, save Thee | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord! shall I flee?

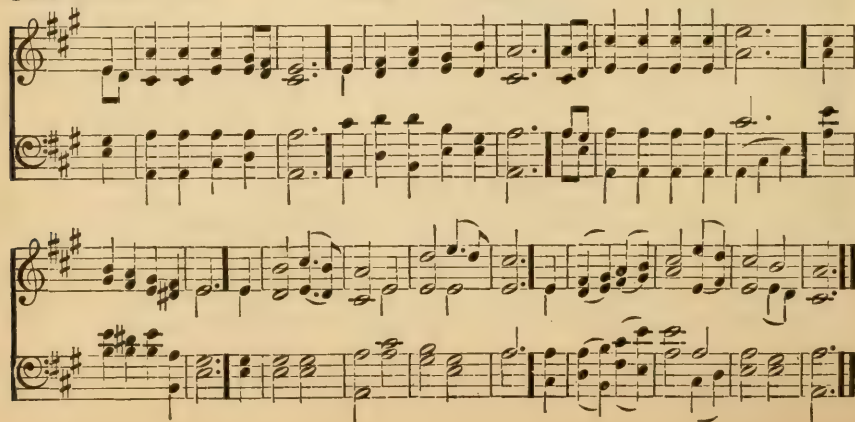
2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
 Have wept my guilt away,
 And turned this night of mine
 Into a blessed day:
 To whom, save Thee | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord! shall I flee?

3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
 Has borne the awful load
 Of sins that none could bear

But the incarnate God:
 To whom, save Thee | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord! shall I flee?

4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
 Has paid the ransom due;
 Ten thousand deaths like mine
 Would have been all too few:
 To whom, save Thee | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord! shall I flee?

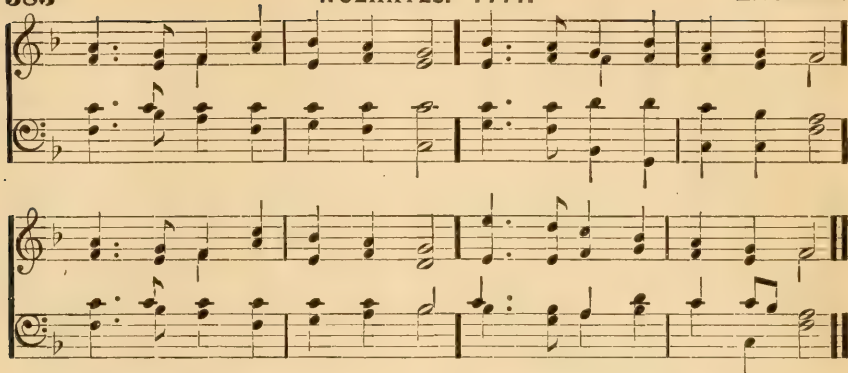
5 Thy righteousness alone
 Can clothe and beautify;
 I wrap it 'round my soul;
 In this I'll live and die:
 To whom, save Thee | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord! shall I flee?

382 (*Second Tune.*)**ZELLA. 666688.***English.*

PRAYER.

383

WOLHAYES. 7777.

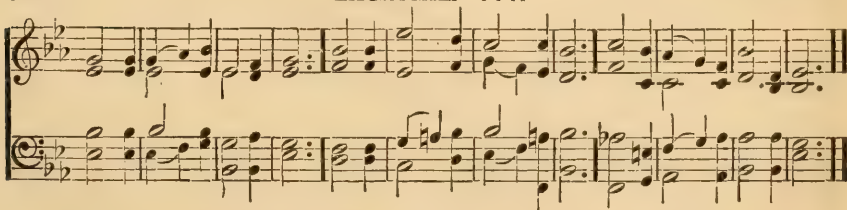
E. Harland.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

384

LACRYMÆ. 777.

A. Sullivan.

- 1 PRESENT with the two or three,
Deign, most gracious God, to be,
While we lift our souls to Thee.
- 2 Jesus, by Thy blood alone,
Who didst for our sins atone,
Dare we come before Thy throne.
- 3 Thou who knowest all our need,
Grant the prayer of faith to plead,
Teach us how to intercede.

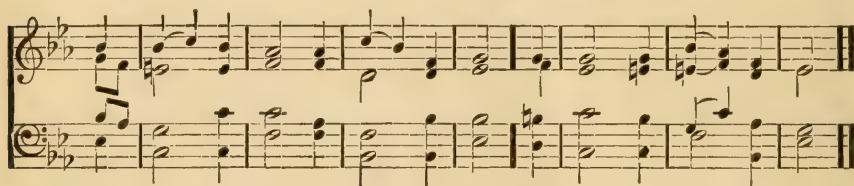
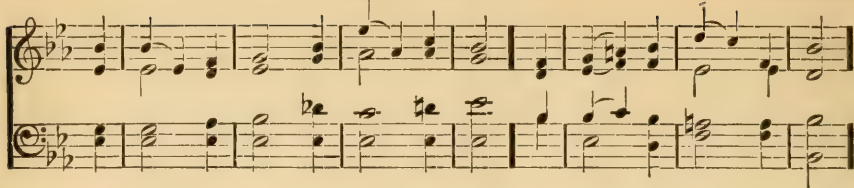
- 4 Thou hast led us in the way,
And hast taught us how to say
"Abba, Father!" when we pray.
- 5 Holy Spirit, from on high,
Helping our infirmity,
Aid us in our feeble cry.
- 6 Flesh and heart would faint and fail,
But there stands within the veil
One who ever doth prevail.

7 Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
While the endless ages run.

385

KENSINGTON. C. M.

W. R. Braine.



1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live.

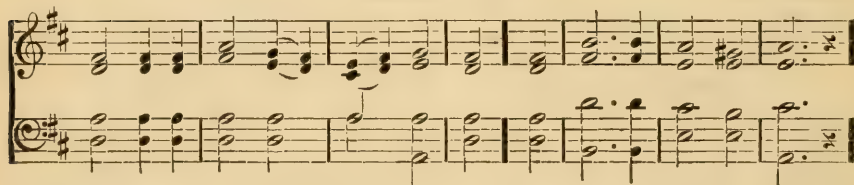
3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

4 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son.
Shall pray, and pray aright.

386

NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

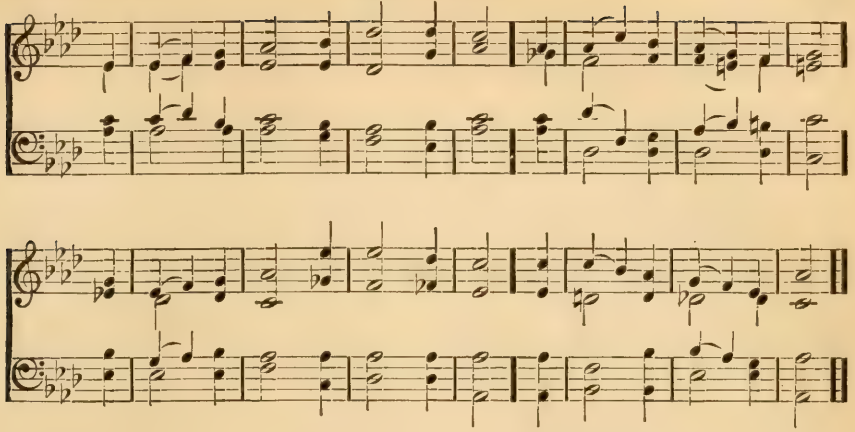
2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
The watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

6 O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

387 (*First Tune.*)**JAZER. C. M.***A. E. Tozer.*

1 SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day:
 To all Thy tempted followers give
 The power to trust and pray.

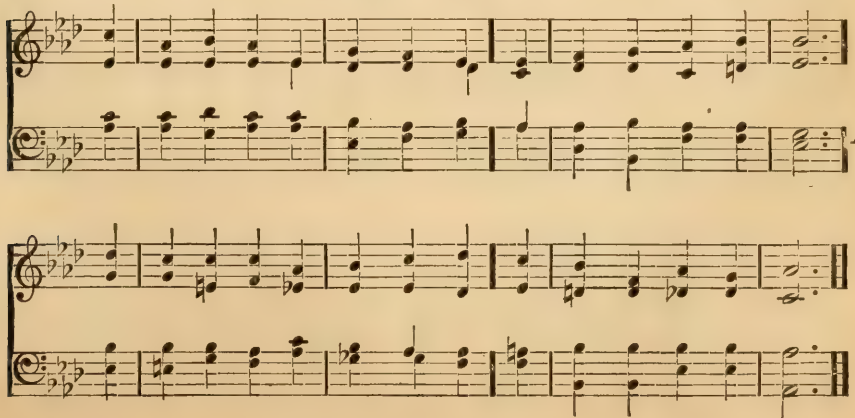
2 Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O let our souls on Thee be cast
 In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The Spirit's interceding grace
 Give us in faith to claim;
 To wrestle till we see Thy face,
 And know Thy hidden name.

4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
 Till Thou Thyself bestow,
 Be this the cry of every heart—
 "I will not let Thee go:

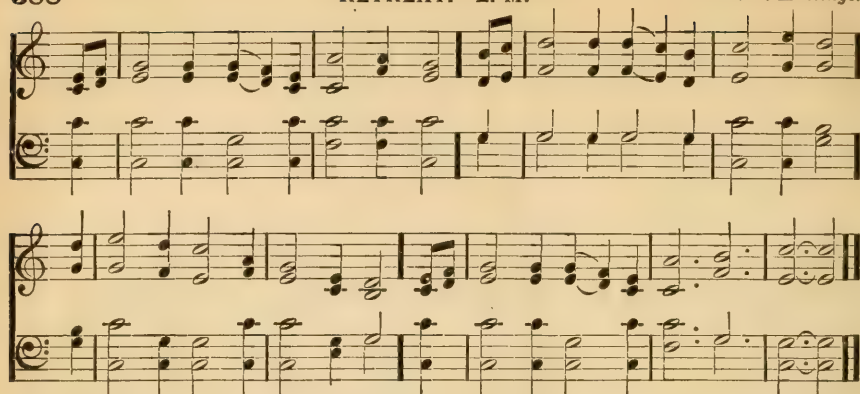
5 "I will not let Thee go, unless
 Thou tell Thy name to me;
 With all Thy great salvation bless,
 And say,— I died for thee.

6 "Then let me on the mountain top
 Behold Thy open face;
 Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
 And prayer in endless praise."

387 (*Second Tune.*)**MARGUERITE. C. M.***Rev. E. C. Walker.*

388

RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. Hastings.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

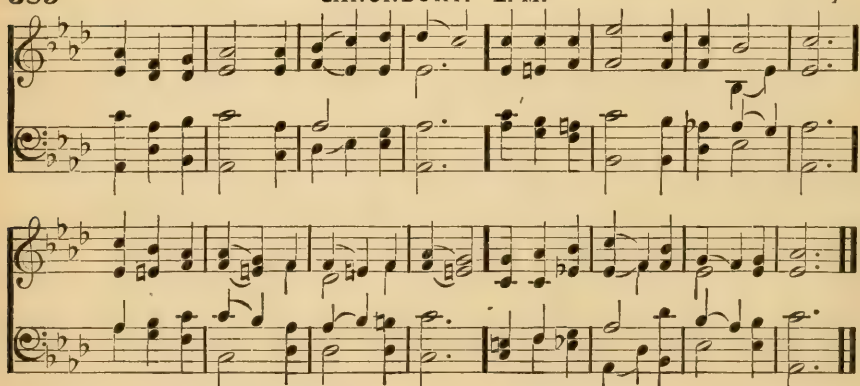
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. [greet,

389

CANONBURY. L. M.

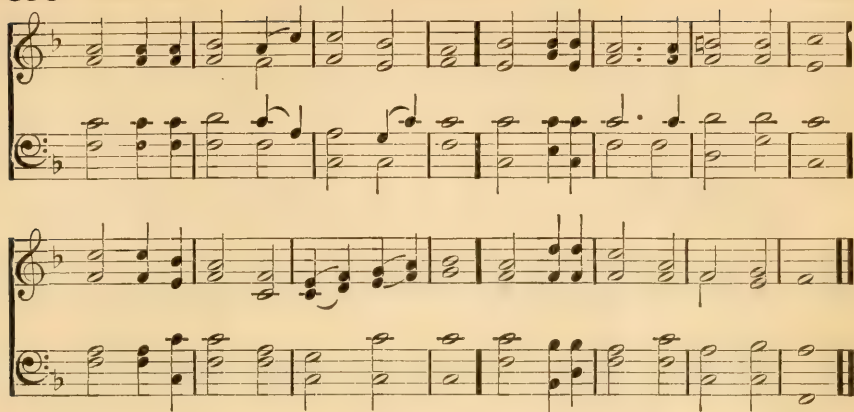
G. A. Pope.

1 JESUS! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy Mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

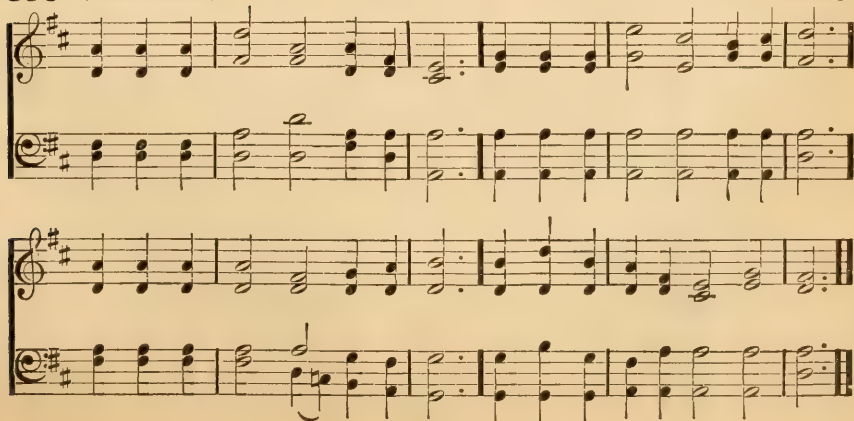
2 For, Thou within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

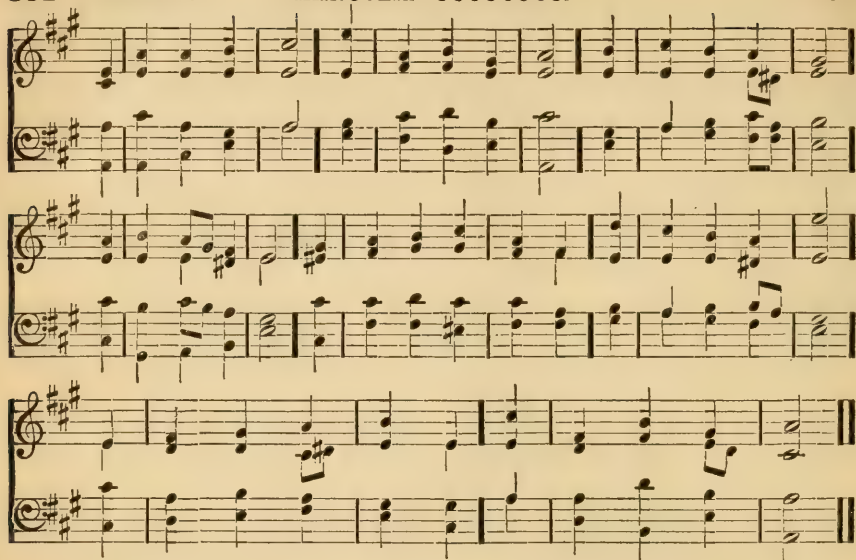
4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes.

390 (*First Tune.*)**FEDERAL STREET. L. M.***H. K. Oliver.*

- 1 PRAYER makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 2 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 3 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 4 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

390 (*Second Tune.*)**REST. L. M.***W. B. Bradbury.*

PRAISE.

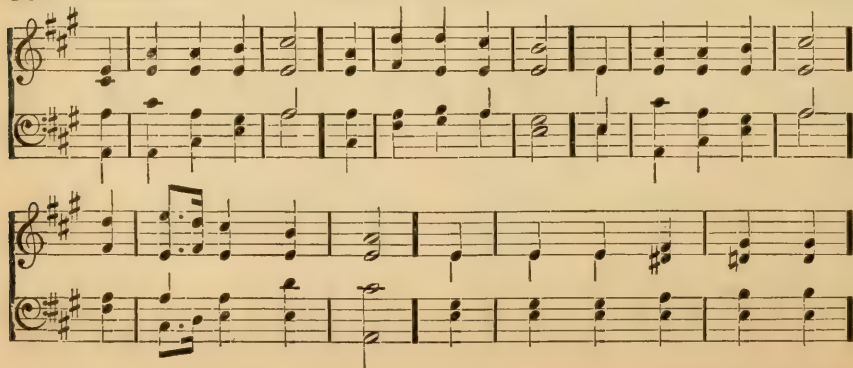
391 (*First Tune.*)**HANOVER. 55556565.***Dr. Croft.*

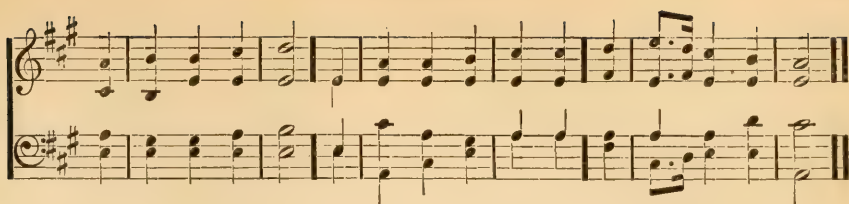
1 O PRAISE ye the Lord,
 Prepare your glad voice
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing:
 In their great Creator
 Let Israel rejoice;
 And children of Zion
 Be glad in their King.

2 Let them His great name
 Extol in their songs,
 With hearts well attuned
 His praises express;

Who always takes pleasure
 To hear their glad tongues,
 And waits with salvation
 The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned,
 His people shall sing
 To God, Who their heads
 With safety doth shield;
 Such honor and triumph
 His favor shall bring;
 O therefore for ever
 All praise to Him yield!

391 (*Second Tune.*)**LYONS. 55556565.***Haydn.*



392

HOUGHTON. 55556565.

H. J. Gauntlett.

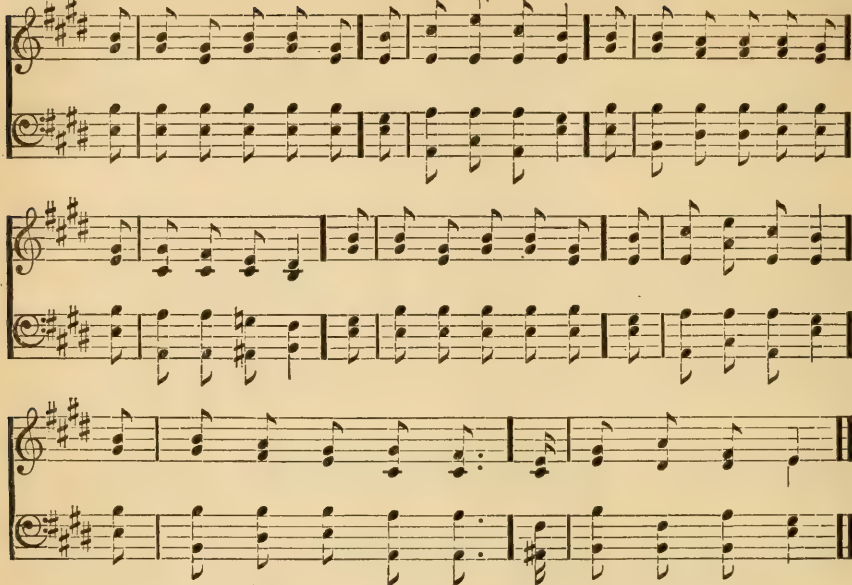
- 1 O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days
Pavilioned in splendor,
And girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;

- It streams from the hills,
It descends from the plain,
And sweetly distills
In the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer and Friend.
- 5 O Measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

393 (First Tune.)

BENEDICTUS. 6565 D.

Rev. A. G. Mortimer.



- 1 UNCHANGEABLE Jesus,
Thy praises we sing,
And own Thee our Prophet,
Our Priest and our King;
O give us while singing
Sweet tastes of Thy love,
To raise our affections
To treasures above.
- 2 Unchangeable Jesus,
Our waverings we own,
Acknowledge with sorrow
Our sins at Thy throne;
We surely should perish,
So changing are we,
But that Thy free favor
Is firm as 'tis free.
- 3 Unchangeable Jesus,
O teach us at length
In no way to lean
On our wisdom and strength;

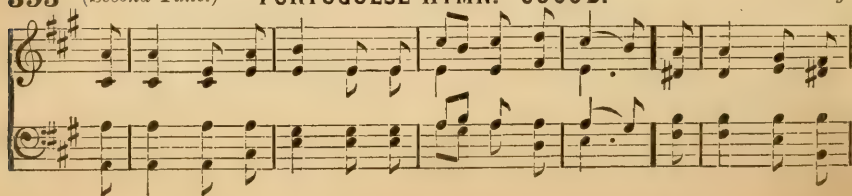
Since, changing, our graces
Now wax and now wane,
But, changeless, Thy favor
Is ever the same.

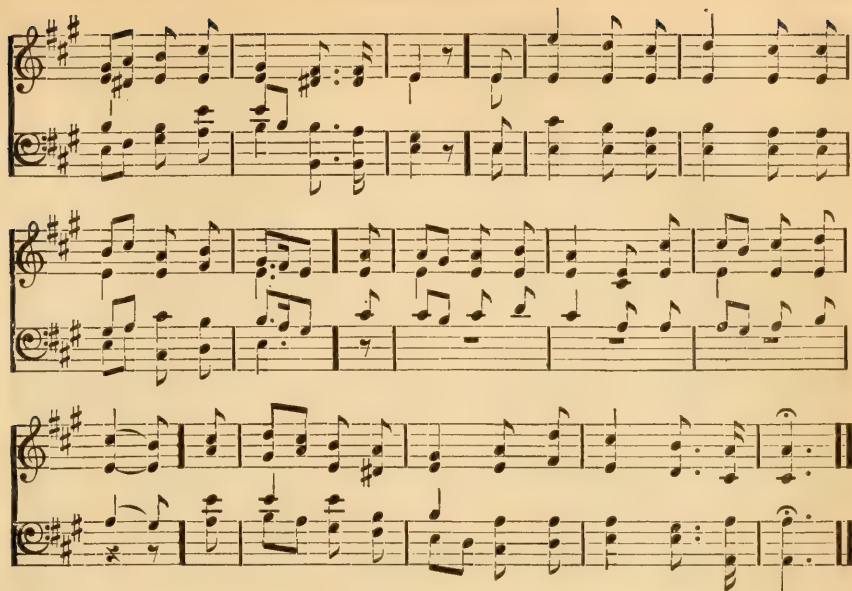
- 4 Unchangeable Jesus,
In Whom we confide,
Thy sunshine of goodness
Does ever abide;
O give us on Thee
And Thy promise to lean,
And trust Thou art shining
When clouds intervene.
- 5 Unchangeable Jesus,
The day will soon come
When all Thy dear loved ones
Shall see Thee at home;
O then may our voices
Add strength to the song,
That rolls through the ages,
Thy praises along.

393 (Second Tune.)

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 6565 D.

J. Reading.

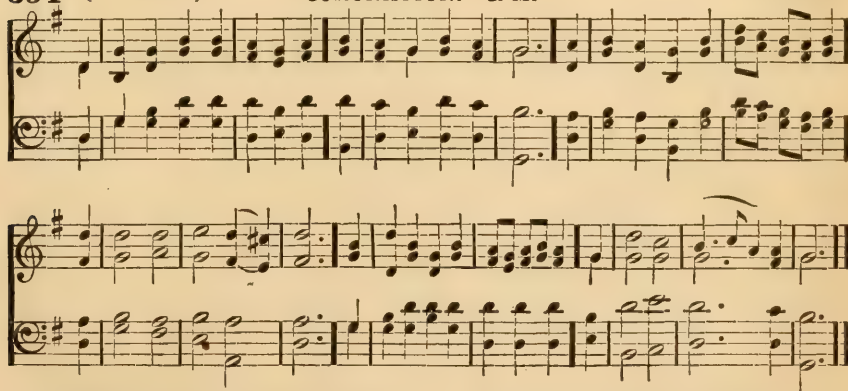




394 (First Tune.)

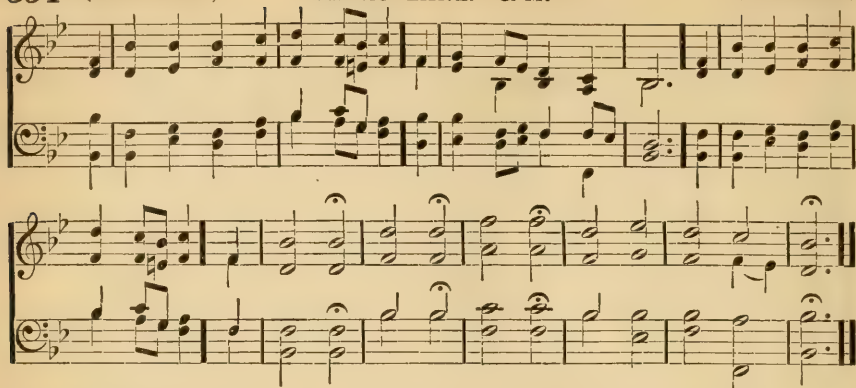
CORONATION. C. M.

O. Holden.



- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Hail him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man Divine!
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

394 (*Second Tune.*)**MILES' LANE. C. M.***W. Shrubsole.***1** ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,

Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Hail him, the Heir of David's line,

Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man Divine!
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,

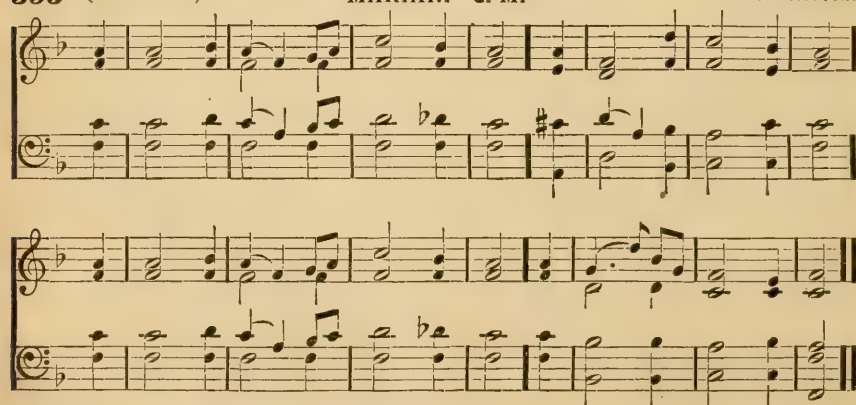
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget

The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,

On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

395 (*First Tune.*)**MARIAN. C. M.***J. P. Holbrook.***1** THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,

In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,

Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

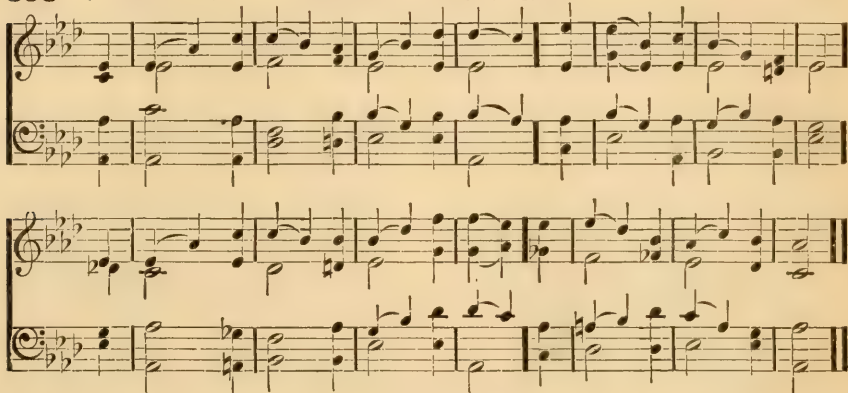
5 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

395 (Second Tune:-)

CHESTNUT RIDGE. C. M.

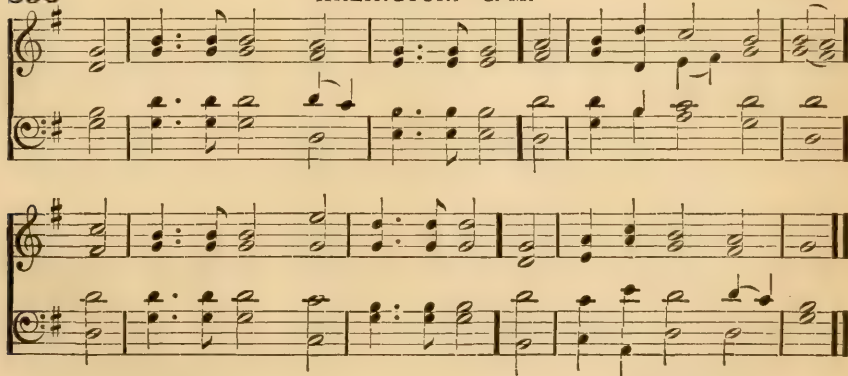
W. H. Walter.



396

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. Arne.



1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;

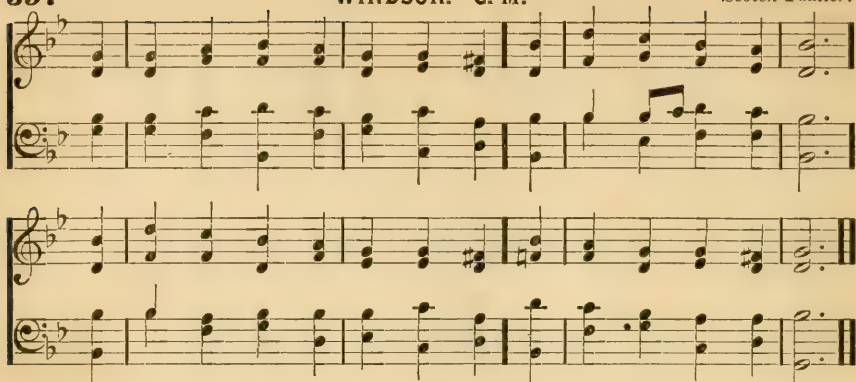
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

397

WINDSOR. C. M.

Scotch Psalter.

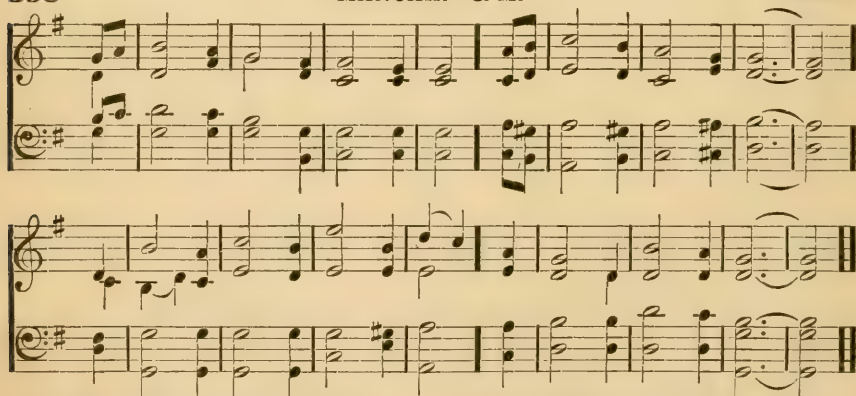
- 1 My God! my everlasting Friend!
I fain would sing Thy praise;
But, O! what notes of discord blend
In every song I raise.
- 2 Thy Name, through all the worlds above,
Spreads its prevailing might;
The everlasting Name of Love,
Of Justice, Truth and Right!
- 3 Like precious incense, it extends
And fills the Heavenly Place;

And thence, descending, sweetly blends
In every act of grace!

- 4 Its perfume breathes through all our
And sanctifies our prayers; [praise,
Hallows each good desire we raise,
And sweetens all our cares!
- 5 Lord Jesus! let Thy precious Name
To me in grace be given:
Thy Righteousness my only claim;
Thyself my only Heaven!

398

MANOAH. C. M.

Rossini.

- 1 O THOU Whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet;
I give Thee thanks for every drop,
The bitter and the sweet.
- 2 I praise Thee for the desert road,
And for the river side;
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied.
- 3 I thank Thee both for smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;

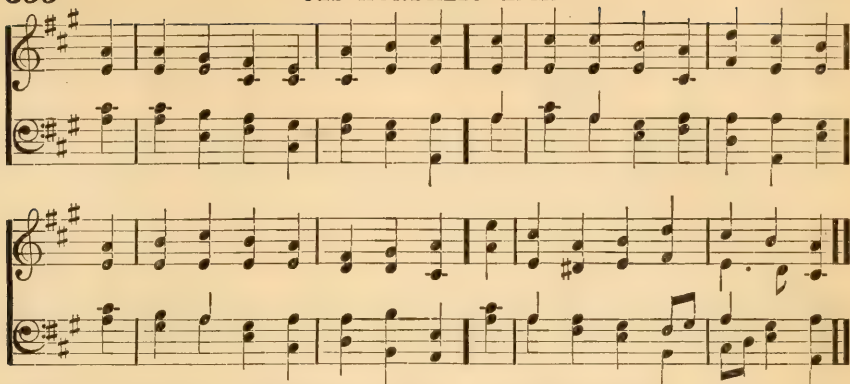
I praise Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

- 4 I thank Thee for the wing of Love
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds that drove
The flutterer to Thy breast.
- 5 I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy:
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

399

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

G. Franc.

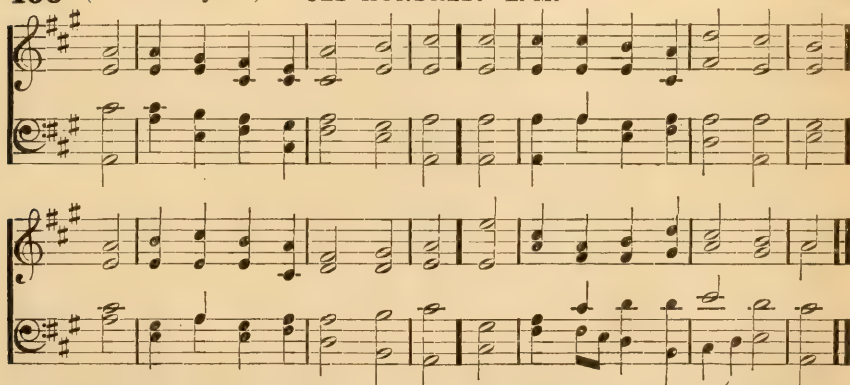


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.</p> <p>2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From Whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.</p> | <p>3 O enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.</p> <p>4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.</p> |
|---|---|

400 (*The earliest form.*)

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

G. Franc.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful Throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.</p> <p>2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.</p> <p>3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;</p> | <p>What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name!</p> <p>4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs;
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with herten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
praise.</p> <p>5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.</p> |
|--|---|

400

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. *Harmonized by J. B. Calkin.*

Choir Org.

Man.

The first system of music for 'Old Hundred' is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The top staff is for the Choir Organ, featuring a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is for the Male voice (Man.), featuring a simple harmonic accompaniment of chords.

The second system continues the musical notation from the first system, maintaining the same two-staff structure with Choir Organ and Male voice parts.

Voices in unison.

1. Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw - ful Throne, Ye na-tions! bow, with sa - cred joy;

Gt. Org. Full.

Ped.

The third system introduces a unison vocal part for the voices. The lyrics are: '1. Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw - ful Throne, Ye na-tions! bow, with sa - cred joy;'. The musical notation includes a single staff for the voices and two staves for the Great Organ (Full) and Pedal.

Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy,

The fourth system continues the unison vocal part with the lyrics: 'Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy,'. It includes the same organ and pedal accompaniment.

2. His sov'reign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay and formed us men;

Choir.

Man.

This system contains a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The vocal line is marked with a '2.' indicating a second ending or a specific part. The piano accompaniment includes a 'Choir.' part and a 'Man.' part.

And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold a - gain.

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords.

3. We are His peo-ple, we His care; Our souls and all our mor-tal frame;

Full Gt.

Ped.

This system introduces a new vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is marked 'Full Gt.' and 'Ped.', indicating a full organ or grand piano accompaniment with a pedal point.

What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear, Al - migh-ty Ma-ker! to Thy Name?

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the third system. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords.

4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs; High as the heaven our voices raise;

Full swell.

Man.

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5. Wide as the world is Thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty Thy love;

Full Grt.

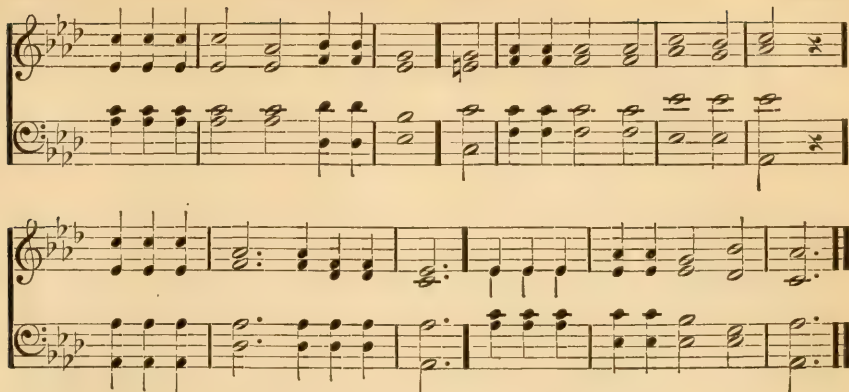
Ped.

Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand, When roll-ing years shall cease to move.

401 (*First Tune.*)

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

C. Zeuner.

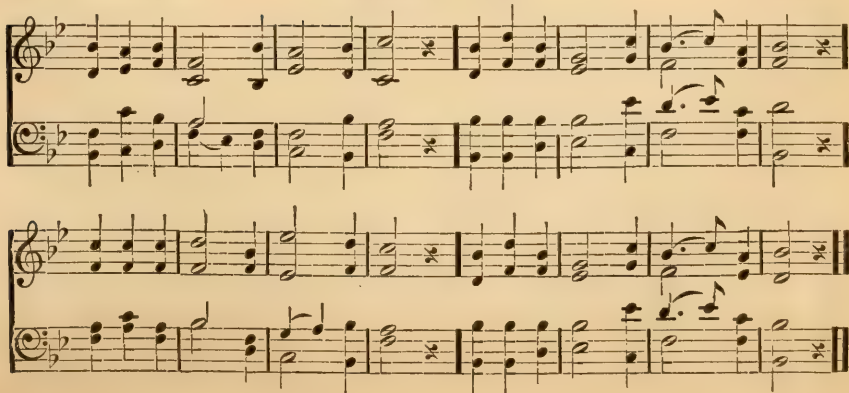


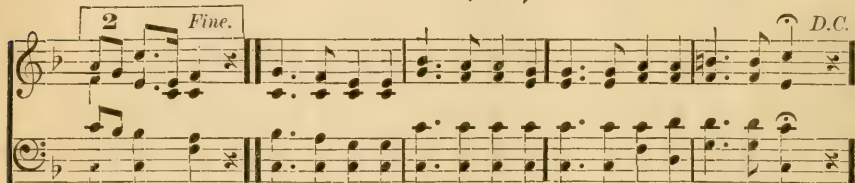
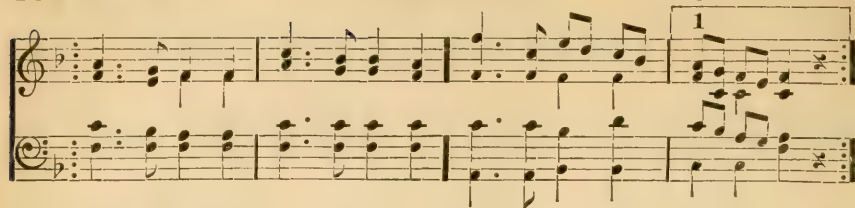
- 1 FOR Thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, Thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 Thou, Who to every humble prayer
Dost always bend Thy listening ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop Thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man who, near Thee placed,
Within Thy sacred dwelling lives!
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights Thy temple gives.

401 (*Second Tune.*)

MENDON. L. M.

German.

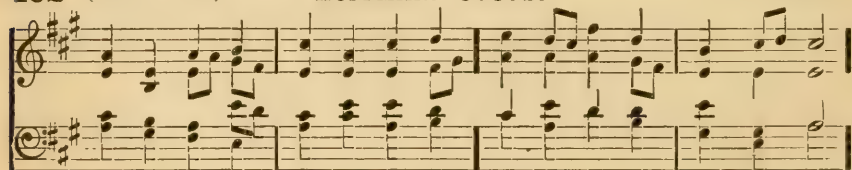


402 (*First Tune.*)**BAYLEY. 8787D.***Arr. by J. P. Holbrook.*

- 1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
 For the bliss Thy love bestows,
 For the pardoning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows:
 Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
 This dull soul to rapture raise:
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warmed to praise.
- 2 Praise my soul the God that sought thee,
 Wretched wanderer, far astray;
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
 From the paths of death away;

Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
 And, the light of hope revealing,
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

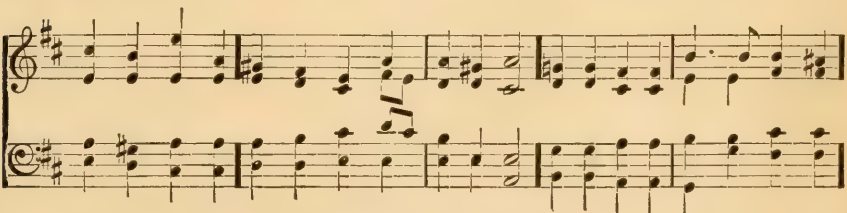
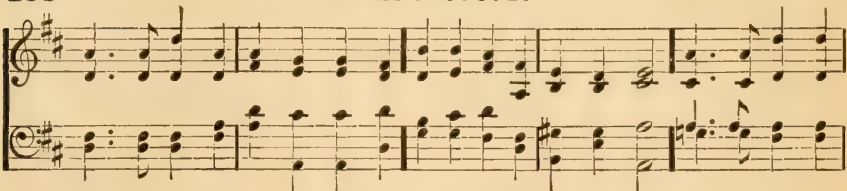
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express:
 Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
 Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
 Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
 Love's pure flame within me raise;
 And, since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth Thy praise.

402 (*Second Tune.*)**HOFFMAN. 8787D.***W. W. Gilchrist.*



403

LUX EOI. 8787D.

A. Sullivan.

1 CHILDREN of one common Father,
 Low before Thy face we bow;
 By the Holy Spirit gather
 Every heart to worship now!
 Thou, in tenderness, art seeking
 Worship from Thy children dear;
 May our lips, Thy love repeating,
 Yield the praise Thou lov'st to hear!

2 Abba, Father! we adore Thee,
 Sweet paternal love is Thine;
 We delight to sing Thy glory,
 And Thy excellence divine;
 Thou hast loved us; still art loving,
 And Thy love will never end;
 Every earthly thought removing,
 Now let souls in worship blend!

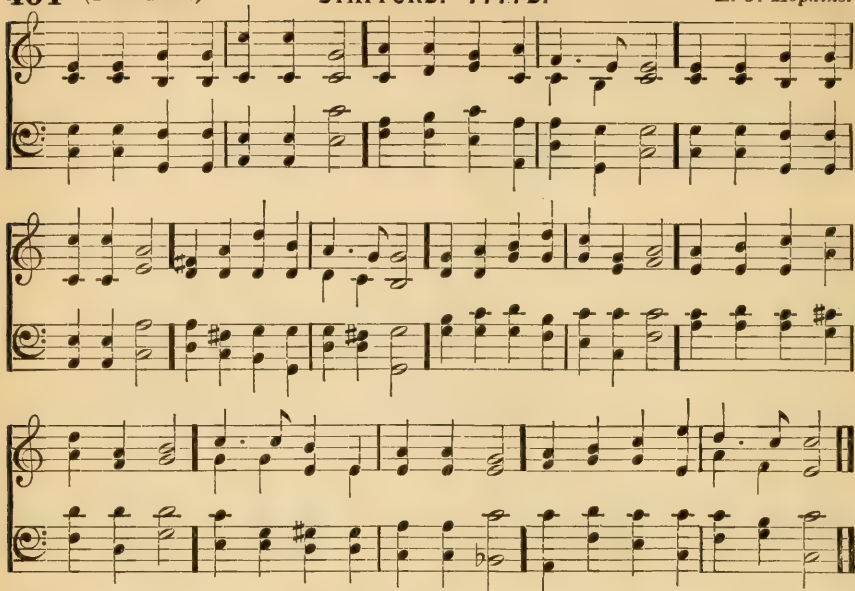
3 Alleluia! Lord Almighty!
 God of grace, and truth, and love!
 Praises, through Thy Son, delight Thee,
 Rising up to heaven above;
 Perfumed, by the holy incense
 Of His peerless, precious Name:
 While the Holy Spirit's presence
 Keeps alive the hallowed flame.

4 Alleluia! God and Father!
 Praise, adoring praise be Thine!
 Praises now, and praise for ever,
 Praise, exalted and divine!
 Alleluia! loud the chorus
 Shall resound o'er earth and sea!
 Over Death and Hell victorious,
 Glory, glory, be to Thee!

404 (First Tune.)

STAFFORD. 7777D.

E. J. Hopkins.



1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fullness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore,
 Alleluia! for the Lord
 God Omnipotent shall reign;
 Alleluia! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Alleluia! hark! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies:

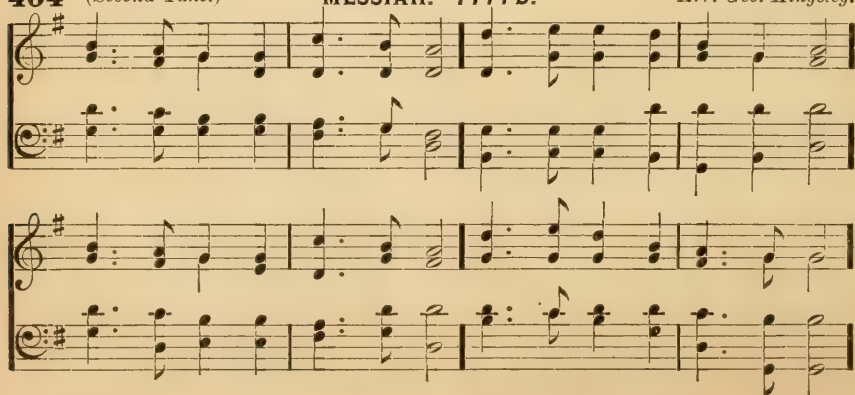
See Jehovah's banners furled;
 Sheathed His sword; He speaks,—'tis
 And the kingdoms of this world [done,
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

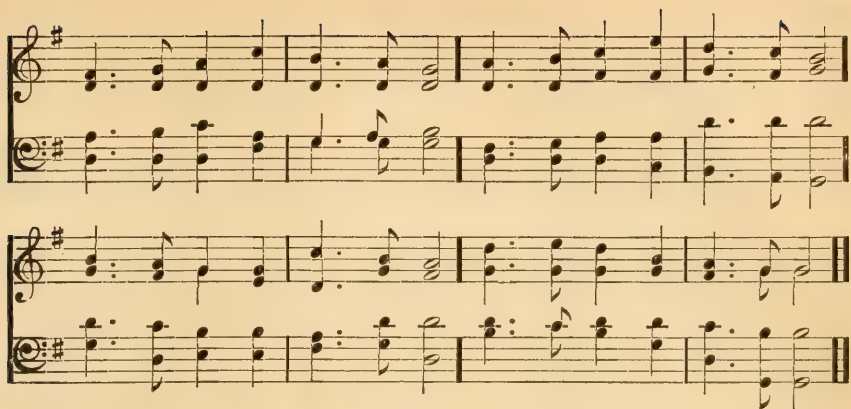
3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens are passed away:
 Then the end; beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Alleluia! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is All in all.

404 (Second Tune.)

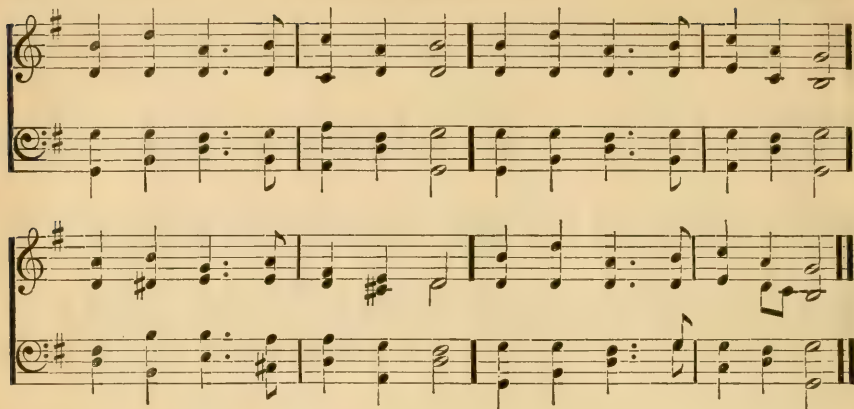
MESSIAH. 7777D.

Arr. Geo. Kingsley.



**404** (*Third Tune.*)**ST. GEORGE. 7777 D.***Sir G. Elvey.*

Four systems of musical notation for the 'ST. GEORGE' section. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system contains measures 1 through 4, the second system contains measures 5 through 8, the third system contains measures 9 through 12, and the fourth system contains measures 13 through 16. The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The final measure of the fourth system includes the text 'Al - le - lu - ia.' written below the staff.

405 (*First Tune.*)**PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7777.***Ig. Pleyel.*

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, sweetly sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

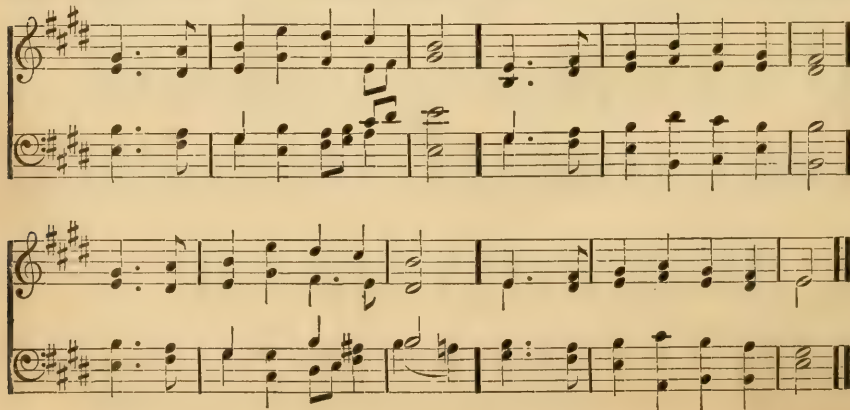
2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

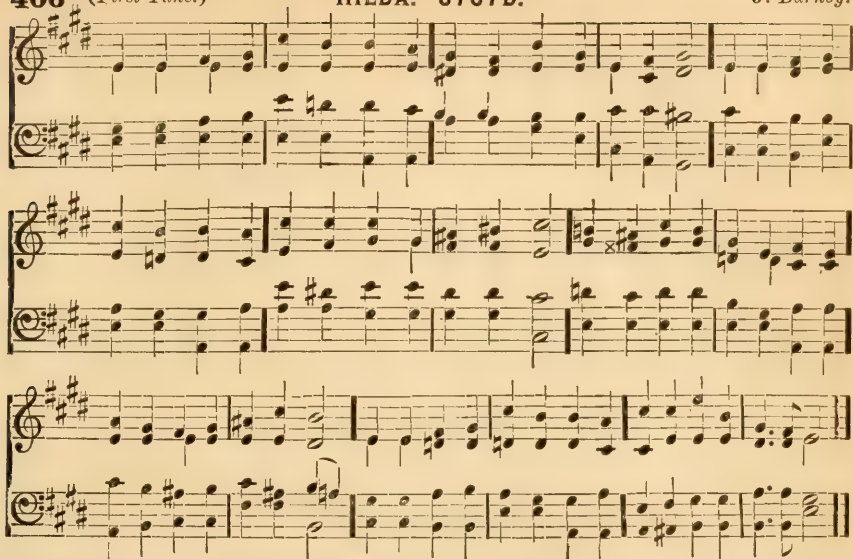
3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save, our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

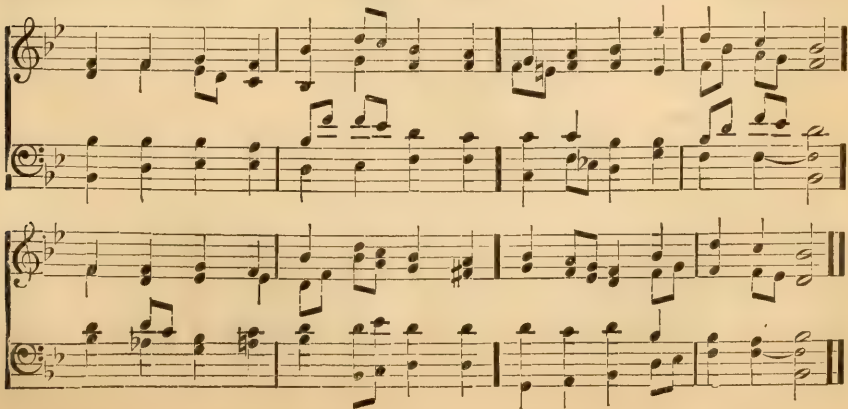
6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

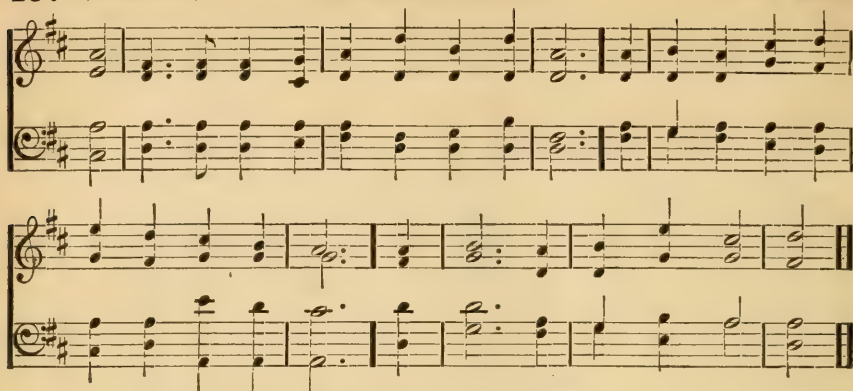
405 (*Second Tune.*)**INNOCENTS. 7777.***G. B. Pergolesi.*

406 (*First Tune.*)**HILDA. 8787D.***J. Barnby.*

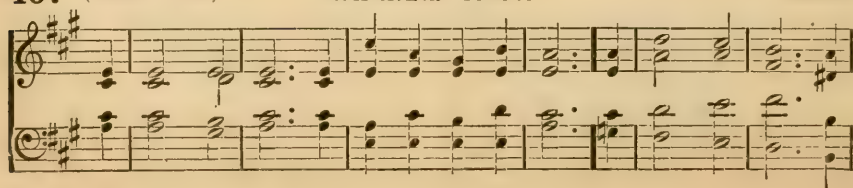
- 1 GOD, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.
- 2 Honor great our God befiteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.
- 3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

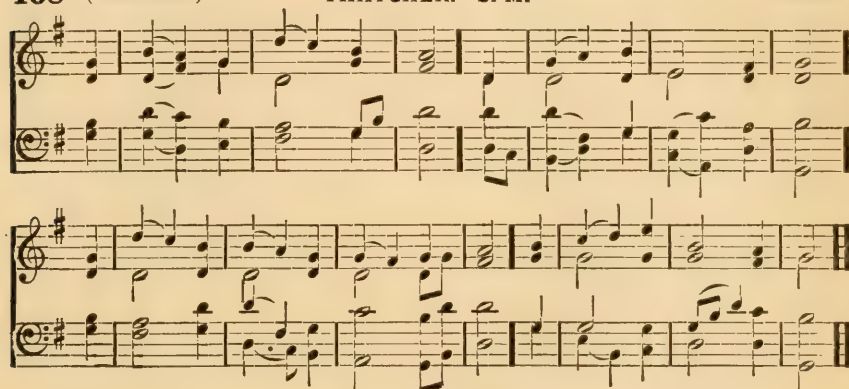
- 4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.
- 5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.
- 6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

406 (*Second Tune.*)**TRUST. 8787.***Mendelssohn.*

407 (*First Tune.*)**PERENNE. 10107.***W. H. Monk.*

- 1 SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven; and sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.
- 2 Ye next, who stand before th' Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.
- 3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.
- 4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.
- 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.
- 6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.
- 7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
This is the food and drink which none shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.
- 8 While Thee by Whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.
- 9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for ever more; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

407 (*Second Tune.*)**WARNER. 10107.***A. Cottman.*

**408** (*First Tune.*)**THATCHER. S. M.***Handel.*

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

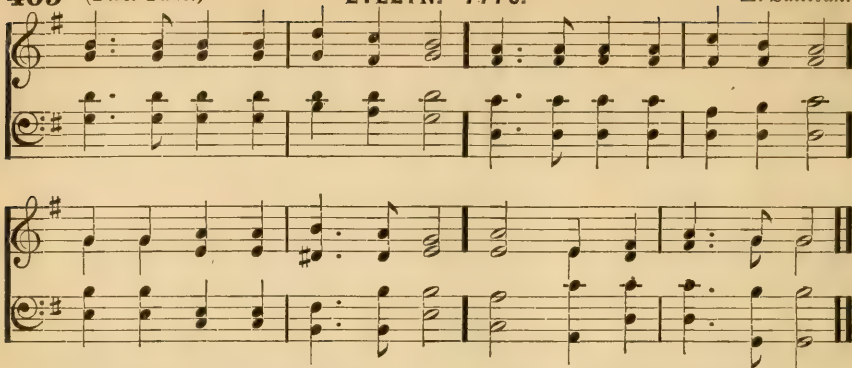
3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;

He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth;
And, like the eagle's, He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, His love proclaim;
Let all that is within me join
To bless His holy name.

408 (*Second Tune.*)**SILVER STREET. S. M.***I. Smith.*

409 (*First Tune.*)**EVELYN. 7776.***A. Sullivan.*

1 FOR the grace that makes Thee mine,
For the love that seals me Thine,
For the gift of life Divine,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

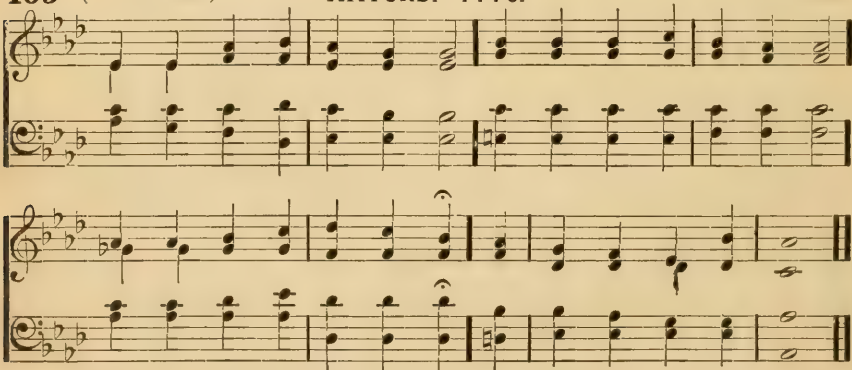
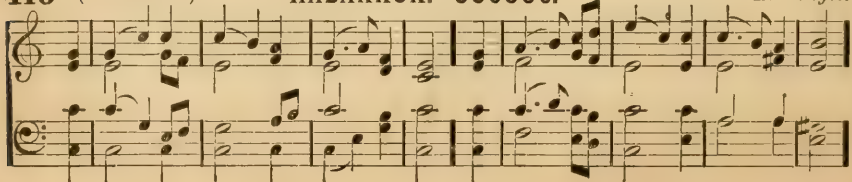
2 For the words that tell of home,
Pointing us beyond the tomb,
"Do ye this until I come,"
We give Thee thanks, O Lord,

3 "Till He come," we take the bread,
Type of Him on whom we feed,

Him who liveth and was dead!
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

4 "Till He come," we take the cup,
As we at His table sup,
Eye and heart are lifted up,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

5 For that coming here foreshown,
For that day to man unknown,
For the glory and the throne,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

409 (*Second Tune.*)**TATFORD. 7776.***C. E. Kettle.***TRUST.****410** (*First Tune.*)**HABAKKUK. 886886.***E. Hodges.*

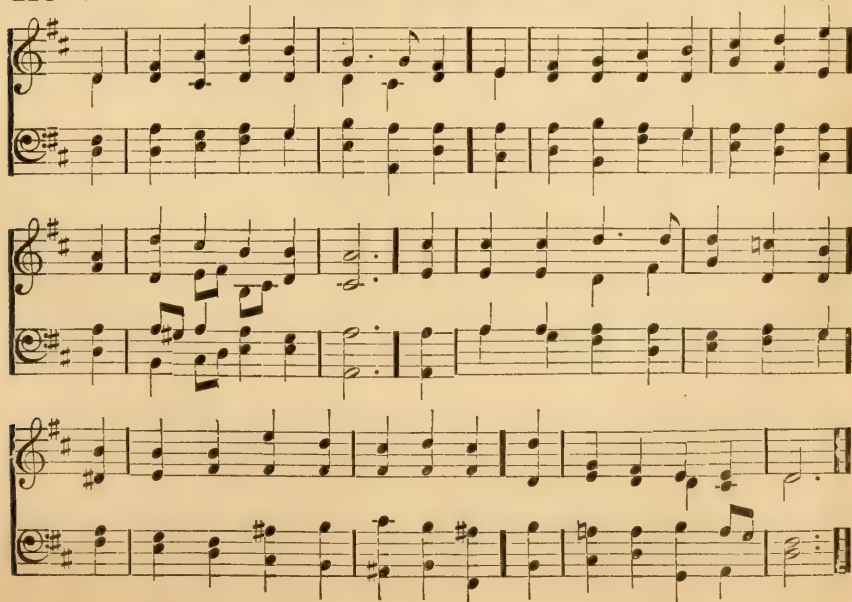


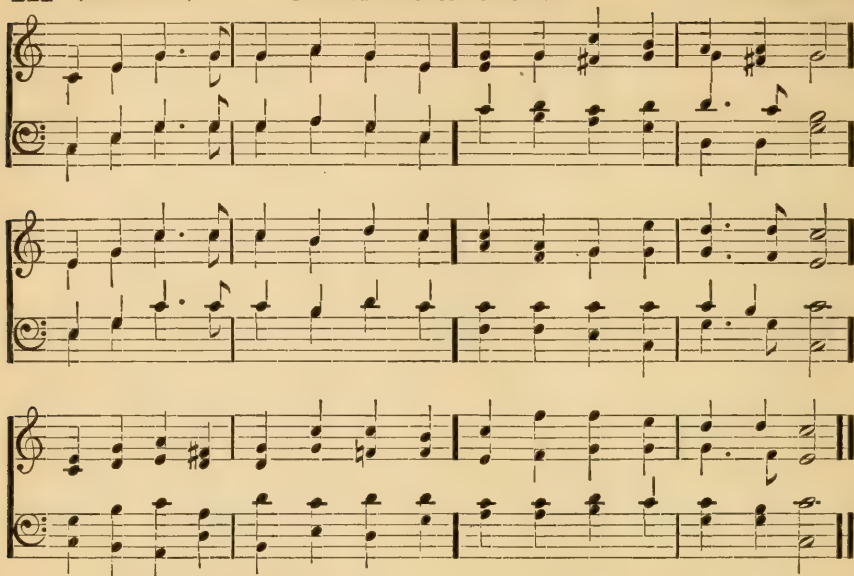
- 1 ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to His rod,
And by His grace be healed.
- 2 Though fields, in verdure once arrayed,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parched by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for though His frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

- 3 Though from the folds the flock decay,
Though herds lie famished o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There God is all in all.
- 4 In God my strength, howe'er distressed,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in His love:
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind He makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

410 (Second Tune.) MAGDALEN COLLEGE. 886886.

W. Hayes.



411 (*First Tune.*)**CIVITA REGIS. 878787.***H. J. Gauntlett.*

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea:
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee:

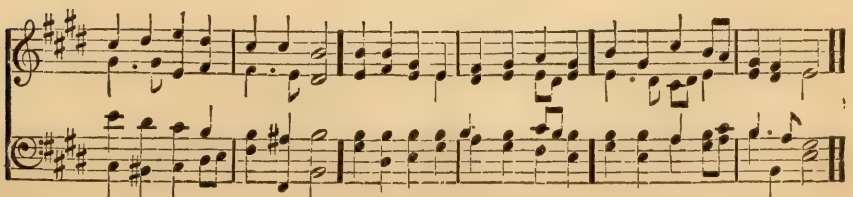
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;

Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

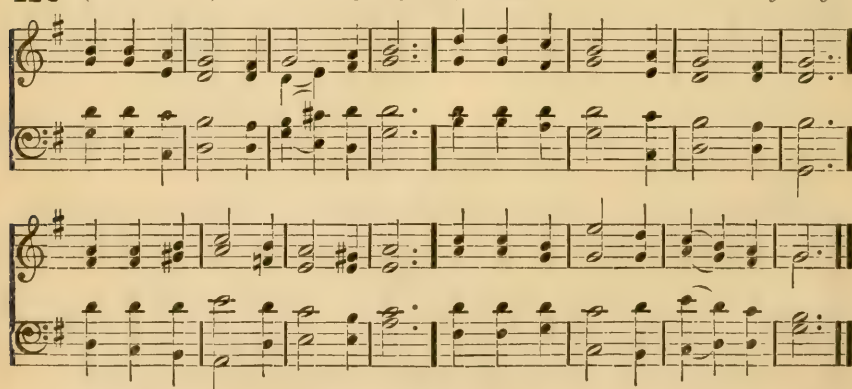
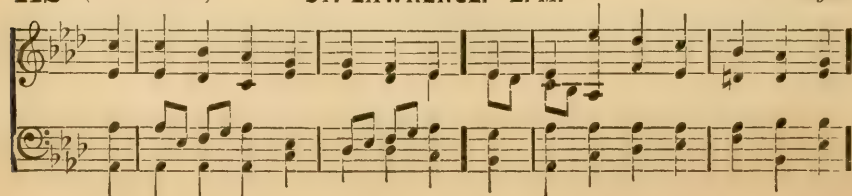
411 (*Second Tune.*)**PILGRIMAGE. 878787.***Sir J. Goss.*

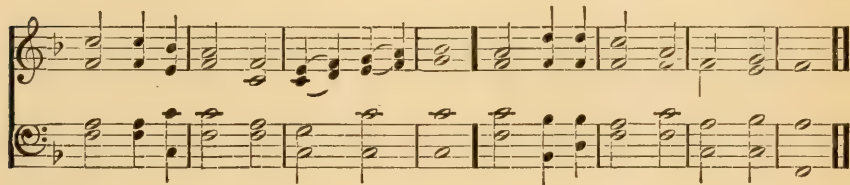
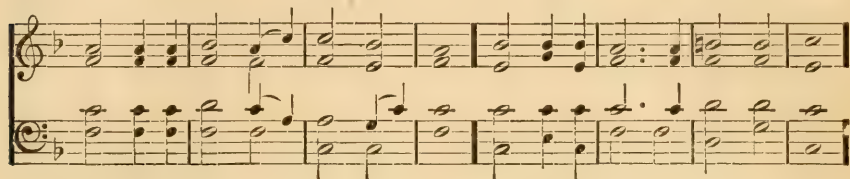
**411** (*Third Tune.*) **REGENT SQUARE. 878787.***H. Smart.***411** (*Fourth Tune.*) **ST. THOMAS. 878787.***V. Novello.*

412 (*First Tune.*)**WAREHAM. L. M.***W. Knapp.*

- 1 God of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall:
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, Whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?

- Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer:
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.
- 5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not:
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Saviour deigns to plead.

412 (*Second Tune.*)**POLYCARP. L. M.***Ig. Placyl.***412** (*Third Tune.*)**ST. LAWRENCE. L. M.***L. G. Hayne.*

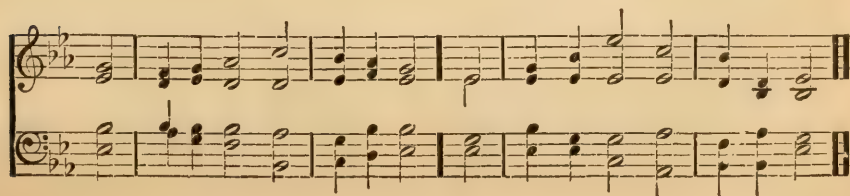
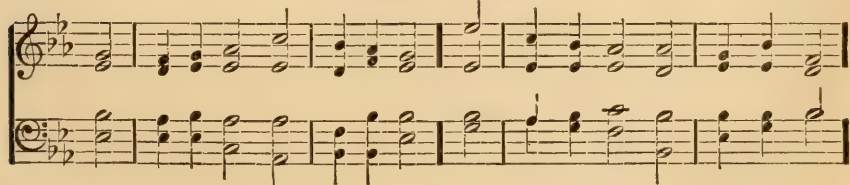
**413** (*First Tune.*)**FEDERAL STREET. L. M.***H. K. Oliver.*

1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father! let me turn to Thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

2 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Saviour! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with Thee, their home.

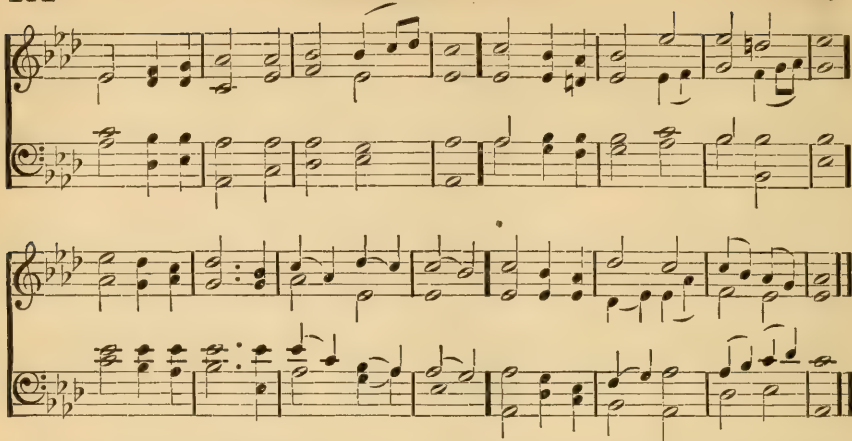
3 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
O Spirit! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own, O God, Thy grace and power.

413 (*Second Tune.*)**FRANCIS. L. M.***J. W. Pommer.*

414

ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

T. Lindley.

1 No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

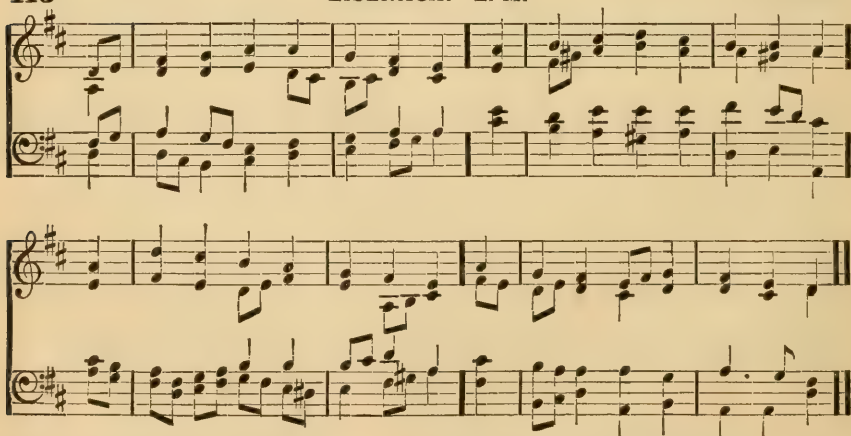
2 Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in Thy mighty power:

Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To Thee I will address my prayer,
To Whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

415

EISENACH. L. M.

J. H. Schein.

1 MY soul, for help on God rely,
On Him alone thy trust repose;
My Rock and Health will strength supply
To bear the shock of all my foes.

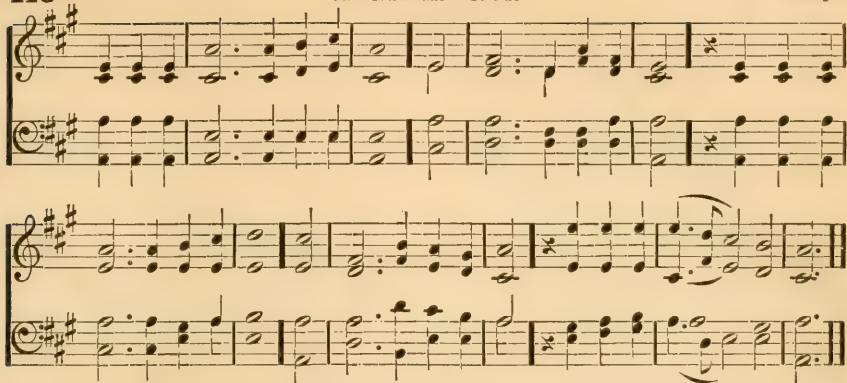
2 God does His saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;

He is my fortress and defence,
On Him my soul shall still depend.

3 In Him, ye people, always trust;
Before His throne pour out your hearts,
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

416

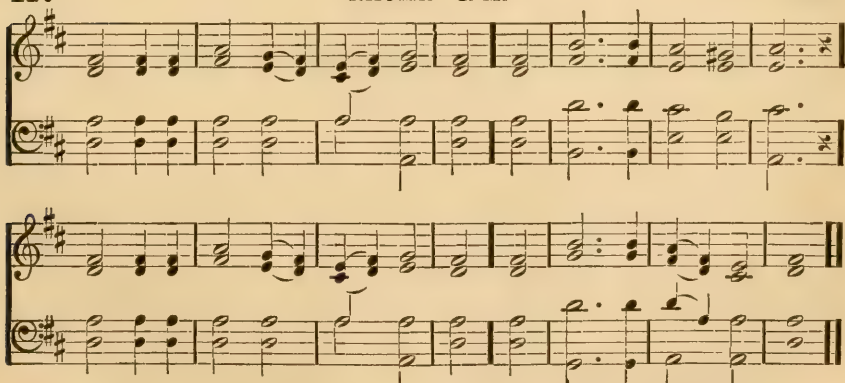
ARCADIA. C. M.

Dr. Hastings.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 LORD! it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my care,
And this Thy grace must give.</p> <p>2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?</p> <p>3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he that in God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.</p> | <p>4 Come, Lord! Whose grace hath made me
Thy blessed face to see; [meet
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be.</p> <p>5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints,
To sing Jehovah's praise.</p> <p>6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him!</p> |
|---|---|

417

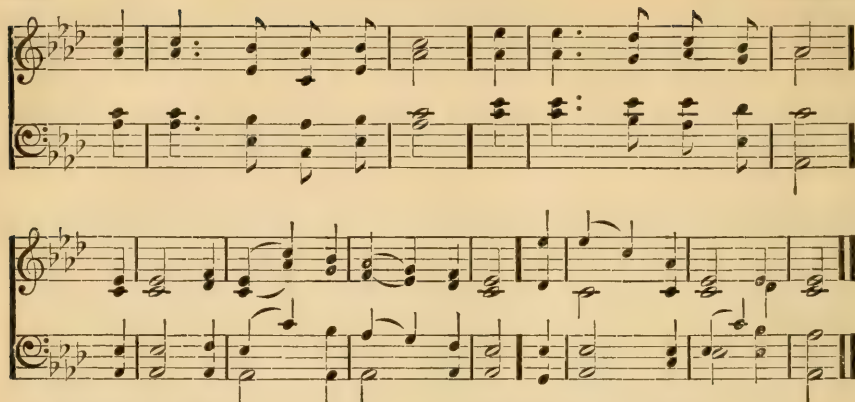
NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:</p> <p>2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;</p> | <p>The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.</p> <p>3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown its happy end.</p> |
|--|---|

418

LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. Greatorex.

1 MY spirit on Thy care;
Blest Saviour! I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair—
For Thou art Love divine.

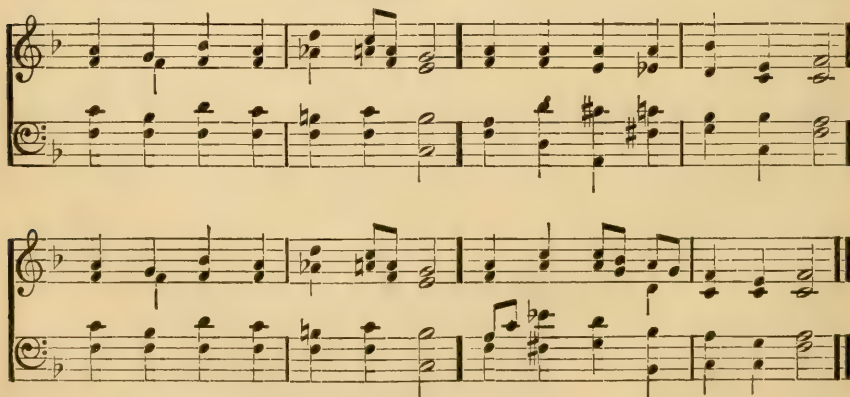
2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

419 (*First Tune.*)

SEYMOUR. 7777.

Weber.

1 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

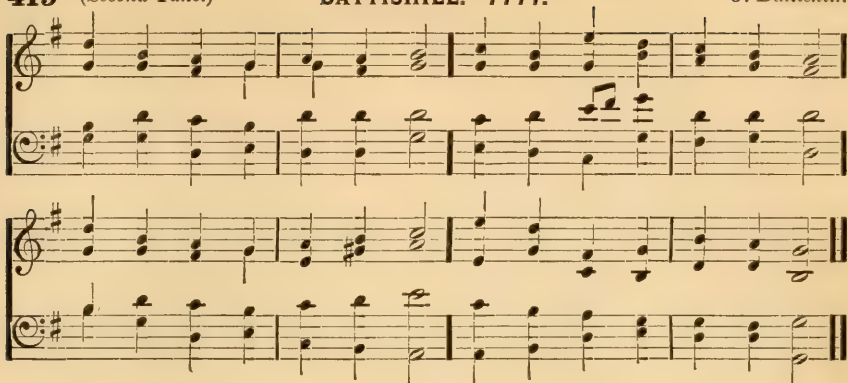
3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a castaway?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

419 (Second Tune.)

BATTISHILL. 7777.

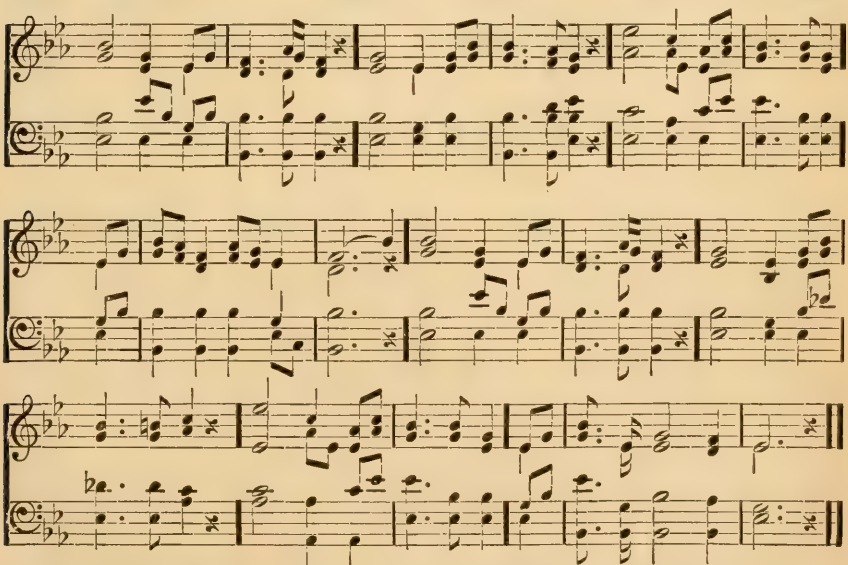
J. Battishill.



420 (First Tune.)

JEWETT. 6666 D.

Arr. by J. P. Holbrook.



1 THY way, not mine, O Lord!

However dark it be:

Lead me by Thine own hand,

Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,

It will be still the best;

Winding or straight, it leads

Right onward to Thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot;

I would not, if I might;

Choose Thou for me, my God,

So shall I walk aright.

Take Thou my cup, and it

With joy or sorrow fill,

As best to Thee may seem;

Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,

My sickness or my health;

Choose Thou my cares for me,

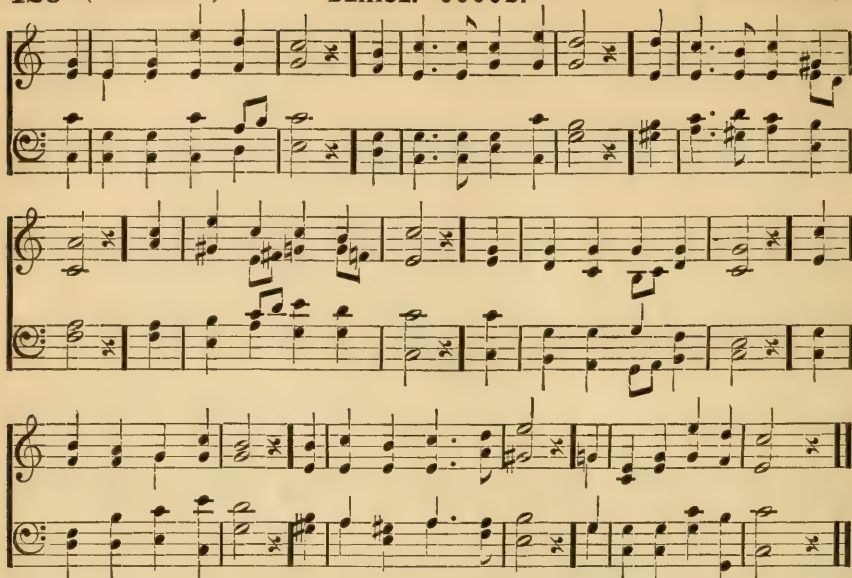
My poverty or wealth;

Not mine, not mine the choice,

In things or great or small;

Be Thou my guide my strength,

My wisdom and my all.

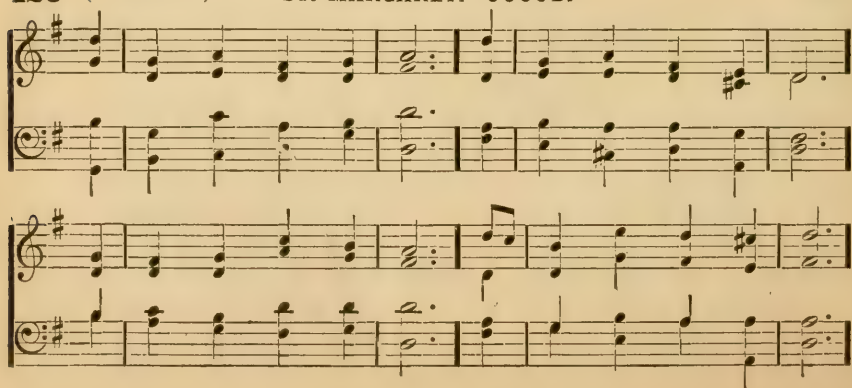
420 (*Second Tune.*)**BLAISE. 6666D.***J. H. Haweis.*

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord!
 However dark it be:
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be, or rough,
 It will be still the best;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not, if I might;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

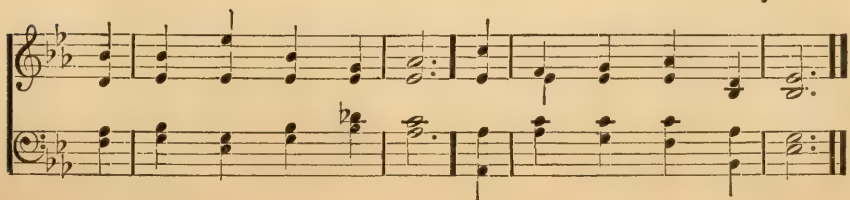
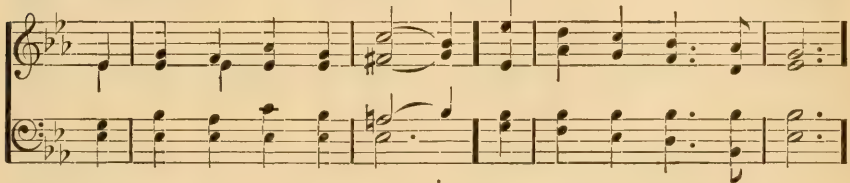
3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth;
 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou my guide my strength,
 My wisdom and my all.

420 (*Third Tune.*)**ST. MARGARET. 6666D.***Anon.*

420 (*Fourth Tune.*)

BAXTER. 6666D.

U. C. Burnap.

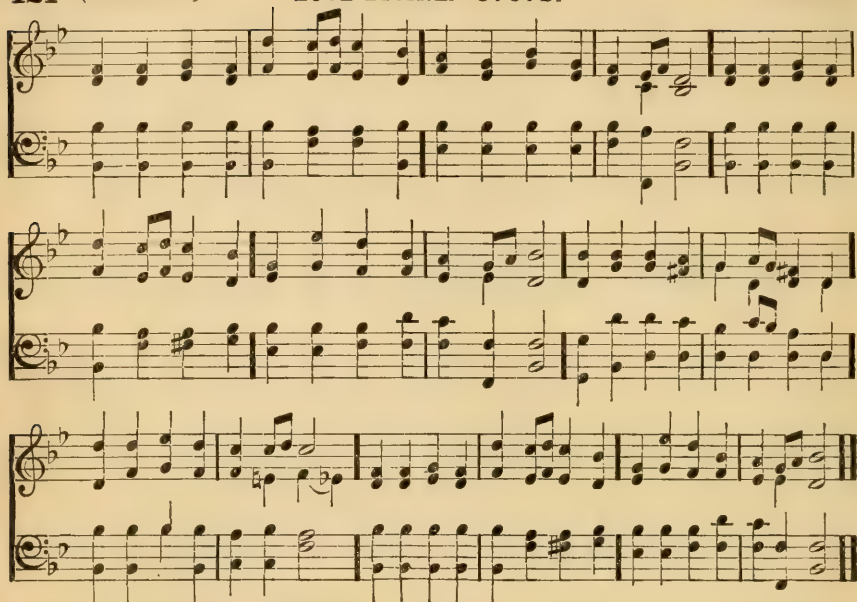


LOVE.

421 (*First Tune.*)

LOVE DIVINE. 8787D.

J. Zundel.



1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find Thy promised rest;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,—
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

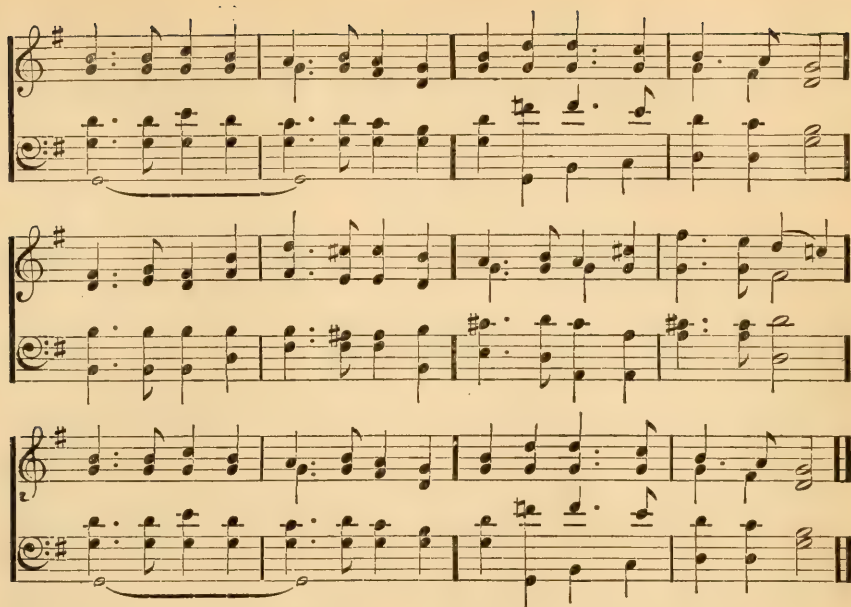
4 Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be:
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee.
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place:
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

421 (*Second Tune.*)

WESTON. 8787D.

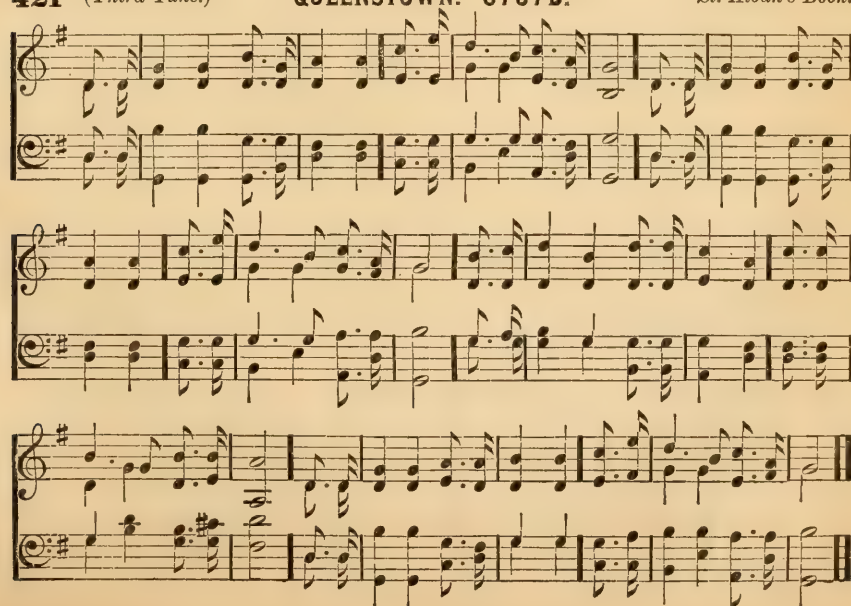
J. E. Roe.

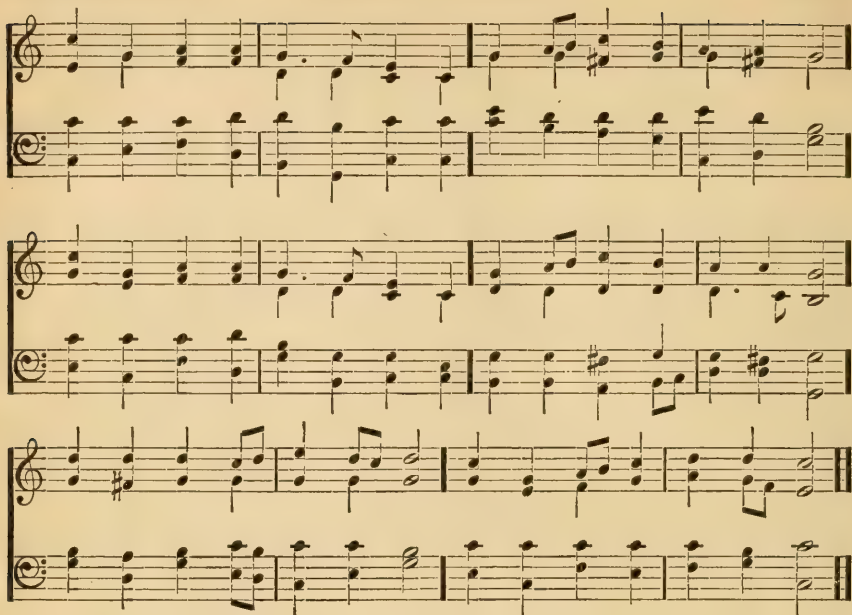




421 (Third Tune.)

QUEENSTOWN. 8787D.

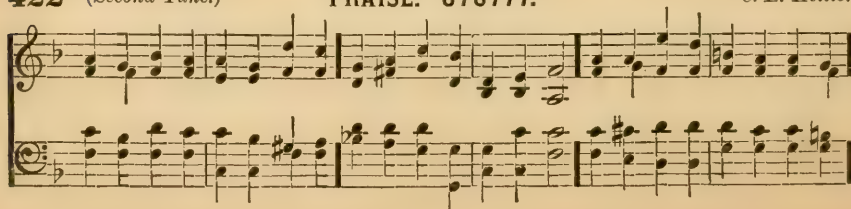
St. Alban's Book.

422 (*First Tune.*)**SCHAPERT. 878777.***German.*

- 1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died, to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now, to heavenly glory raisèd,

He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

- 4 Could we bear from one another,
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.
- 5 O for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

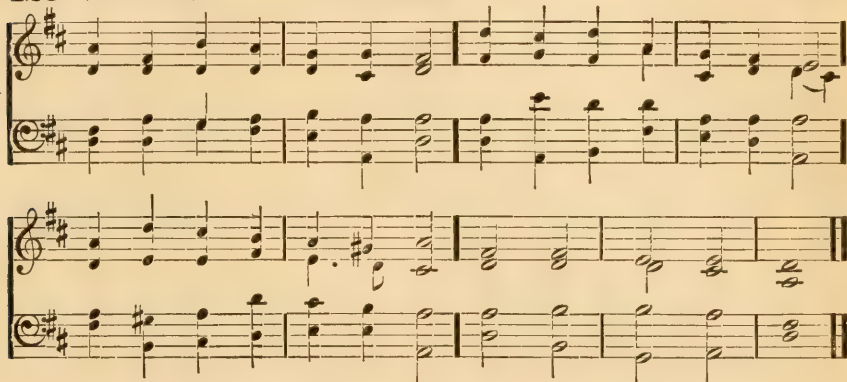
422 (*Second Tune.*)**PRAISE. 878777.***C. E. Kettle.*



423 (First Tune.)

CAPETOWN. 7775.

F. Filitz.



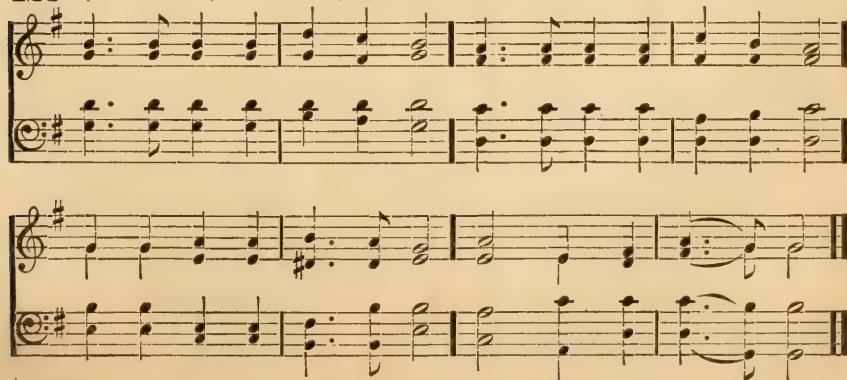
- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
Holy, heavenly Love.
- 2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.

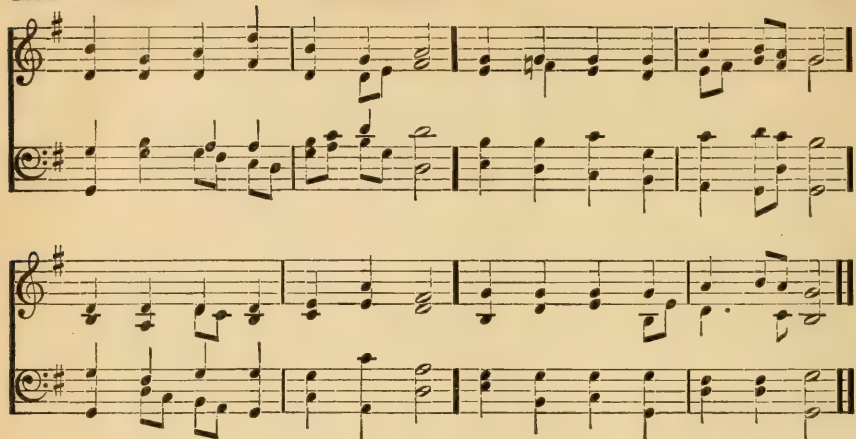
- 4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.
- 5 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.
- 6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love.

423 (Second Tune.)

EVELYN. 7775.

A. Sullivan.



424 (*First Tune.*)**NUREMBERG. 7777.***J. R. Ahle.*

1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour—hear His word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
 “Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?”

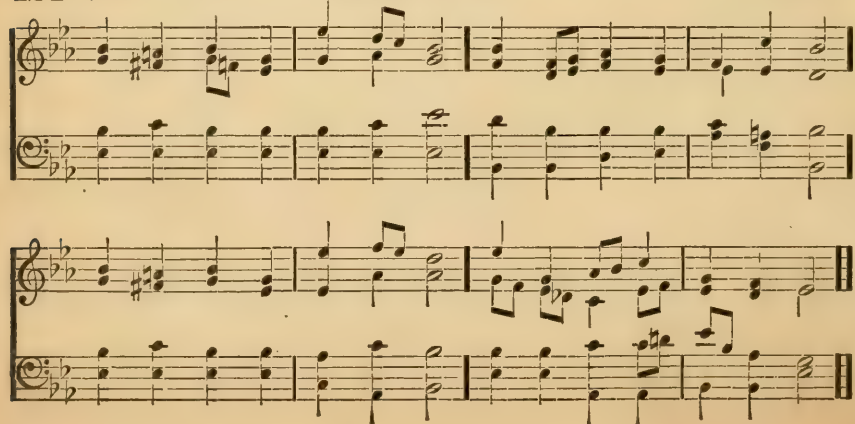
2 “I delivered thee when bound,
 And when bleeding, healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.

3 “Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.

4 “Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 “Thou shalt see My glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of My throne shalt be;
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?”

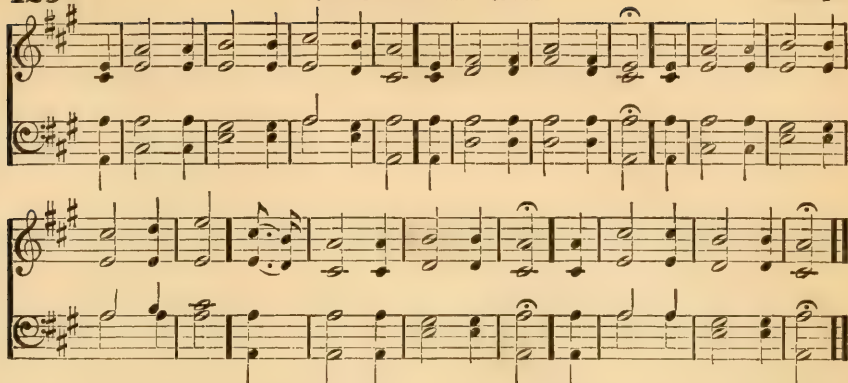
6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love Thee, and adore;
 O for grace to love Thee more.

424 (*Second Tune.*)**SOLITUDE. 7777.***L. T. Downs.*

425

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Dr. Hastings.



1 My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord:
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,

Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
An awful purity!

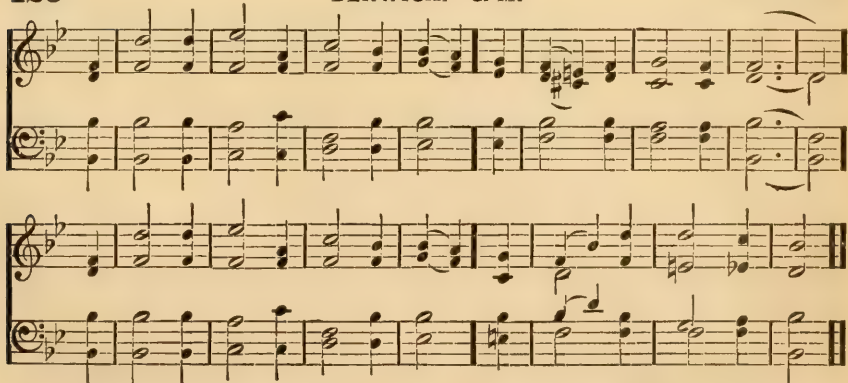
4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

5 Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

426

BERWICK. C. M.

St. Alban's Book.



1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,

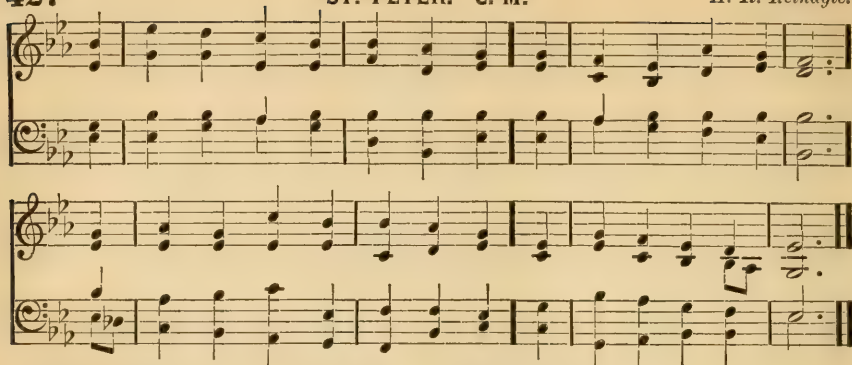
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

427

ST. PETER. C. M.

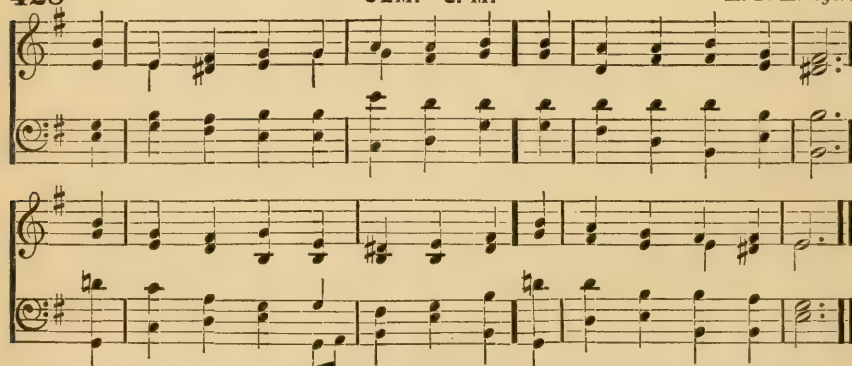
A. R. Reinagle.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-Place;

- My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

428

ULM. C. M.

A. P. Krieger.

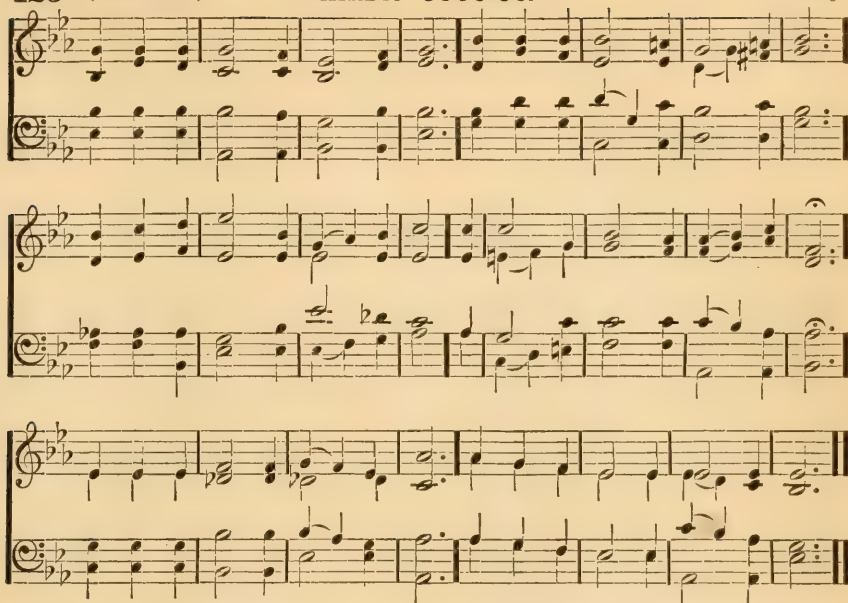
- 1 O JESUS, King most wonderful!
Thou Conqueror renowned!
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In Whom all joys are found!
- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus! Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire.

- 4 Thy wondrous mercies are untold,
Through each returning day;
Thy love exceeds a thousand fold,
Whatever we can say.
- 5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own.
- 6 Grant us, while here on earth we stay,
Thy love to feel and know;
And when from hence we pass away,
To us Thy glory show.

429 (*First Tune.*)

KIRBY. 8888-88.

J. Barnby.



1 Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more!

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought;
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, etc.

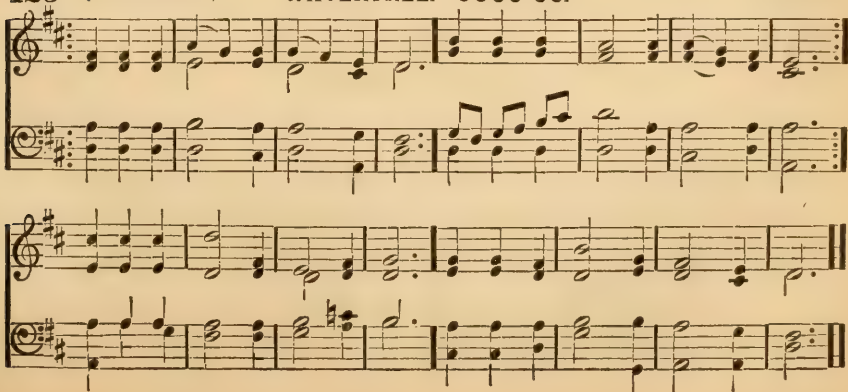
3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast
brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, etc.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, etc.

429 (*Second Tune.*)

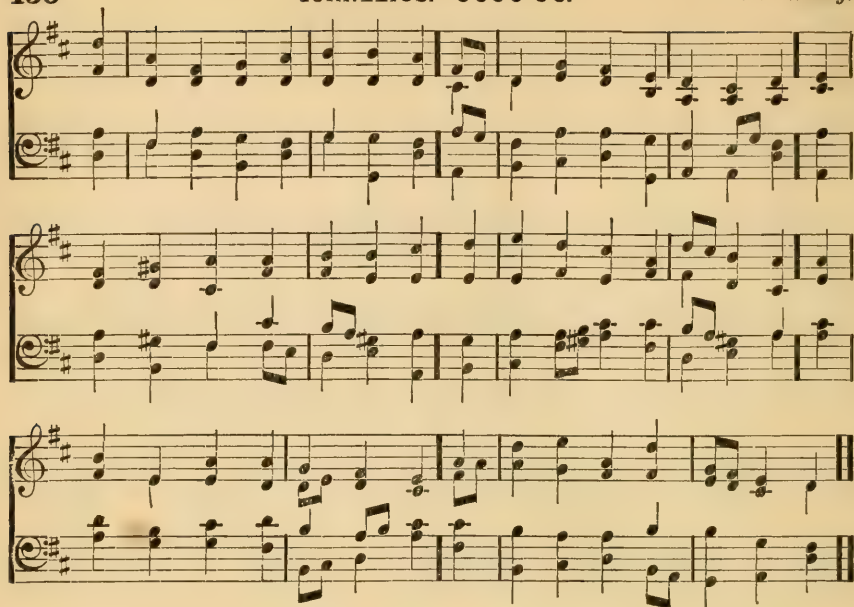
WAVERTREE. 8888-88.

W. Shore.



430

CORNELIUS. 8888-88.

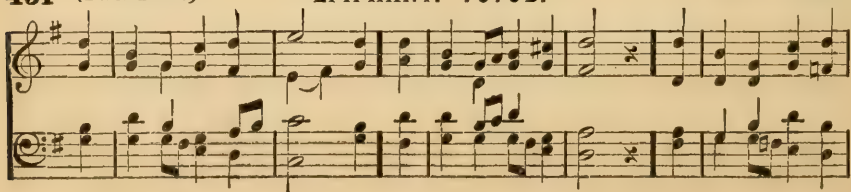
S. S. Wesley.

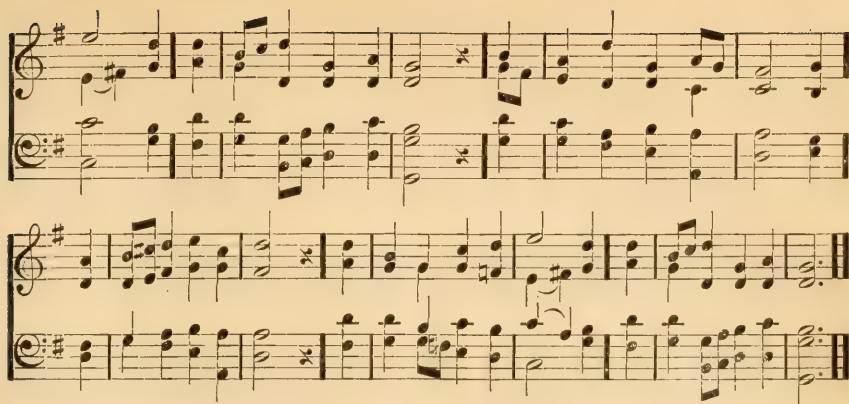
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone:
Thee will I love, till sacred fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.</p> <p>2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun, [shined:
That Thy bright beams on me have
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.</p> | <p>3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with Thy heavenly light.</p> <p>4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.</p> |
|--|---|

JOY.

431 (*First Tune.*)

EPIPHANY. 7676D.

W. H. Walter.



1 To Thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Almighty King of kings;
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,

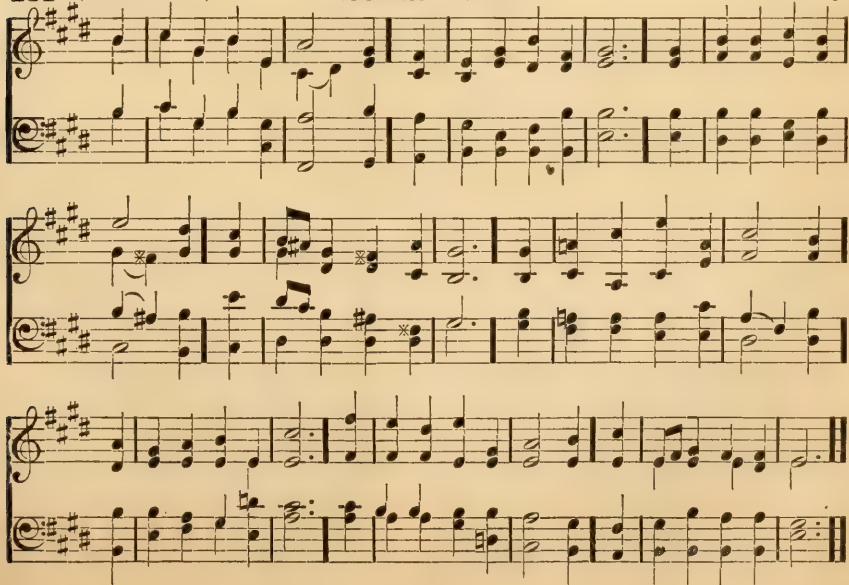
My voice in supplication,
Well-pleasèd, Thou shalt hear:
O grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By Thee, through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
There, cast my crown before Thee;
Then, all my conflicts o'er,—
And day and night adore Thee:—
What can an angel more?

431 (Second Tune.)

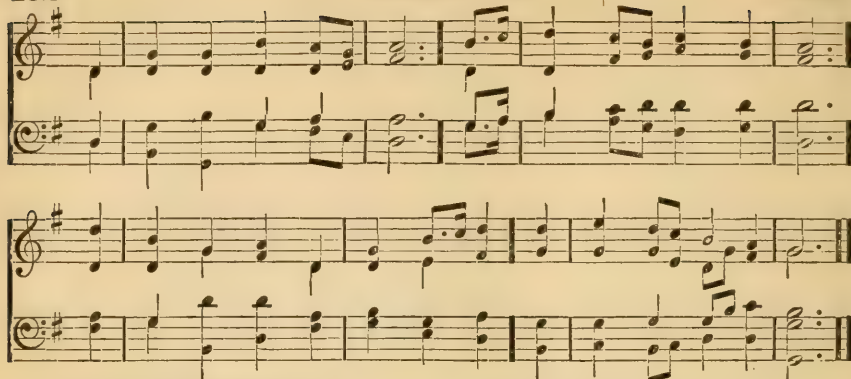
HOOPES. 7676 D.

J. Barnby.



432

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Handel.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

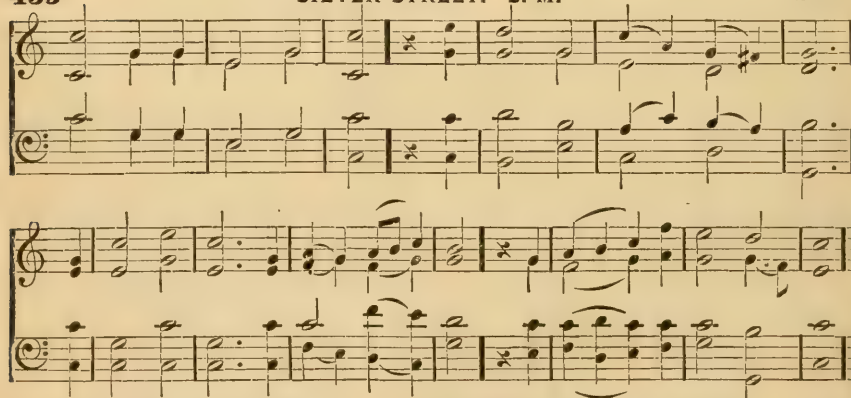
2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

433

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. Smith.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.

3 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

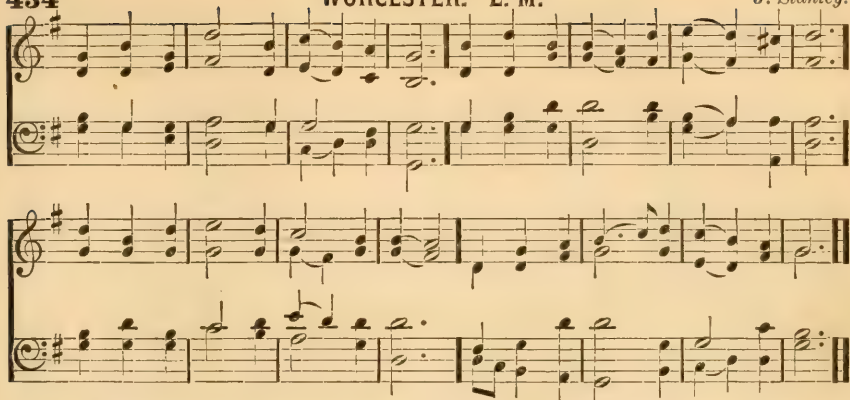
4 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground,
We're trav'ling through Emmanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

434

WORCESTER. L. M.

J. Stanley.

1 THE Saviour smiles; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport rings the sound.

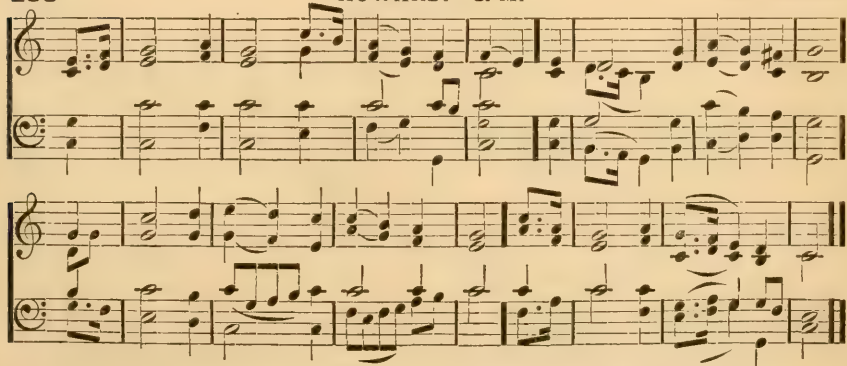
2 Earth has a joy unknown to heaven,
The new-born peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight;
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

3 Loud is the song, the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

4 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must learn to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

435

HOWARD. C. M.

Mrs. Cuthbert.

1 JESUS, in Thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus—the angels' sweetest theme!
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as Thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Jesus, and didst Thou leave the sky
To bear our sins and woes?
And didst Thou bleed, and groan, and die
For vile, rebellious foes?

4 Is there a heart that will not bend
To Thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign Love, descend,
And melt the stubborn soul!

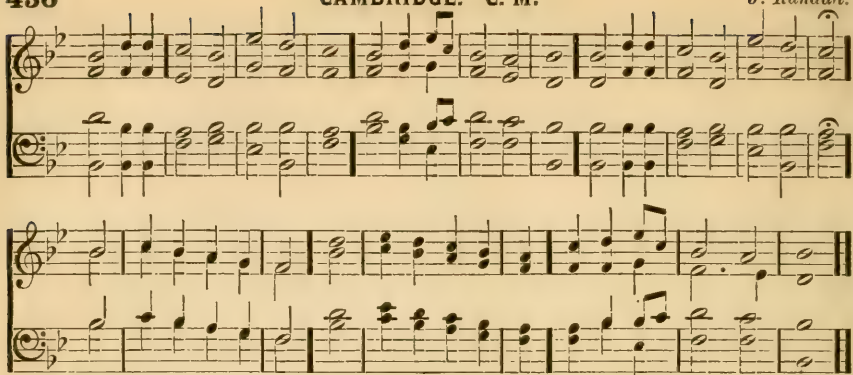
5 O, may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, Thy gentle sway!
Glad captives of resistless grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.

6 Come, dearest Lord, extend Thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more:
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heaven and earth adore.

436

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

J. Randall.



- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:
- 2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And He my rising Sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,

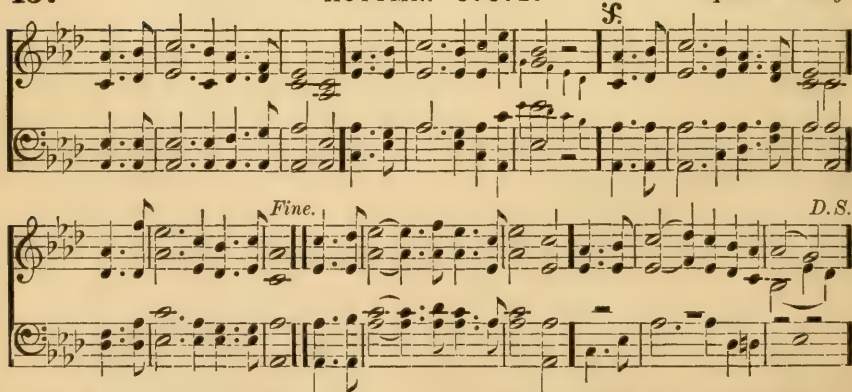
- While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay—
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe:
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

PEACE.

437

AUTUMN. 8787D.

Spanish Melody.

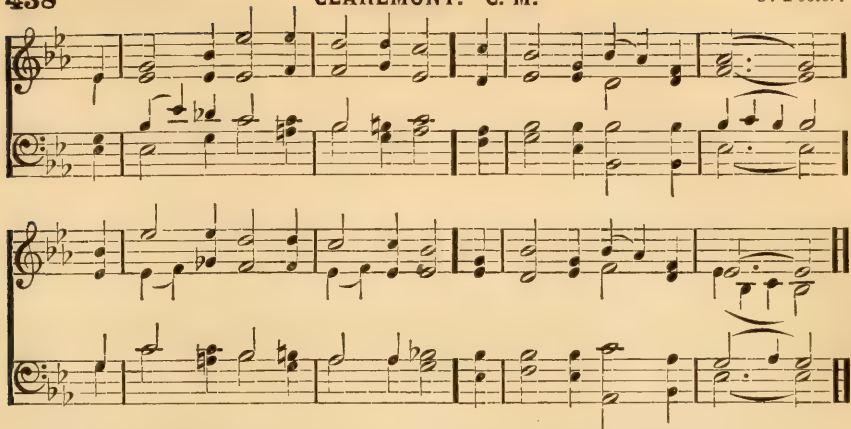


- 1 PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein;
Peace which flows from Christ's salvation,
Peace, the seal of cancelled sin;
Peace that speaks its heavenly Giver,
Peace, to earthly minds unknown;
Peace divine that lasts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne.

- 2 Prince of peace! forever near us,
Fix in all our hearts Thy home;
With Thy bright appearing cheer us;
Let Thy blessed kingdom come!
Come with sweeter consolation,
Come, and give our souls to prove
All the joys of Thy salvation,
All the joys that spring from love.

438

CLAREMONT. C. M.

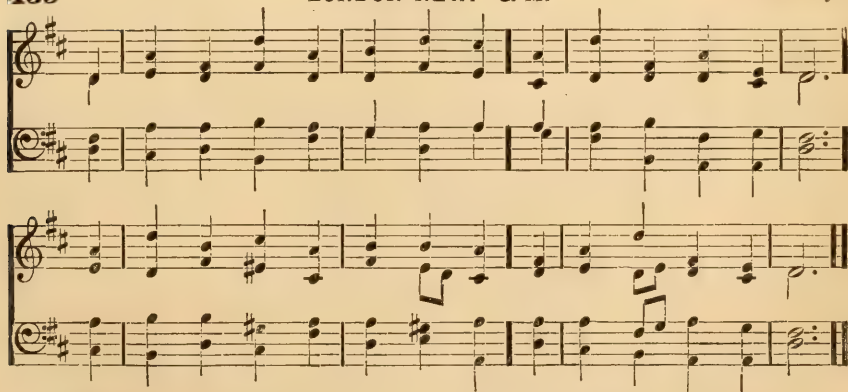
J. Foster.

- 1 A MIND at perfect peace with God,
O what a word is this!
A sinner, reconciled through blood!
This, this indeed is peace.
- 2 By nature and by practice far,
How very far from God!
Yet now, by grace, brought nigh to Him!
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

- 3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be!
For in the person of His Son
I am as near as He.
- 4 So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The Love wherewith He loves the Son,
Such is His Love to me!

439

LONDON NEW. C. M.

Dr. Croft.

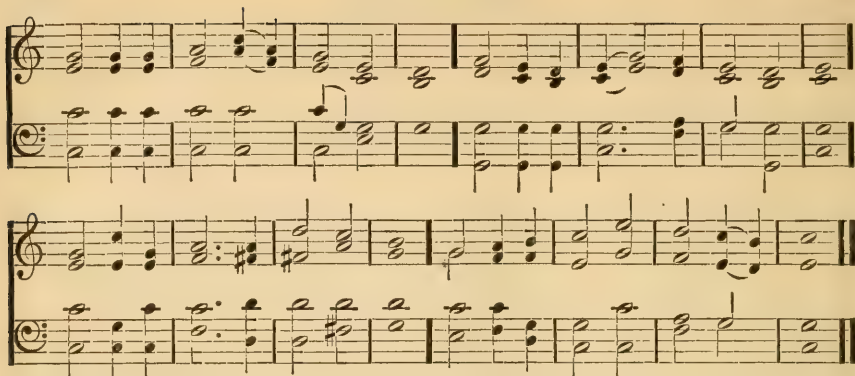
- 1 If Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace, and glory, too.
- 2 If He is mine, then though He frown,
He never will forsake:
His chastisements all work for good,
And but His love bespeak.
- 3 If He is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee;

- He, the dispenser of all good,
Is more than all to me.
- 4 If He is mine, unharmed I pass
Through death's tremendous vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.
- 5 Let Christ assure me He is mine,
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the Fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

440

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury,



- 1 PEACE is the even-tide of Love;
The sense of calm and deep repose,
Which he, whose trust is fixed above,
And simply rests on Jesus, knows.
- 2 It is the quiet, dew-like sense
Of Sonship, he alone can claim:
The sweet and heavenly influence
That breathes around the Saviour's
Name.
- 3 It is the calm, the hush, the rest;
The victory o'er the inward strife;

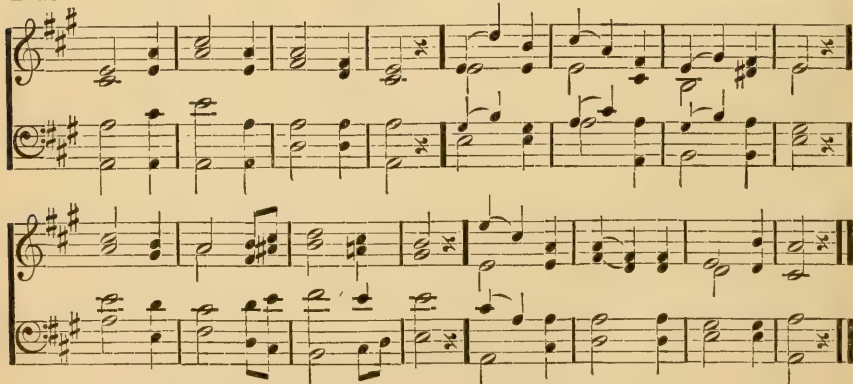
The leaning on the Saviour's breast;
The full, deep flow of perfect life!

- 4 It comes, as comes the dawn of day,
With gradual increase from above;
And, as night's shadows pass away,
Peace sweetly blossoms out of Love!
- 5 Break, Lord! in me, the power of sin;
Make me from my vain works to cease;
Rule Thou with sovereign power within,
And bring me to Thy perfect peace!

441 (First Tune.)

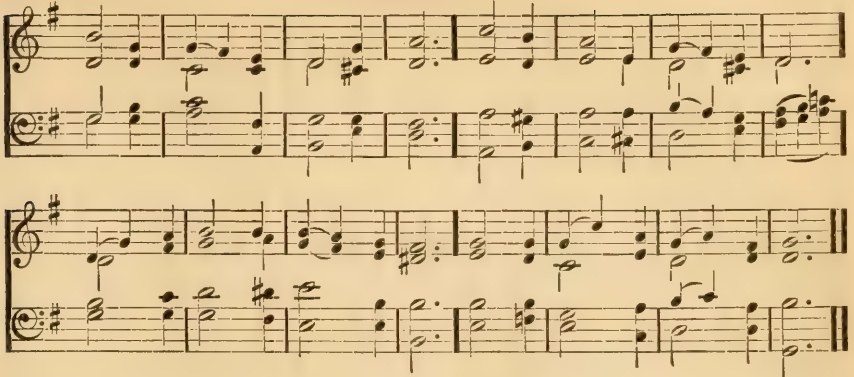
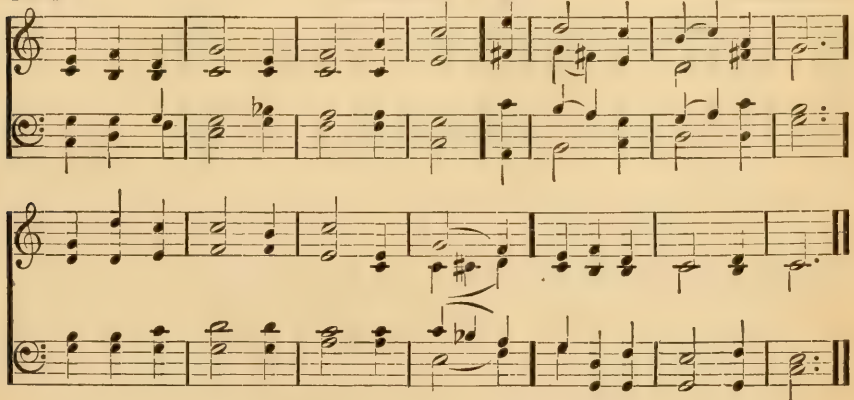
HORTON. 7777.

Von Whartensee.



- 1 PRINCE of peace! control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still:
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
Hush my spirit into peace!
- 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God;
Peace I ask; but peace must be,
Lord! in being one with Thee.

- 3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now Thy perfect peace impart!
- 4 Saviour! at Thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All;
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

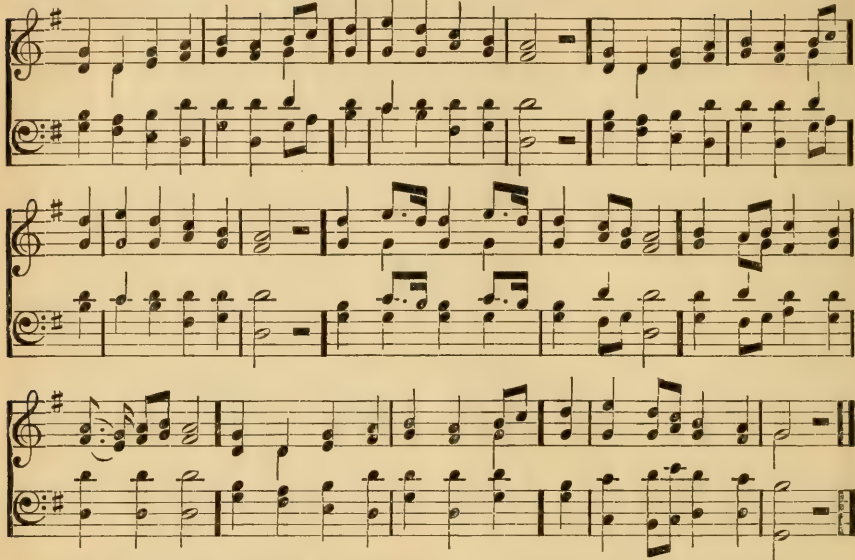
441 (*Second Tune.*)**COLOMBO. 7777.***A. H. Brown.***442****JANIERE. C. M.***Mendelssohn.*

- 1 THERE is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night, is never seen.
- 2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light, it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.
- 3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this;
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.
- 4 Soon at His feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.
- 5 Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with Thee,—
My Saviour, this is life!

HOPE.

443 (*First Tune.*)

AMSTERDAM. 76767776.

Dr. Nares.

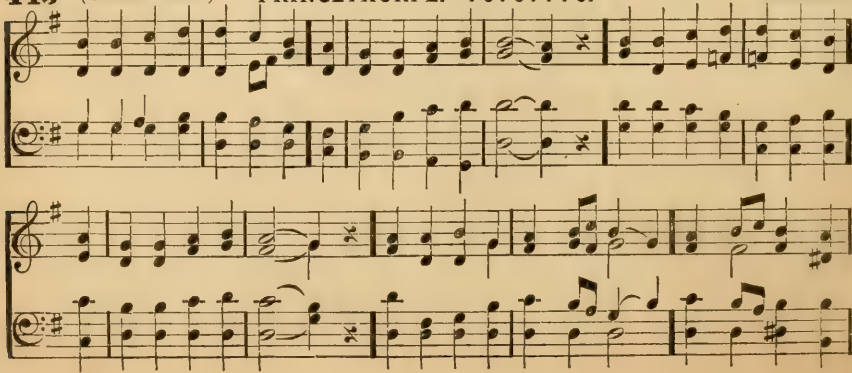
- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;

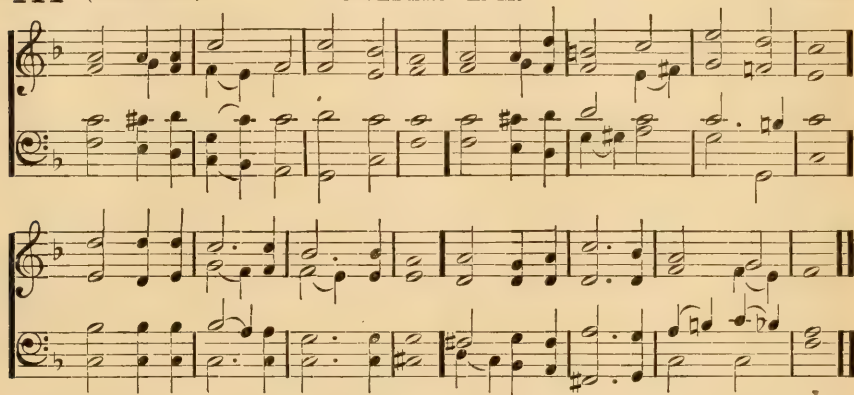
So, a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and we know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

443 (*Second Tune.*)

PRINCETHORPE. 76767776.

Beethoven.

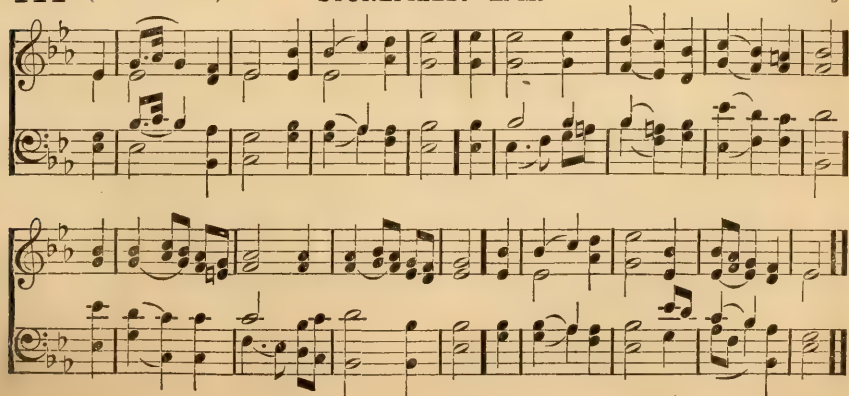
**444** (*First Tune.*)**SWEDEN. L. M.***H. Hiles.*

1 As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still;

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

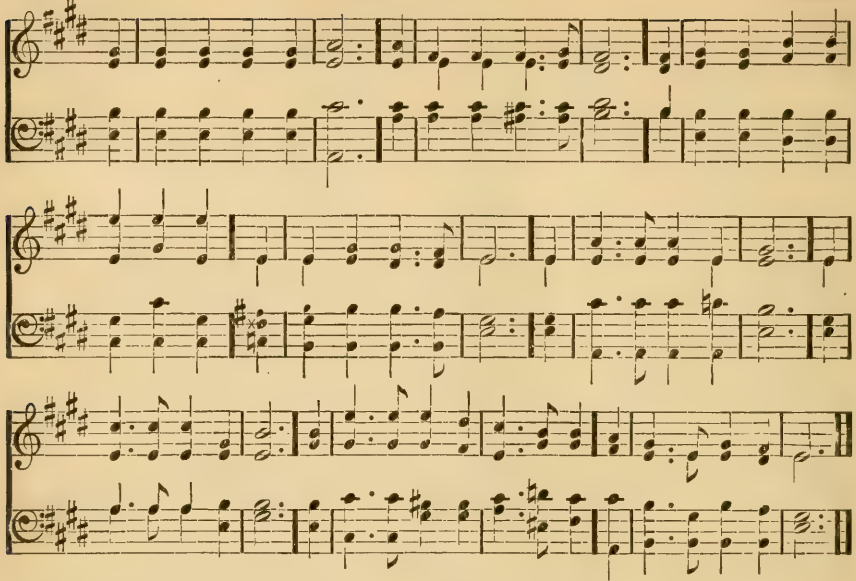
4 Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labors of the road.

444 (*Second Tune.*)**STONEFIELD. L. M.***J. Stanley.*

445

BASIL. S. M. D.

G. W. Martin.



- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears!
 Hope, and be undismayed:
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thine head;
 Through waves and clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou His time! so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Still heavy is thy heart?
 Still is thy spirit faint?
 Cast off the weight—let fear depart,
 Each care and each complaint.

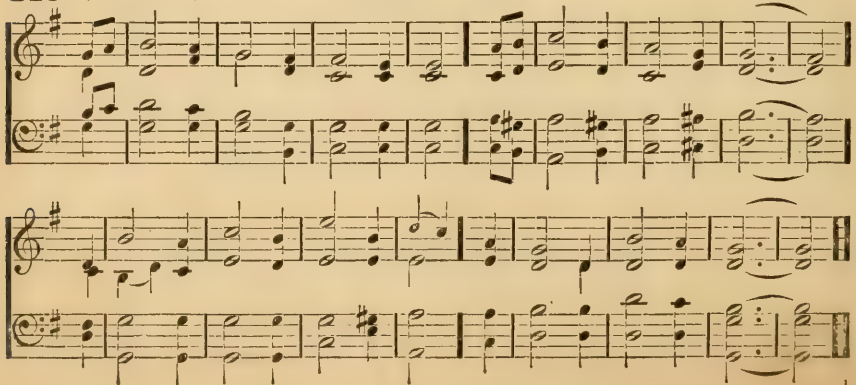
What though thou rulest not,
 Yet Heaven, and Earth, and Hell
 Proclaim—God sitteth on the Throne,
 And ruleth all things well!

- 3 Leave to His sovereign sway
 To choose and to command!
 So shalt thou, wondering, own His way,
 How wise, how strong His hand!
 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear!

446 (First Tune.)

MANOAH. C. M.

Rossini.



1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Still I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

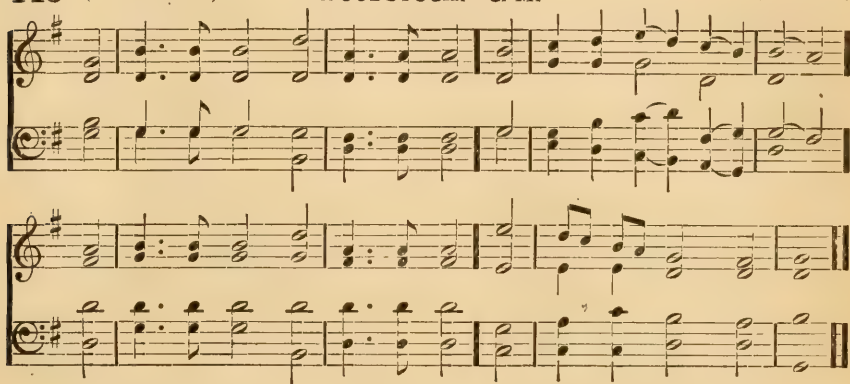
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

446 (Second Tune.)

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

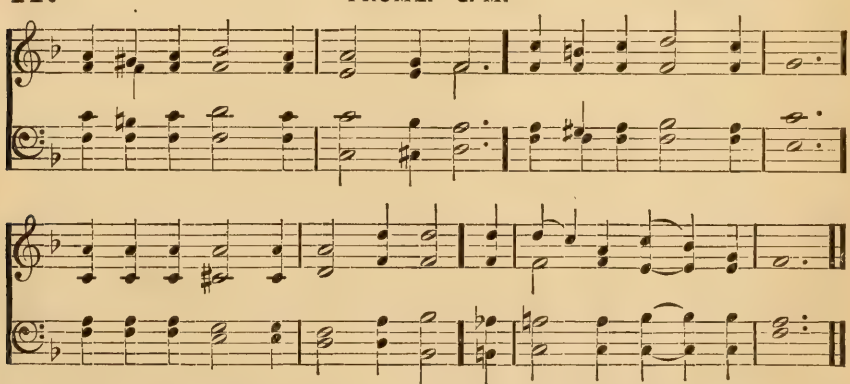
G. Dutton.



447

FROME. C. M.

Rev. A. G. Mortimer.



1 God! my Supporter and my Hope,
My help forever near!
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair!

2 Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet
Through all this desert place;
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat
To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;

And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

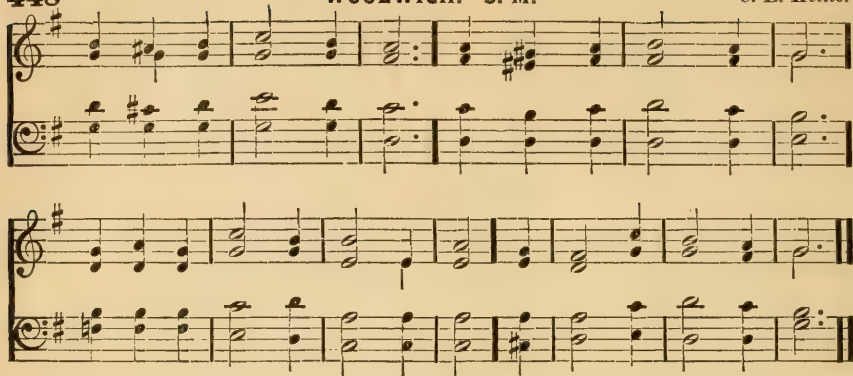
4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint!

5 Yea! to draw near to Thee my God!
Shall be my sweet employ:
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
And tell the world thy joy.

448

WOOLWICH. S. M.

C. E. Kettle.



1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

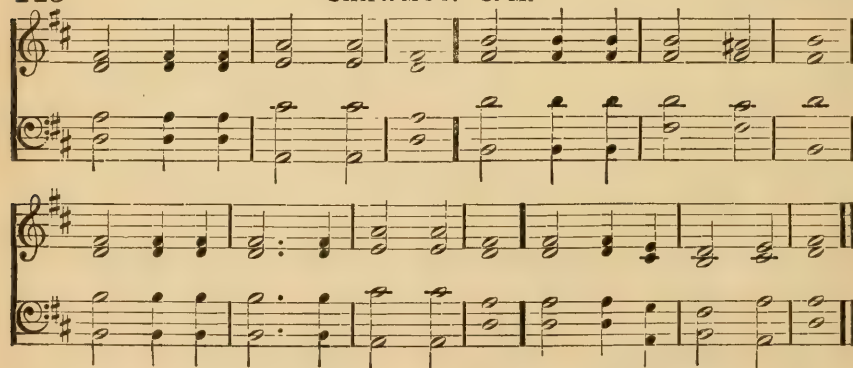
5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O Lord,
Who stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

449

SHAWMUT. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember Thee.

3 To Thee, to Thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

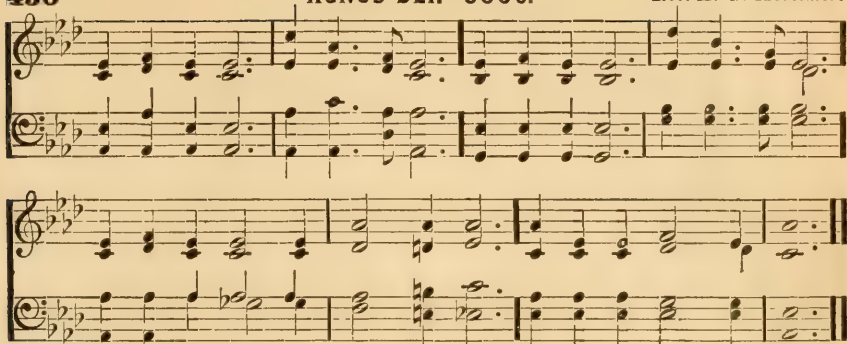
4 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

HUMILITY.

450

AGNUS DEI. 8886.

Rev. A. G. Mortimer.



1 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean;
Help me throughout life's varying scene
By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with communion so Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul still clings to Thee?

3 Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found a place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee.

4 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense, be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee.

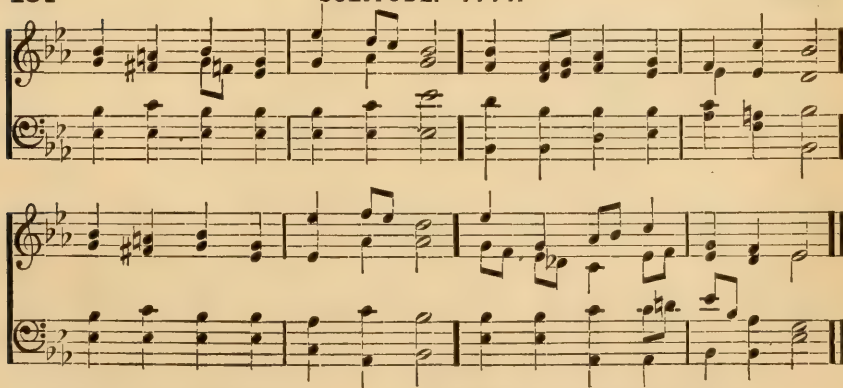
5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee.

6 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, what appall,
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour! I cling to Thee?

451

SOLITUDE. 7777.

L. T. Downs.



1 JESUS! cast a look on me!
Give me true simplicity:
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know.

2 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit,
Lay me humbly at Thy feet!

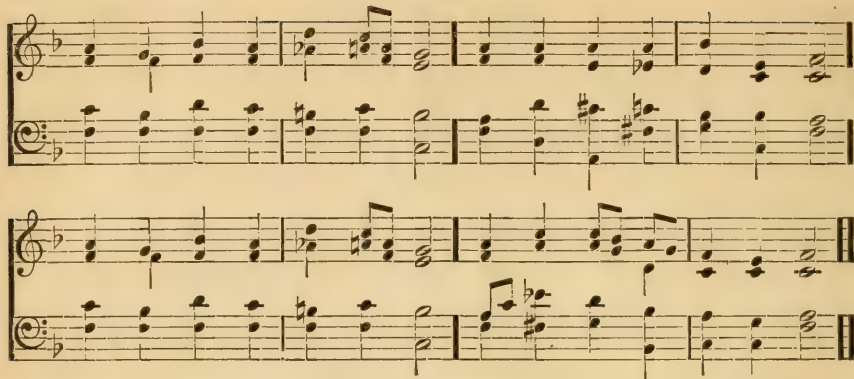
3 Make me like a little child,
Simple, teachable, and mild;
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might.

4 Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the Peace of God
Flowing from Thy precious blood!

452 (*First Tune.*)

SEYMOUR. 7777.

Weber.



1 LORD, for ever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be:
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

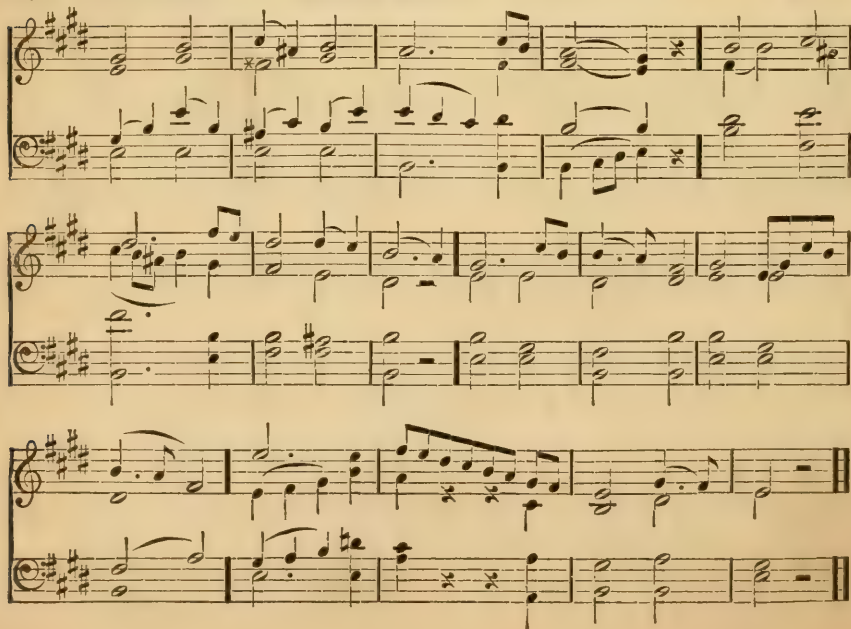
3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

452 (*Second Tune.*)

WORTHINGTON. 7777.

Weber.



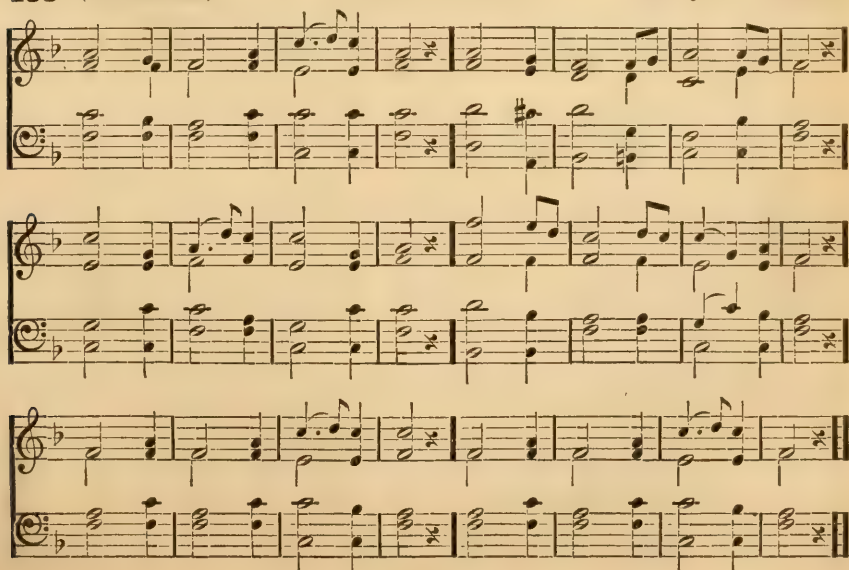
453 (*First Tune.*)**ROSEFIELD. 777777.***Dr. Malan.*

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art;
 Make me as a little child;
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive;
 What to-morrow may betide,

Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
 Why should I the burden bear?

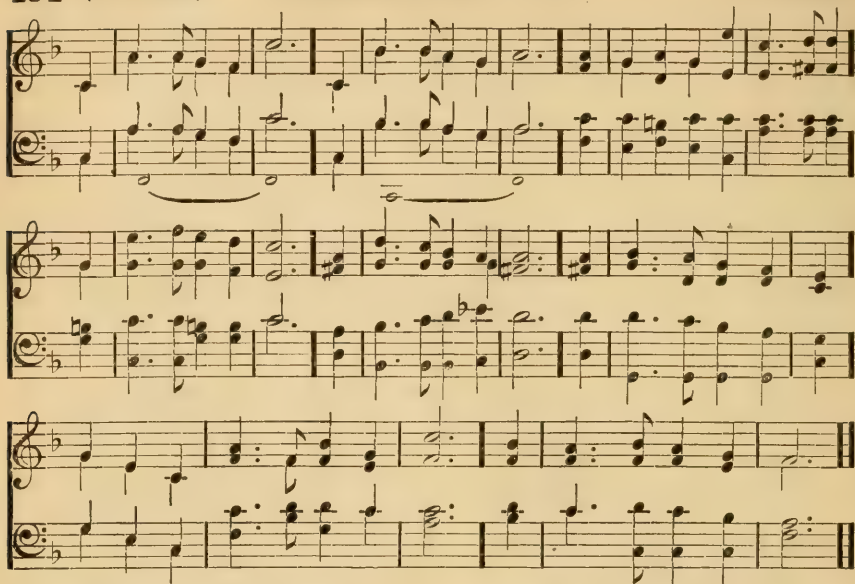
3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone,
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard and Guide.

453 (*Second Tune.*)**REPOSE. 777777.***Arr. by J. P. Holbrook.*

SELF CONSECRATION AND HOLINESS.

454 (*First Tune.*)

ASCENSION-TIDE. S. M. D.

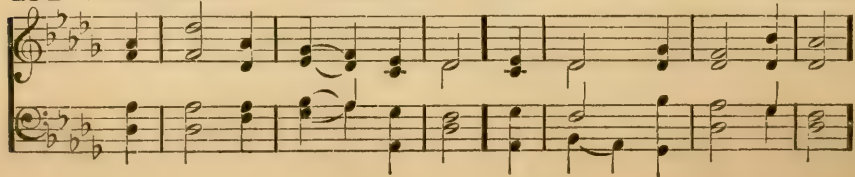
H. J. Gauntlett.

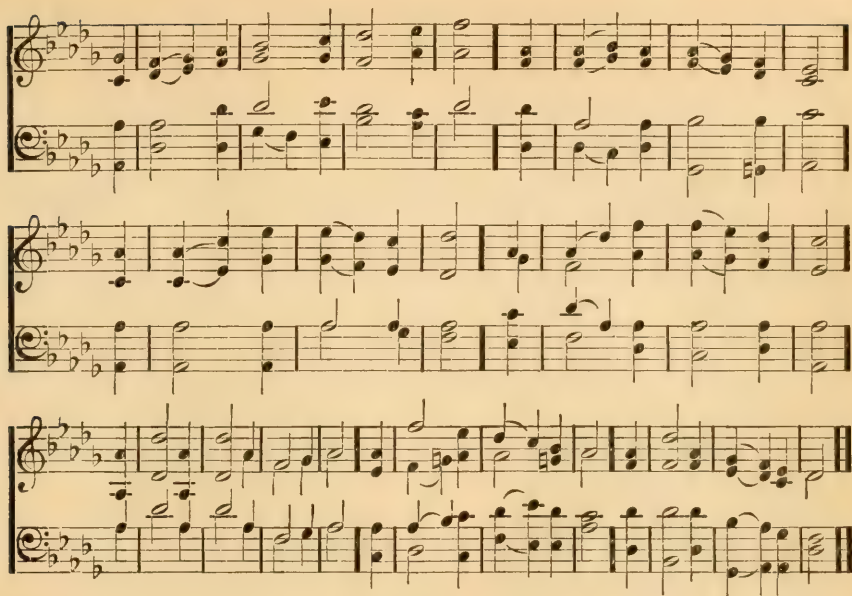
- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do—
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 Give me a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.
- 3 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly:

- A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;
Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
- 5 I rest upon Thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

454 (*Second Tune.*)

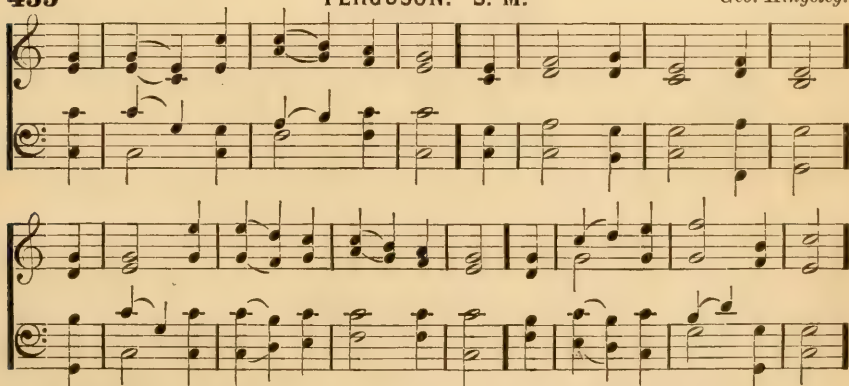
PALMYRA. S. M. D.

Giardini.



455

FERGUSON. S. M.

Geo. Kingsley.

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine.

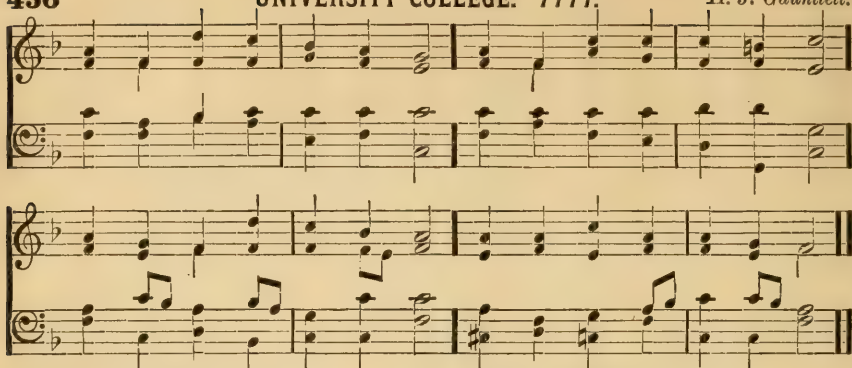
4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,—
No other good below.

6 My Life, my Portion Thou:
Thou all-sufficient art;
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

456

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7777.

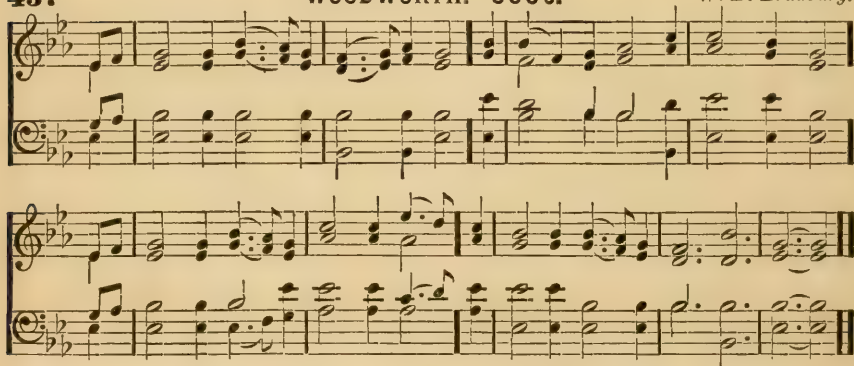
H. J. Gauntlett.

- 1 TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee:
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
- 3 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold:

- Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 4 Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
 - 5 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

457

WOODWORTH. 8886.

W. B. Bradbury.

- 1 JUST as I am,—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee.
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

458 (First Tune.)

✓ BETHANY. 6464664.

Dr. L. Mason.

Musical score for Bethany (First Tune). The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff, with a first ending bracketed over measures 5-6 and a second ending bracketed over measures 7-8. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and the word 'Fine.' written above the final measure.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me

In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

458 (Second Tune.)

HORBURY. 6464664.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

Musical score for Horbury (Second Tune). The score is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

458 (*Third Tune.*)

KEDRON. 6464664.

A. B. Spratt.

By permission, from Hutchins' Church Hymnal.

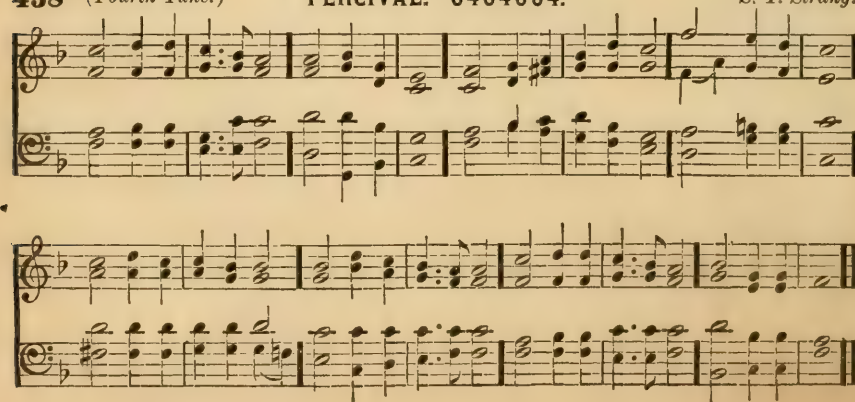
- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me

In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

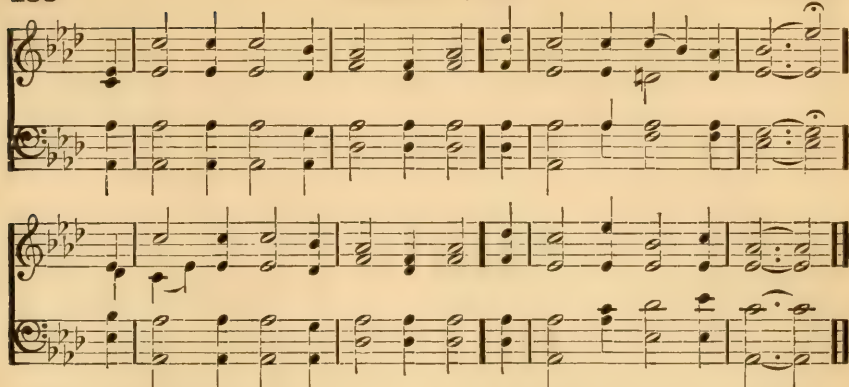
458 (*Fourth Tune.*)

PERCIVAL. 6464664.

S. T. Strang.

459

REMSEN. C. M.

J. P. Holbrook.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

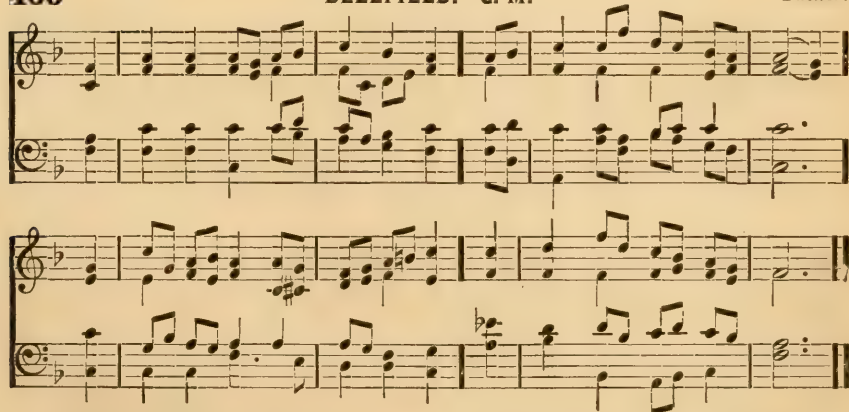
2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

460

BELLFIELD. C. M.

Tucker.

1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
'So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

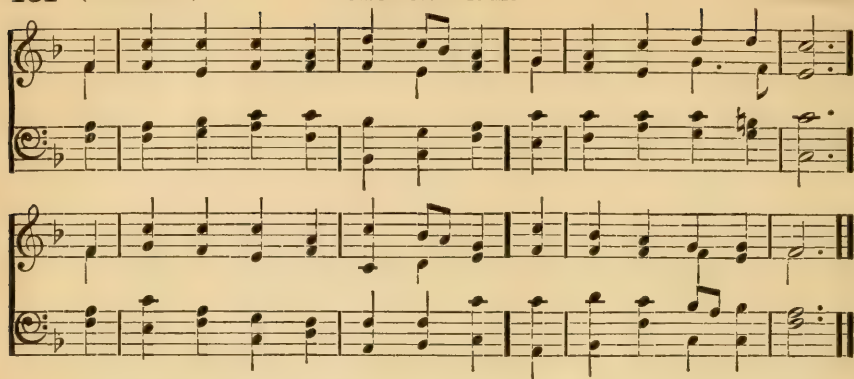
2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;

And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

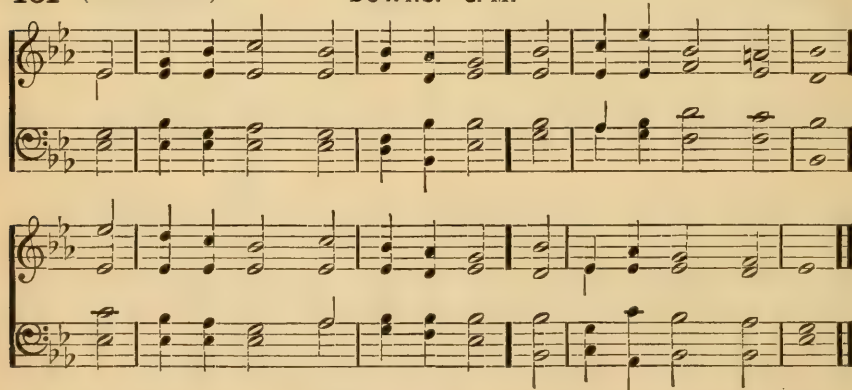
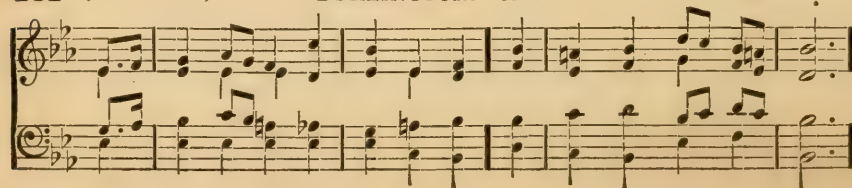
4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

461 (*First Tune.*)**GEORGE. C. M.***N. Hermann.*

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;

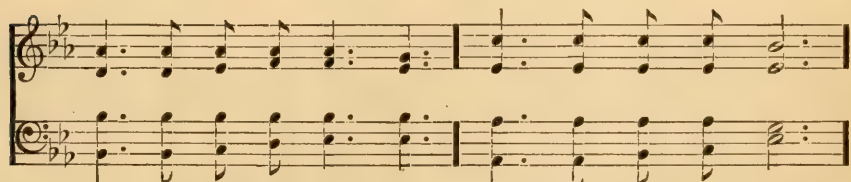
- Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

461 (*Second Tune.*)**DOWN'S. C. M.***Dr. L. Mason.***461** (*Third Tune.*)**BURLINGTON. C. M.***J. F. Burrowes.*



462

BLISS. 6565 D.

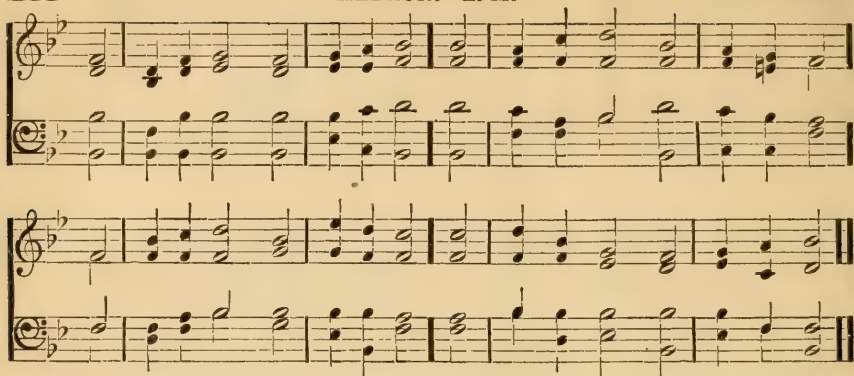
P. P. Bliss.

- 1 MORE holiness give me,
 More strivings within;
 More patience in suffering,
 More sorrow for sin;
 More faith in my Saviour,
 More sense of His care;
 More joy in His service,
 More purpose in prayer.
- 2 More gratitude give me,
 More trust in the Lord;
 More pride in His glory,
 More hope in His word;

- More tears for His sorrows,
 More pain at His grief;
 More meekness in trial,
 More praise for relief.
- 3 More purity give me,
 More strength to o'ercome;
 More freedom from earth-stains,
 More longings for home;
 More fit for the kingdom,
 More used would I be;
 More blessed and holy,
 More Saviour, like Thee.

463

HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

1 My soul before Thee prostrate lies,
To Thee, its source, my spirit flies;
O turn to me Thy cheering face:
I'm poor, enrich me with Thy grace.

2 Take full possession of my heart,
To me Thy lowly mind impart;
Break nature's bonds, and let me see;
He whom Thou free'st, indeed is free.

3 My heart in Thee and in Thy ways
Delights, yet from Thy presence strays;

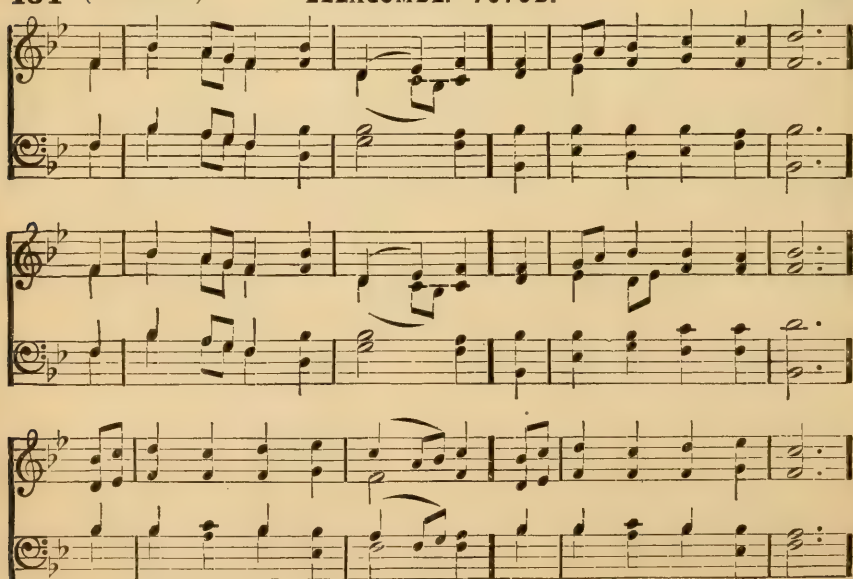
O keep, I pray, my wavering mind
Stayed upon Thee, to Thee resigned.

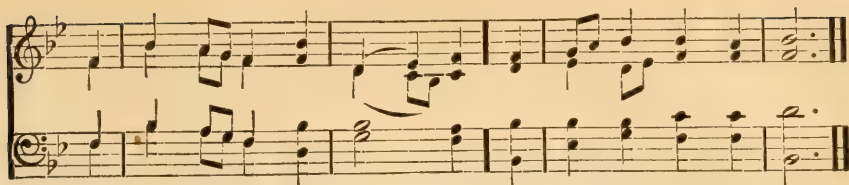
4 Still will I wait, O Lord, on Thee,
Till in Thy light the light I see;
Till Thou in my behalf appear,
To banish every doubt and fear.

5 All my own schemes, each fond design,
I to Thy better will resign;
Impress this deeply on my breast,
That I in Thee am truly blest.

464 (*First Tune.*)

ELLACOMBE. 7676D.

Anon.



1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases
He all my sorrows shares.

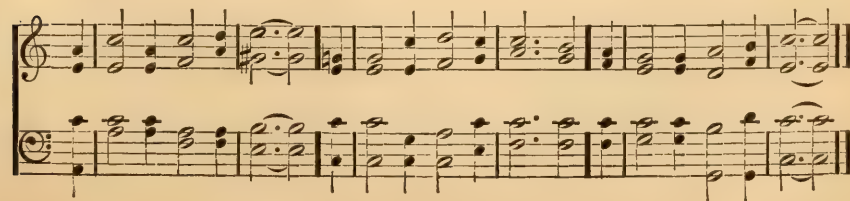
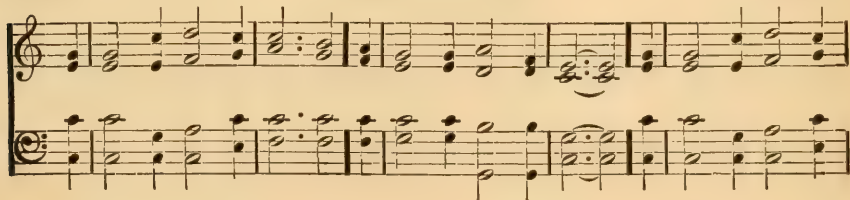
3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the Name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child:
I long to be with Jesus,
Among the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

464 (Second Tune)

MIRIAM. 7676D.

J. P. Holbrook.



465 (First Tune.)

MOSCOW. 7676D.

J. B. Calkin.

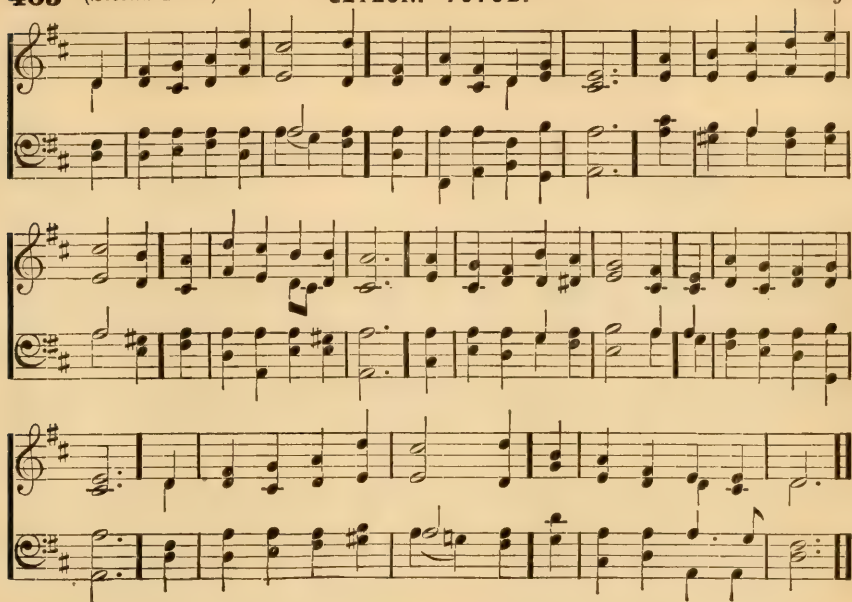


1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle,
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

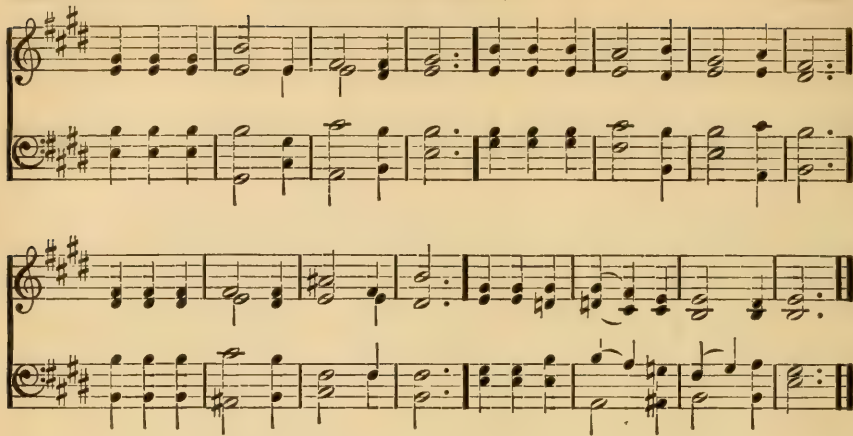
2 O let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the lights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And Jesus I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

4 O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own,
My hope to follow truly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me
My Saviour and my Friend.

465 (*Second Tune.*)**CEYLON. 7676D.***S. Reay.***465** (*Third Tune.*)**MOSSLEIGH. 7676D.***Rev. H. A. Crosbie.*

Handwritten musical score for 'MOSSLEIGH. 7676D.' by Rev. H. A. Crosbie. The score is written on three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The bass line consists of chords and single notes, often in a more rhythmic pattern. The score ends with a double bar line.

466 (*First Tune.*)**QUEBEC (WHITBORN). L. M.***H. Baker.*

1 FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

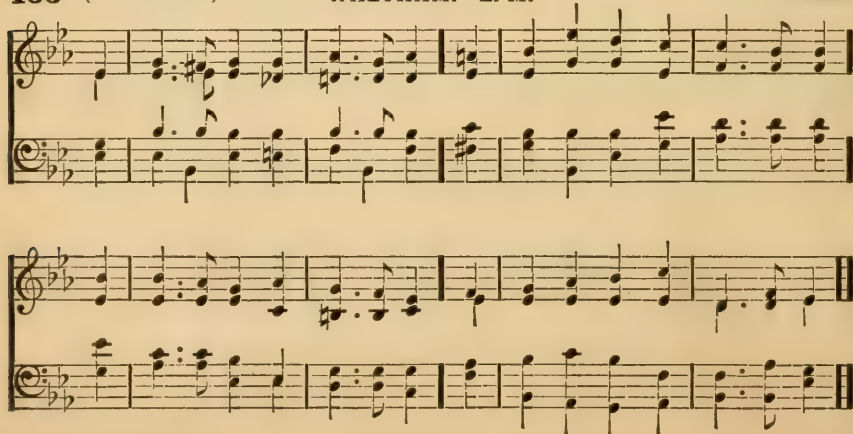
2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

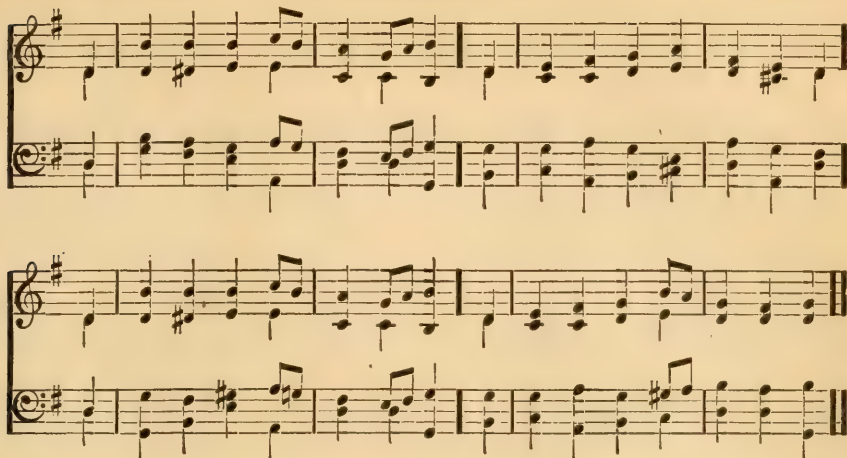
3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

6 Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace has given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

466 (*Second Tune.*)**WALTHAM. L. M.***J. B. Calkin.*

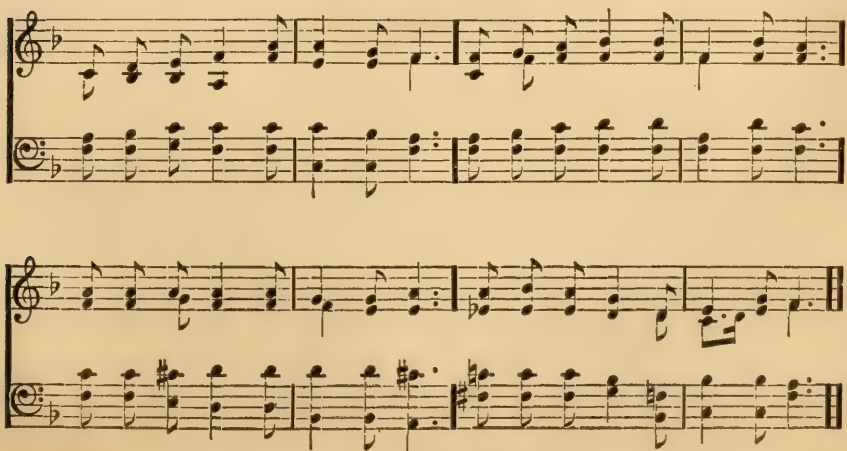
467 (*First Tune.*)**SCHUMANN. L. M.***Schumann.*

1 LORD! I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Here, at that cross, where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

4 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform!
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

467 (*Second Tune.*)**ST. AGNES. L. M.***Rev. A. G. Mortimer.*

COURAGE.

468 (First Tune.)

DE KOVEN. C. M. D.

Rev. A. Macdonald.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain;
 His blood-red banner streams afar;
 Who follows in His train?
 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain?
 Who patient bears His cross below,
 He follows in His train.</p> | <p>3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 And mocked the cross and flame:
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bowed their necks the death to feel:
 Who follows in their train?</p> |
| <p>2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
 Who saw His Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save;
 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong:
 Who follows in his train?</p> | <p>4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil and pain;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.</p> |

468 (Second Tune.)

FILIIUS DEI. C. M. D.

A. R. Gaul.

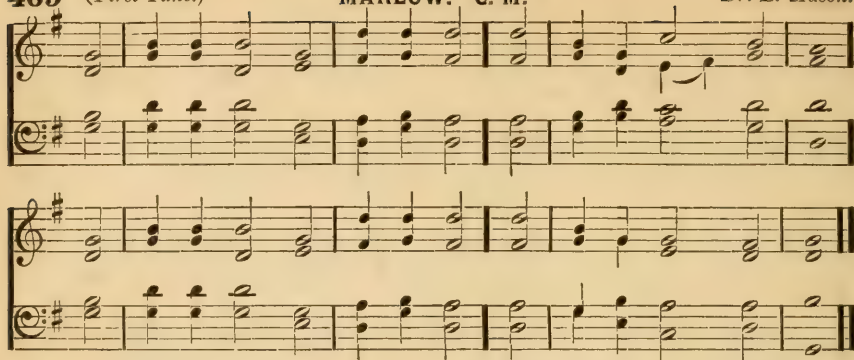


468 (Third Tune.)

ST. ANN. C. M.

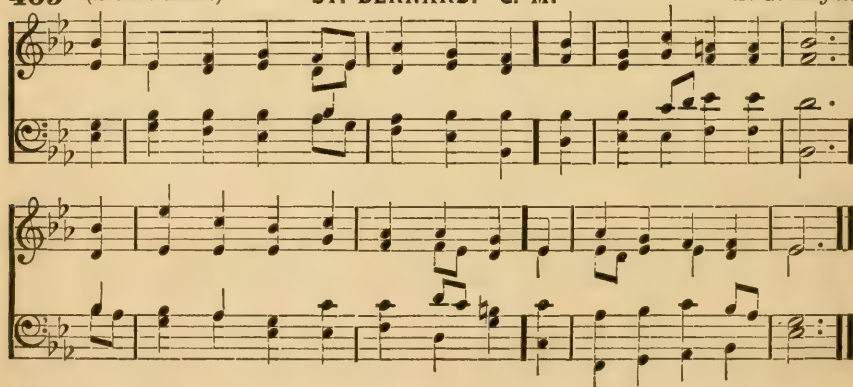
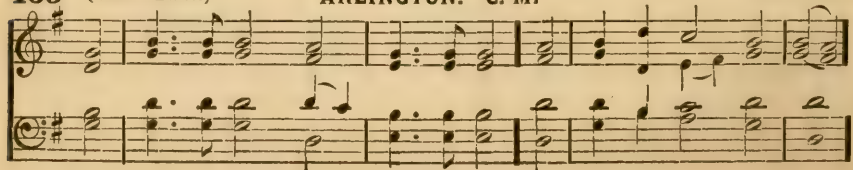
Dr. Croft.

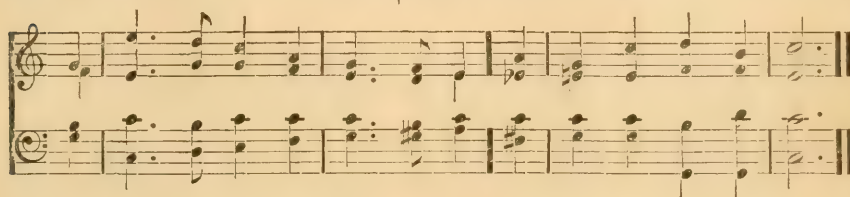
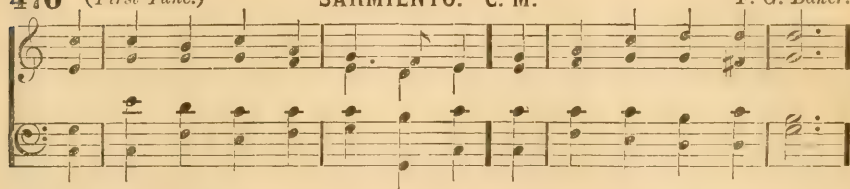


469 (*First Tune.*)**MARLOW. C. M.***Dr. L. Mason.*

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

469 (*Second Tune.*)**ST. BERNARD. C. M.***L. G. Hayne.***469** (*Third Tune.*)**ARLINGTON. C. M.***Dr. Arne.*

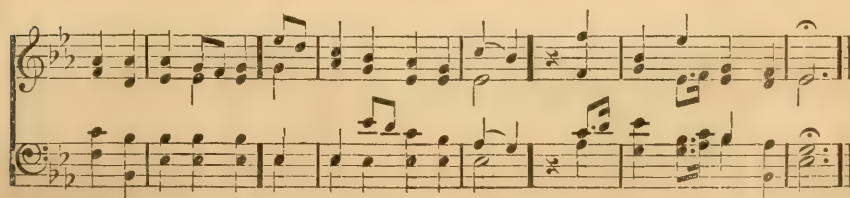
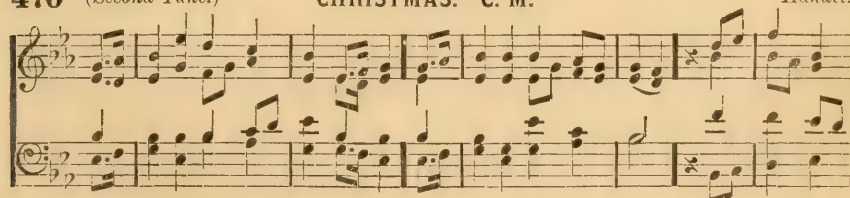
**470** (*First Tune.*)**SARMIENTO. C. M.***F. G. Baker.*

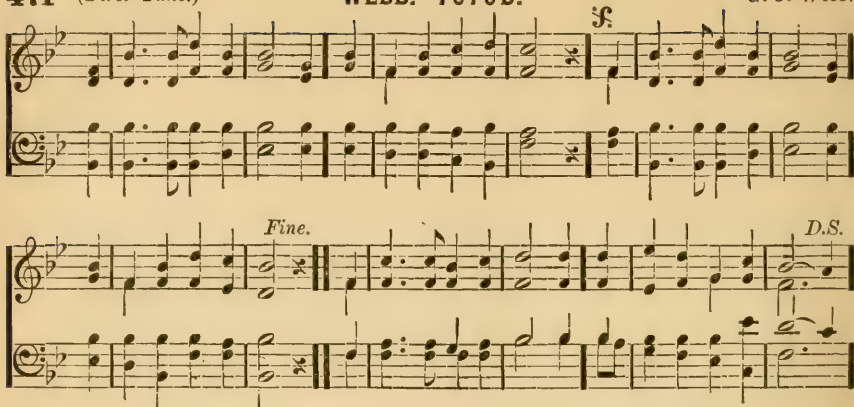
1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

470 (*Second Tune.*)**CHRISTMAS. C. M.***Handel.*

471 (*First Tune.*)**WEBB. 7676D.***G. J. Webb.***1** STAND up, stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross,
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!

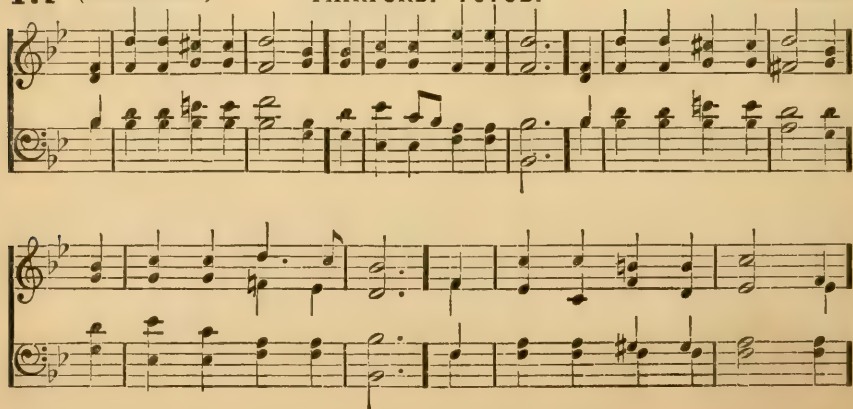
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day;
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

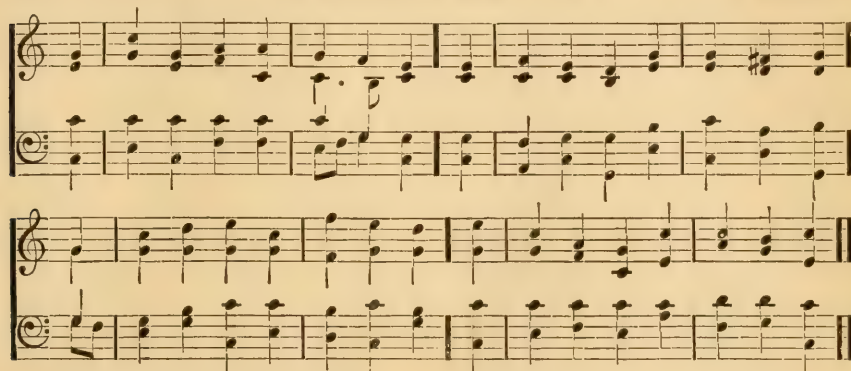
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!

Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on your gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!

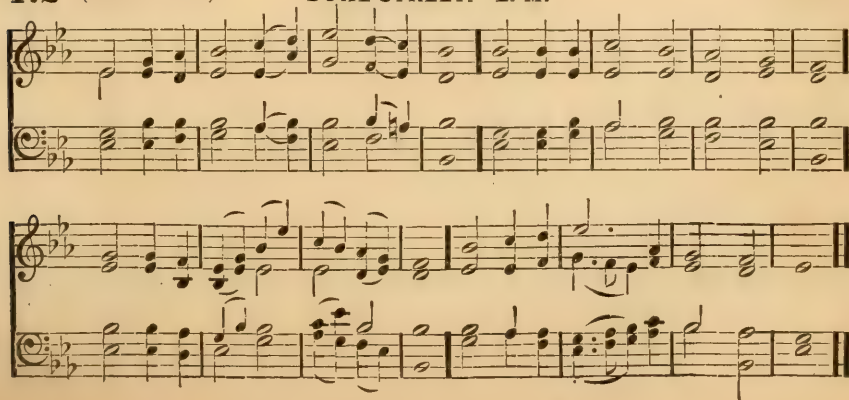
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

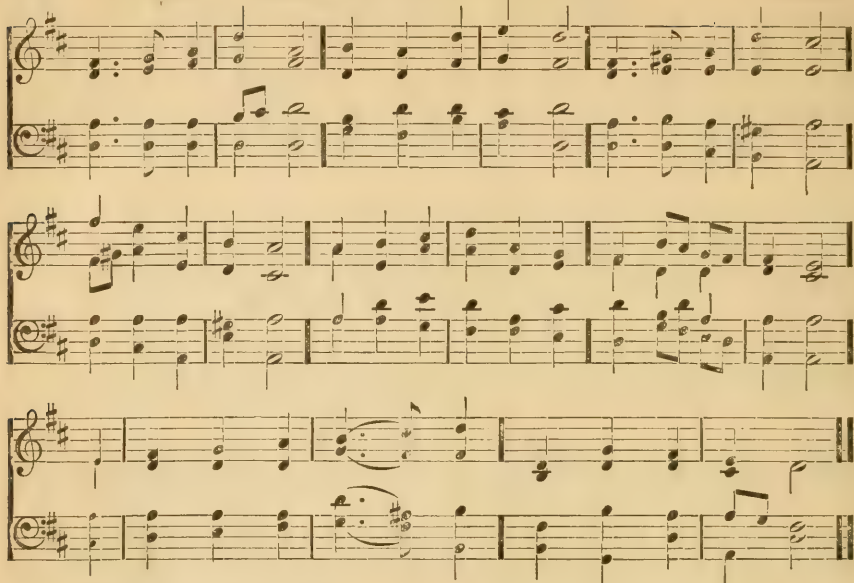
471 (*Second Tune.*)**FAIRFORD. 7676D.***Schubert.*

**472** (*First Tune.*)**WINCHESTER NEW. L. M.***Crassellus.*

- 1 **AWAKE**, our souls! away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, Whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;

- And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
 - 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

472 (*Second Tune.*)**DUKE STREET. L. M.***J. Hatton.*

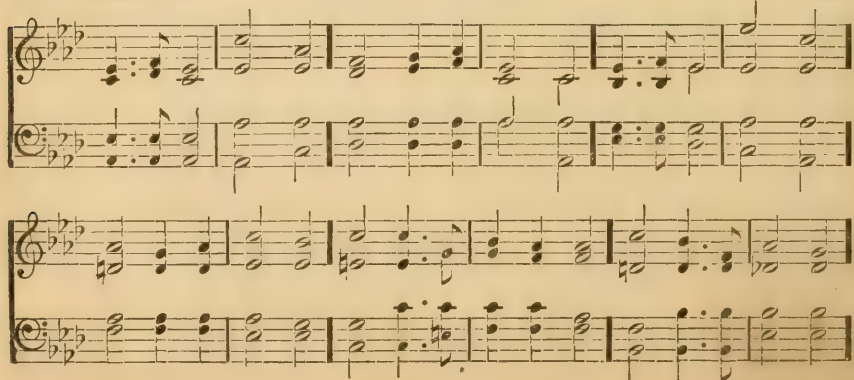
473 (*First Tune.*) **BREAST THE WAVE. 55556565.***G. F. Lumsden.*

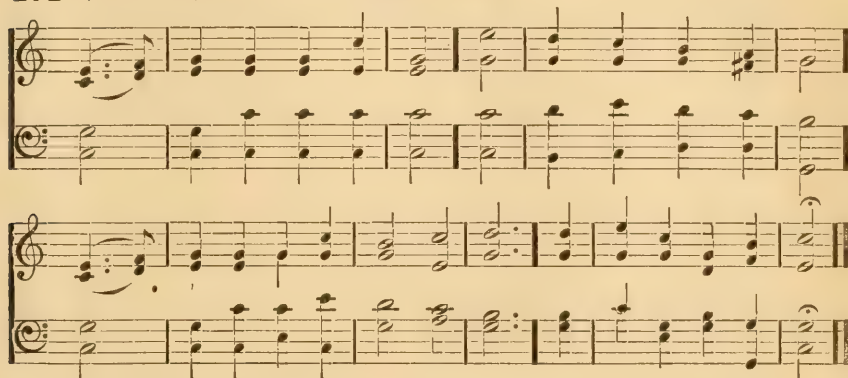
1 BREAST the wave, Christian,
 When it is strongest,
 Watch for day, Christian,
 When the night's longest;
 Onward and onward still
 Be thine endeavor;
 The rest that remaineth
 Will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
 Jesus is o'er thee;
 Run the race, Christian,
 Heaven is before thee;

He who hath promised
 Faltereth never;
 He who hath loved so well,
 Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
 Just as it closeth;
 Raise thy heart, Christian,
 Ere it reposeth;
 Thee from the love of Christ
 Nothing shall sever;
 And, when thy work is done,
 Praise Him for ever.

473 (*Second Tune.*) **ONWARD. 55556565.***W. C. Filby.*

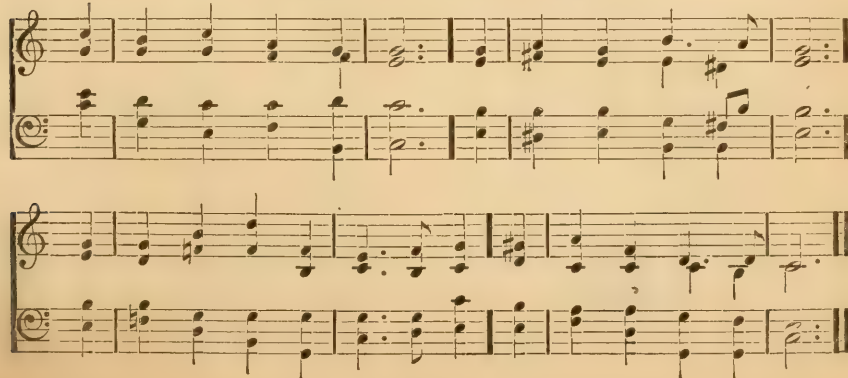
**474** (*First Tune.*)**LABAN. S. M.***Dr. L. Mason.*

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

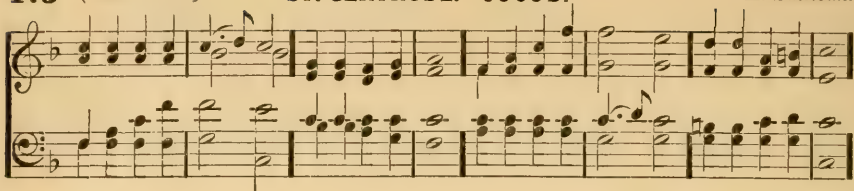
4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

474 (*Second Tune.*)**SOLDIERS OF CHRIST. S. M.***J. W. Elliott.*

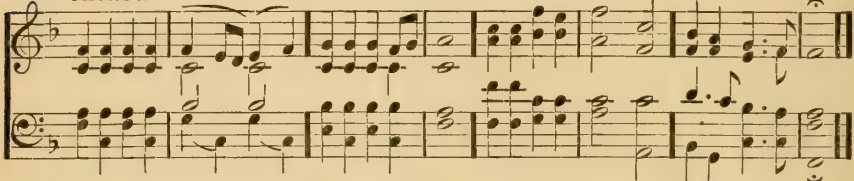
475 (First Tune.)

ST. GERTRUDE. 6565D.

A. Sullivan.



CHORUS.



- 1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 Looking unto Jesus
 Who is gone before.
 Christ the royal Master
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See, His banners go.

Chorus.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 Looking unto Jesus,
 Who is gone before.

- 2 At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee;
 On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory.
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.—*Cho.*

- 3 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;

Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.—*Cho.*

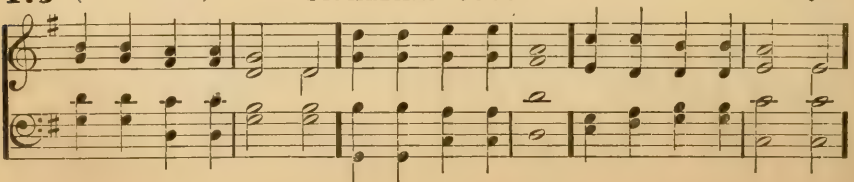
- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.—*Cho.*

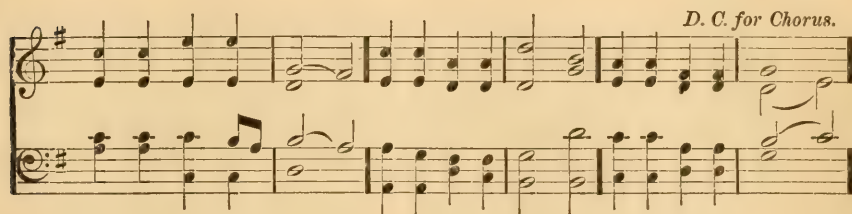
- 5 Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song;
 Glory, laud, and honor,
 Unto Christ the King;
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.—*Cho.*

475 (Second Tune.)

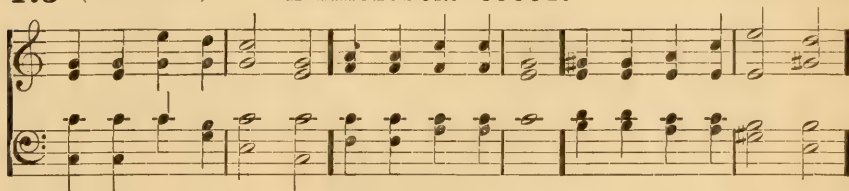
ST. ALBAN. 6565D.

Haydn.

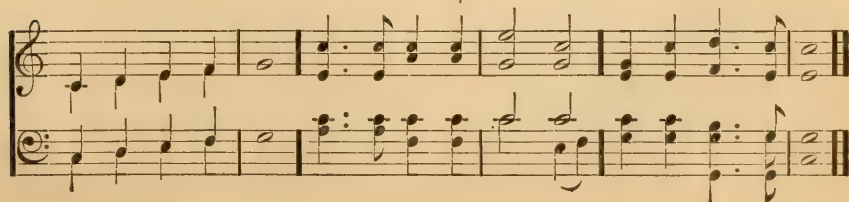


475 (*Third Tune.*)

ARMAGEDDON. 6565 D.

Sir J. Goss.

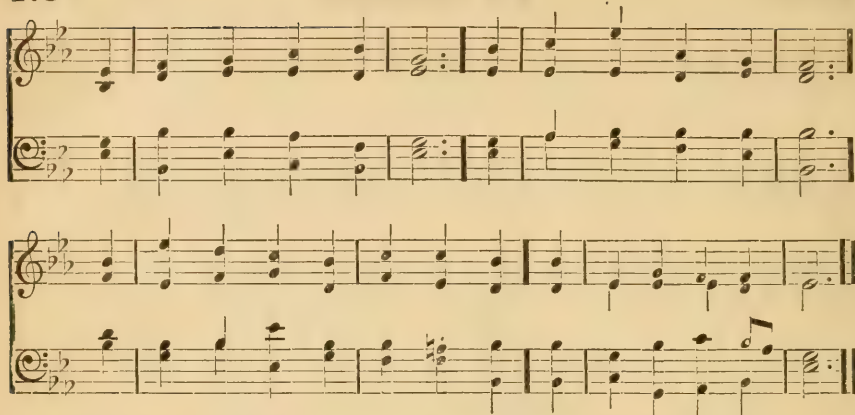
CHORUS.



WORK.

476

FRANCONIA. S. M.

German.

1 HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

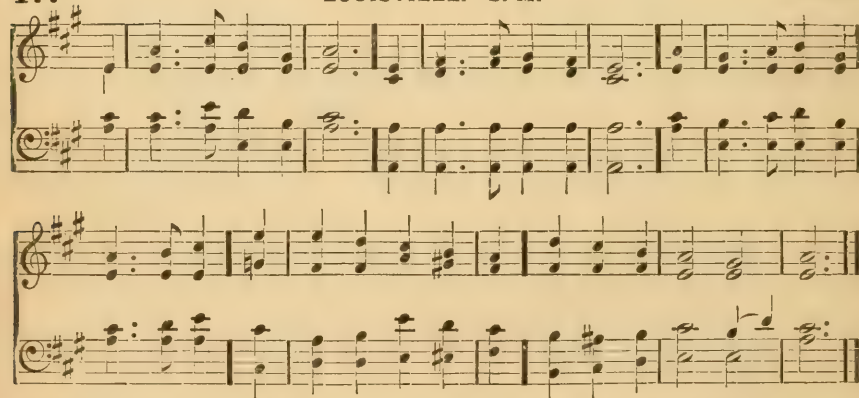
2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;

The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.

3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory, too.

477

LOUISVILLE. S. M.

J. Zundel.

1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare; [dead,
Speak, with the voice that wakes the
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now,
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Exalt Thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

478

BEN RHYDDING. S. M.

A. R. Reinagle.



1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do, be Thou the way,
In all, be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

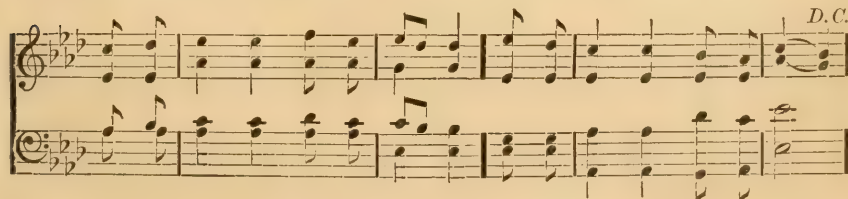
4 If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

479

BAVARIA. 8787D.

Beatty.

Fine.



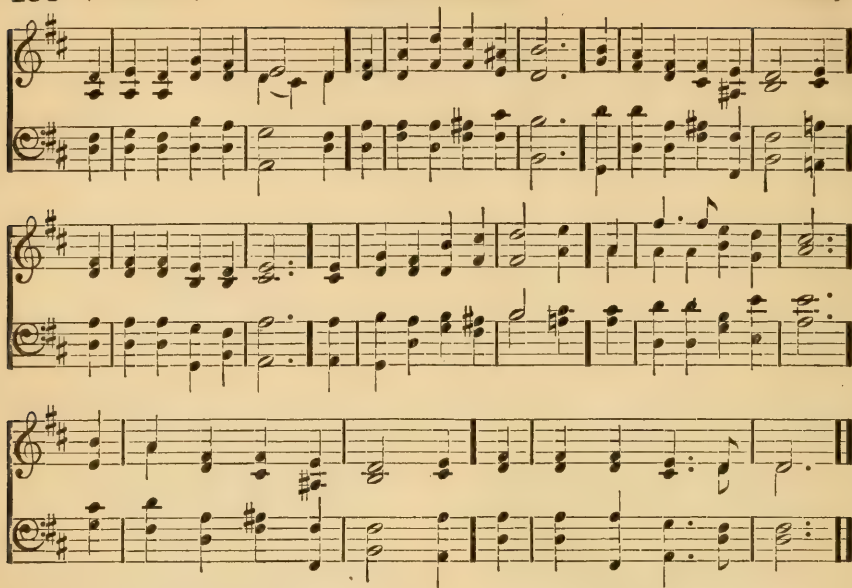
D. C.

1 HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

480 (*First Tune.*)

EWING. 7676D.

A. Ewing.

1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Beneath His banner true;
 The Lord Himself, thy leader,
 Shall all thy foes subdue.
 His love foretells thy trials,
 He knows thine hourly need;
 He can, with bread of heaven,
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

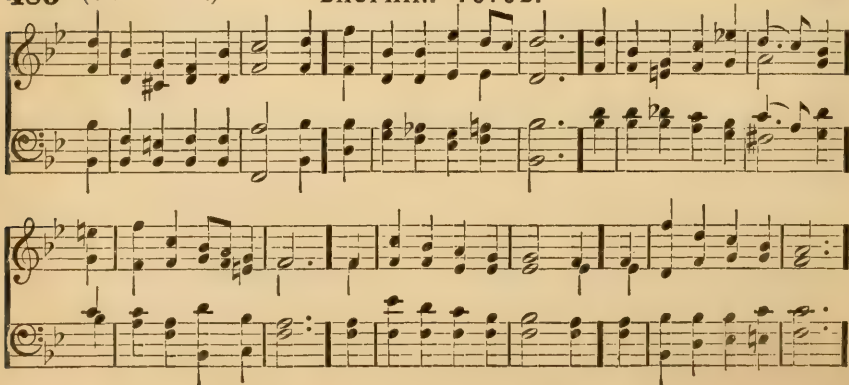
2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the secret foe;
 Far more are o'er thee watching
 Than human eyes can know.

Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
 Cease not to watch and pray;
 Heed not the treacherous voices,
 That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquished
 And heaven is all possessed,
 Till Christ Himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armor by,
 And wear, in endless glory,
 The crown of victory.

480 (*Second Tune.*)

DAUPHIN. 7676D.

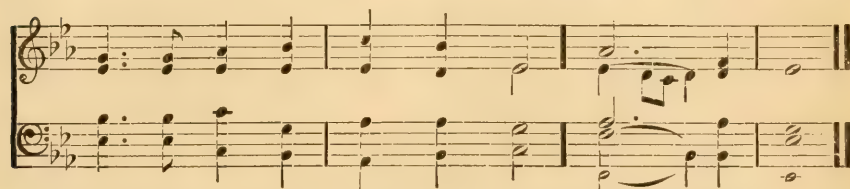
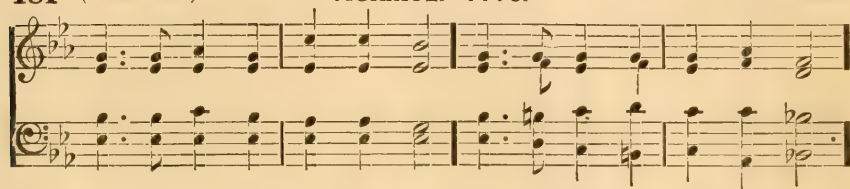
S. Gee.



481 (*First Tune.*)

VIGILATE. 7773.

W. H. Monk.



1 "CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray."

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one;
"Watch and pray."

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they watch each warrior's way;

All with one deep voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

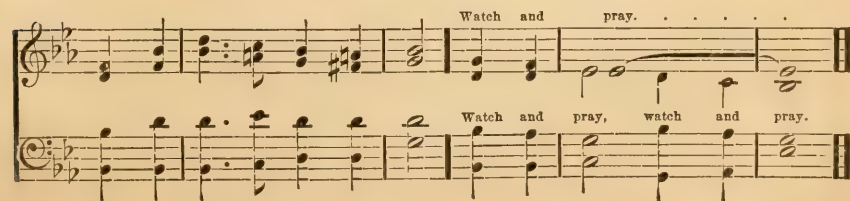
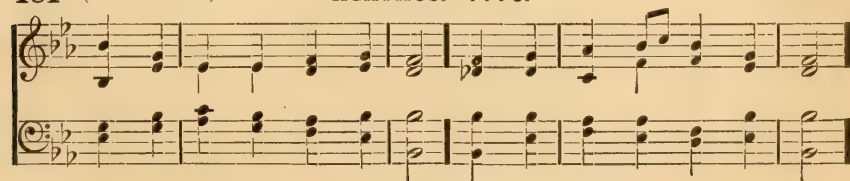
4 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

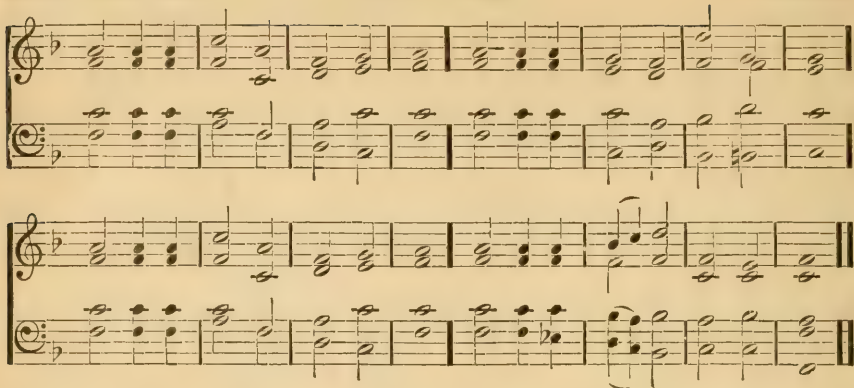
5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down;
"Watch and pray."

481 (*Second Tune.*)

AGATHOS. 7773.

J. W. Elliott.



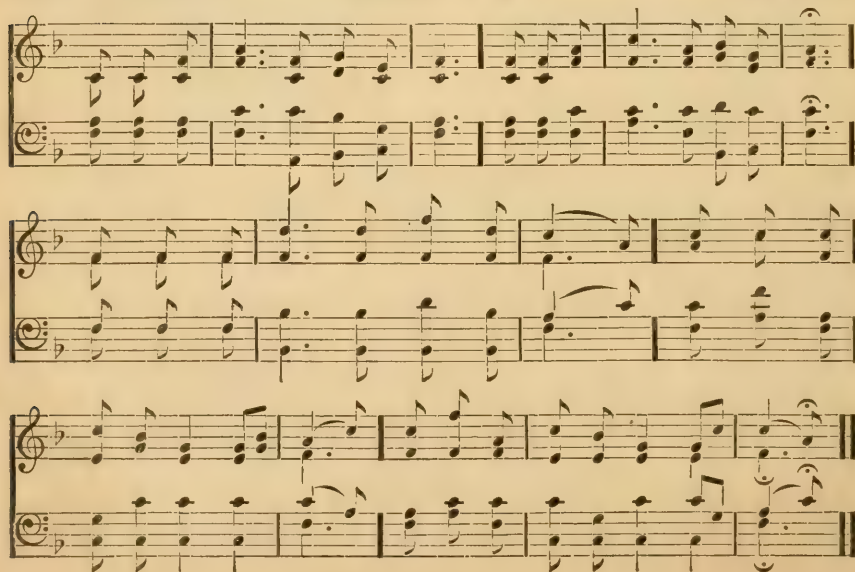
482 (*First Tune.*)**BISHOP. L. M.***J. P. Holbrook.*

1 Go, labor on; spend, and be spent;
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not;
The Master praises; what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee; if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

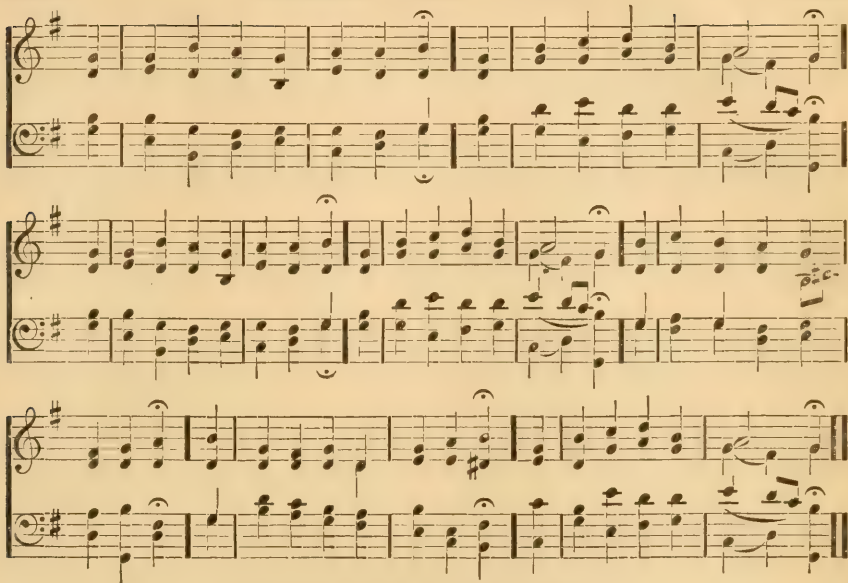
4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"

482 (*Second Tune.*)**ANVERN. L. M.***Dr. L. Mason.*

Judgment.

483

JUDGMENT HYMN. 8787887.

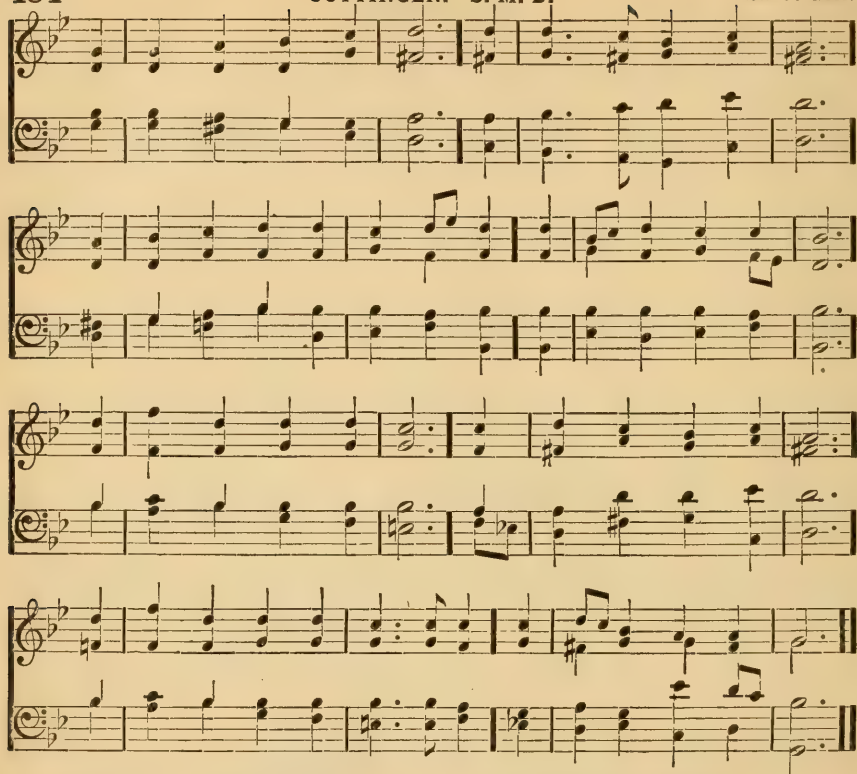
M. Luther.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of mankind doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated!
 The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding:
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing:
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing;
 The day of grace is past and gone;
 Trembling, they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 Low at His cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

484

GÖTTINGEN. S. M. D.

Sir J. Goss.



- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead
 Before Whose bar severe
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear:
 Our wakened souls prepare
 For that tremendous day;
 And fill us now with jealous care,
 And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
 The awful hour unknown,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,

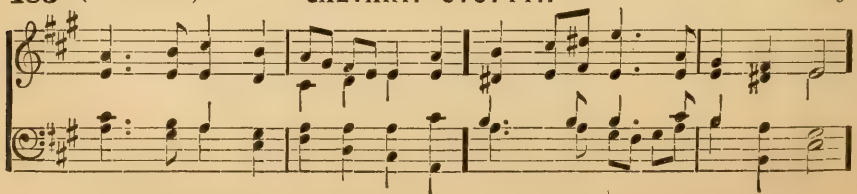
Th' immortal Son of Man
 To judge the human race,
 With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all Thy glorious grace.

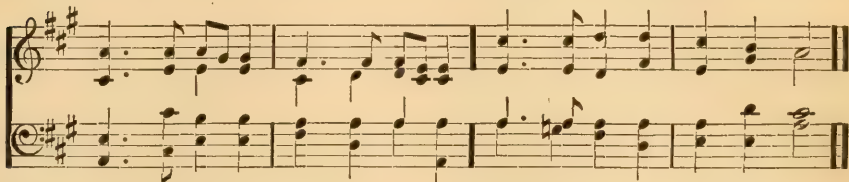
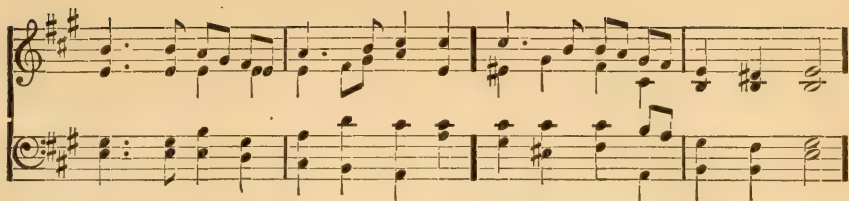
- 3 To sober earthly joys,
 To quicken holy fears,
 For ever let th' Archangel's trump
 Be sounding in our ears;
 The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come!
 Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom."

485 (First Tune.)

CALVARY. 8787447.

J. Stanley.





1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine!

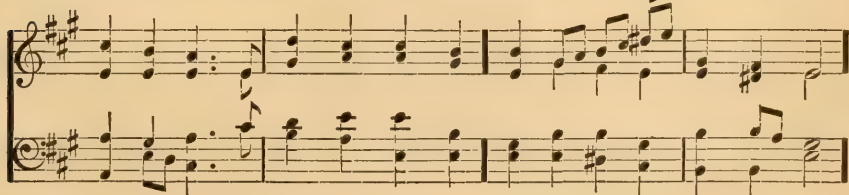
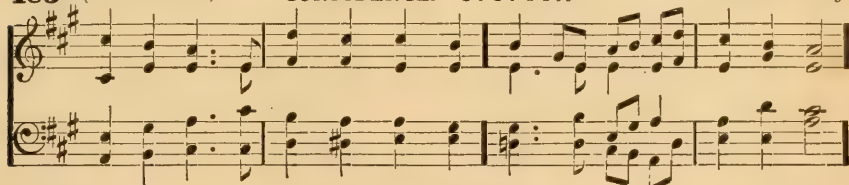
3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessèd,
Take the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall My love and glory know."

485 (Second Tune.)

CONFIDENCE. 8787447.

Rev. T. Kelly.

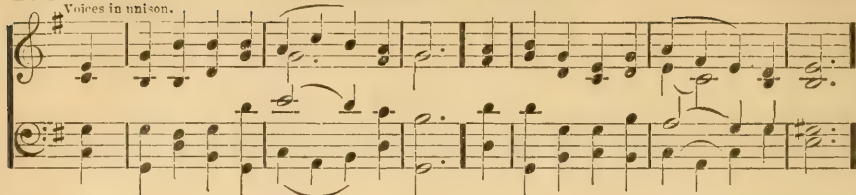


486

VENI EMMANUEL. 8888-88.

Ancient Church.

Voices in unison.



Harmony.



1 O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all;
 For, awful though Thine Advent be,
 All shadows from the truth will fall,
 And falsehood die in sight of Thee:
 O quickly come: for doubt and fear
 Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

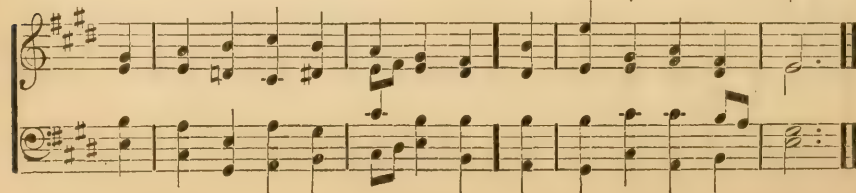
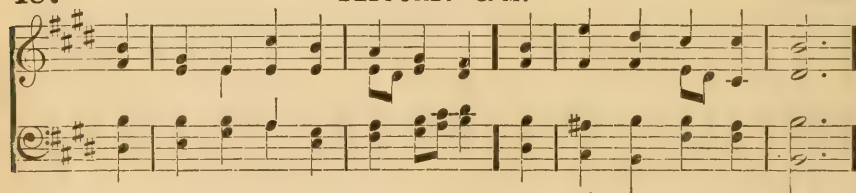
2 O quickly come, great King of all;
 Reign all around us, and within;
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
 O quickly come: for Thou alone
 Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
 For death is mighty all around;
 On every home his shadows fall,
 On every heart his mark is found:
 O quickly come: for grief and pain
 Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 O quickly come, sure Light of all;
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
 And weakly souls begin to fall
 With weary watching for the day:
 O quickly come: for round Thy throne
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

487

BEDFORD. C. M.

W. Wheall.

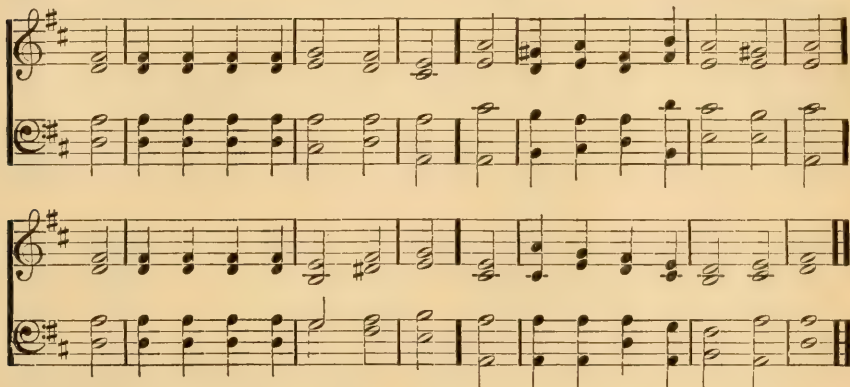
- 1 GREAT God, when I approach Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.
- 2 How can a soul condemned to die
Escape the just decree?
A vile, unworthy wretch am I,
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
O, how can I get free?

- No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.
- 4 My course I could not safely steer
Through life's tempestuous sea,
Did not this truth relieve my fear,
That Jesus died for me.
- 5 And, Lord, when I behold Thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by Thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

488 (First Tune.)

ASHWELL. L. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



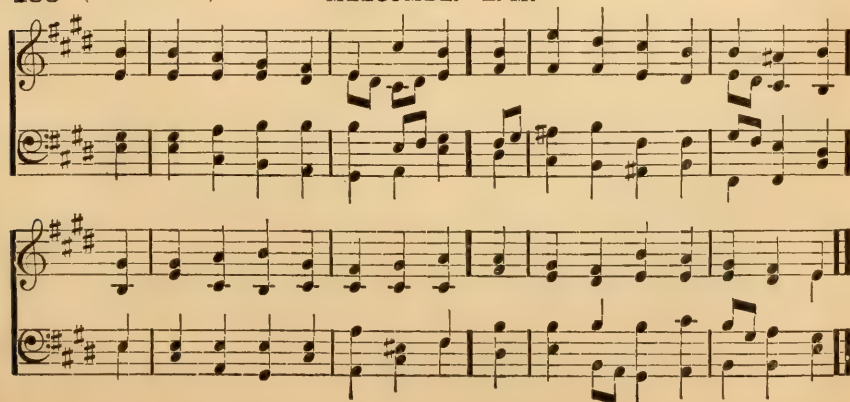
- 1 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

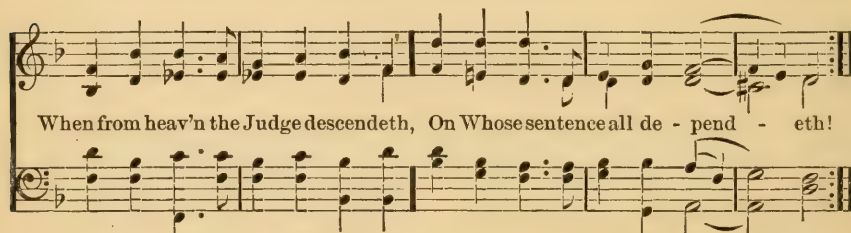
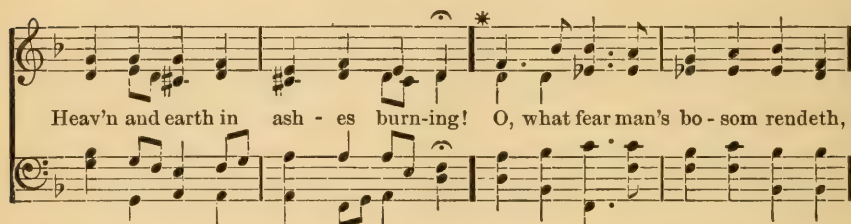
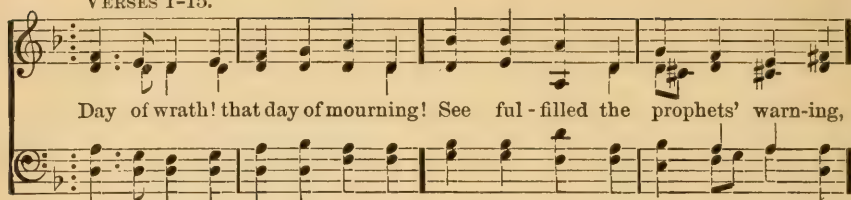
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansions in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.
- 4 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove;
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

488 (Second Tune.)

MELCOMBE. L. M.

S. Webbe.



489 (*First Tune.*)
 VERSES 1-15.
DIES IRÆ. 888.*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*

3 Lo! the trumpet's wondrous swelling
 Peals through each sepulchral dwelling,
 All before the throne compelling.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
 All creation is awaking,
 To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo! the book exactly worded,
 Wherein all hath been recorded:
 Thence shall justice be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
 And each hidden deed arraigneth,
 Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
 Who for me be interceding,
 When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of Majesty tremendous,
 Who dost free salvation send us,
 Fount of pity! then befriend us!

9 Think, kind Jesus, my salvation
 Cost Thy wondrous incarnation;
 Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
 On the cross of suffering bought me,
 Shall such grace in vain be brought me?

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
 Grant Thy gift of absolution,
 Ere that day of retribution.

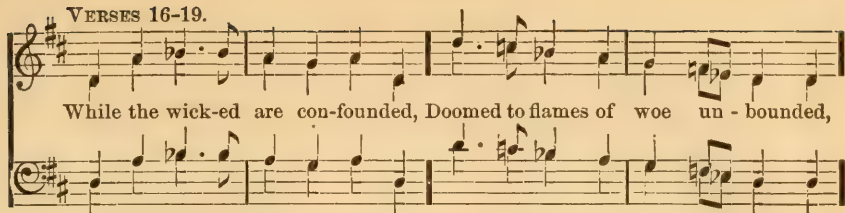
12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
 All my shame with anguish owning;
 Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

13 Thou the harlot gav'st remission,
 Heard'st the dying thief's petition;
 Hopeless else were my condition.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
 Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
 Rescue me from fires undying!

* 15 With Thy favored sheep O place me!
 Nor among the goats abuse me;
 But to Thy right hand upraise me.


VERSES 16-19.



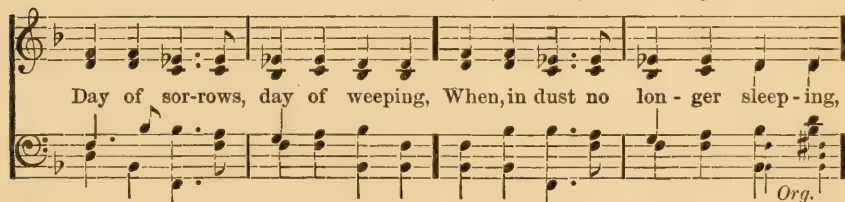
While the wick-ed are con-founded, Doomed to flames of woe un - bounded,



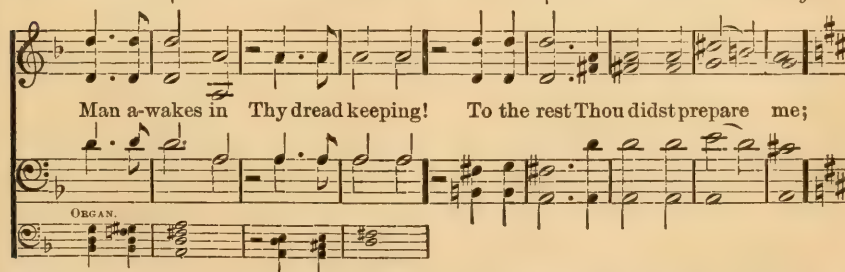
Call me, with Thy saints surround - ed. Bow my heart in meek submission,



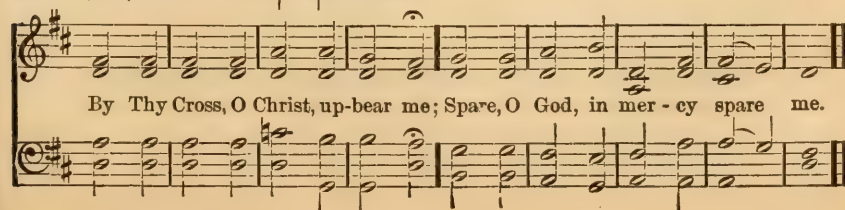
Strewn with ash-es of con-tri-tion; Help me in my lost con-di-tion.



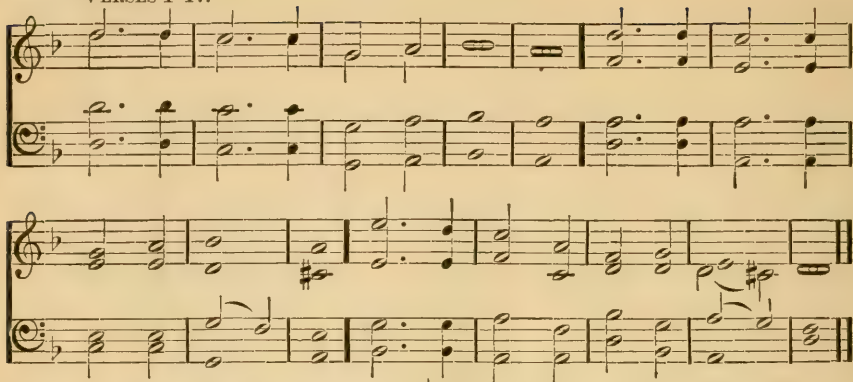
Day of sor-rows, day of weeping, When, in dust no lon-ger sleep-ing,



Man a-wakes in Thy dread keeping! To the rest Thou didst prepare me;

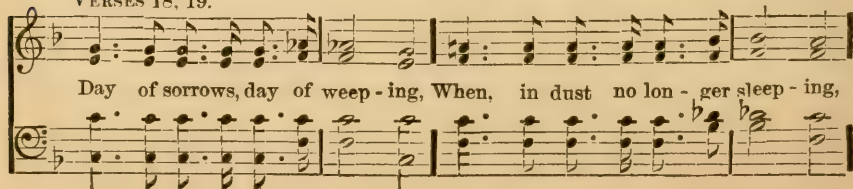


By Thy Cross, O Christ, up-bear me; Spare, O God, in mer-cy spare me.

489 (*Second Tune.*)
 VERSES 1-17.
DIES IRÆ. 888.*F. Hiller.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 DAY of wrath! that day of mourning!
 See fulfilled the prophets' warning,
 Heaven and earth in ashes burning!</p> <p>2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
 When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
 On Whose sentence all dependeth!</p> <p>3 Lo! the trumpet's wondrous swelling
 Peals through each sepulchral dwelling,
 All before the throne compelling.</p> <p>4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
 All creation is awaking,
 To its Judge an answer making.</p> <p>5 Lo! the book exactly worded,
 Wherein all hath been recorded:
 Thence shall justice be awarded.</p> <p>6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
 And each hidden deed arraigneth,
 Nothing unavenged remaineth.</p> <p>7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
 Who for me be interceding,
 When the just are mercy needing?</p> <p>8 King of Majesty tremendous,
 Who dost free salvation send us,
 Fount of pity! then befriend us!</p> | <p>9 Think, kind Jesus, my salvation
 Cost Thy wondrous incarnation
 Leave me not to reprobation!</p> <p>10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
 On the cross of suffering bought me,
 Shall such grace in vain be brought me?</p> <p>11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
 Grant Thy gift of absolution,
 Ere that day of retribution.</p> <p>12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
 All my shame with anguish owning;
 Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!</p> <p>13 Thou the harlot gav'st remission,
 Heard'st the dying thief's petition;
 Hopeless else were my condition.</p> <p>14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
 Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
 Rescue me from fires undying!</p> <p>15 With Thy favored sheep O place me!
 Nor among the goats abase me;
 But to Thy right hand upraise me.</p> <p>16 While the wicked are confounded,
 Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
 Call me, with Thy saints surrounded,</p> |
|--|--|
- 17 Bow my heart in meek submission,
 Strewn with ashes of contrition;
 Help me in my lost condition.

VERSES 18, 19.



Man awakes in Thy dread keeping! To the rest Thou did'st prepare me;

By Thy Cross, O Christ, upbear me; Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare me.

489 (Third Tune.)

DIES IRÆ. 888.

C. Gounod.

490 (*First Tune.*)

HARWELL. 878777.

Dr. L. Mason.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, A - - men.

1 HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love;
 See! He sits on yonder throne,
 Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Let us all unite our praises
 With the angels round the throne;
 Soon we hope our Lord will raise us
 Whither He Himself has gone:
 Meet it is that we should sing,
 Glory, glory to our King!

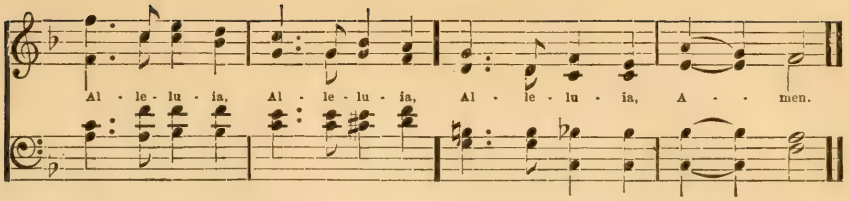
3 King of glory, reign for ever,
 Thine an everlasting crown!
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine
 Happy objects of Thy grace, [own,
 Destined to behold Thy face!

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing:
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 Glory, glory to our King!

490 (*Second Tune.*)

LEWISHAM. 878777.

J. Tilleard.

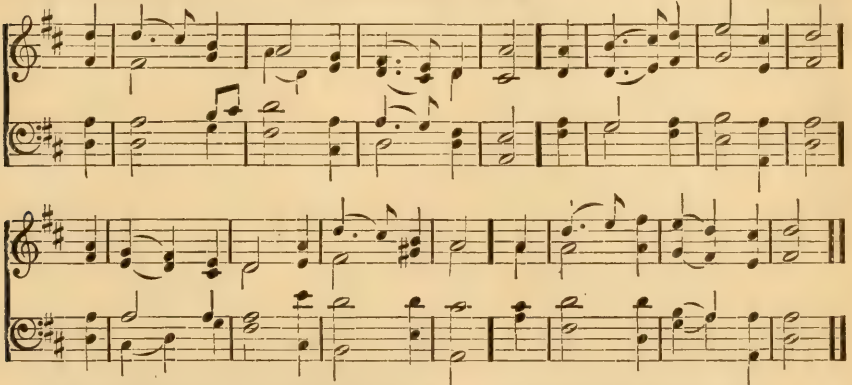


Heaven.

491 (First Tune.)

COLCHESTER. C. M.

A. Williams.



- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;

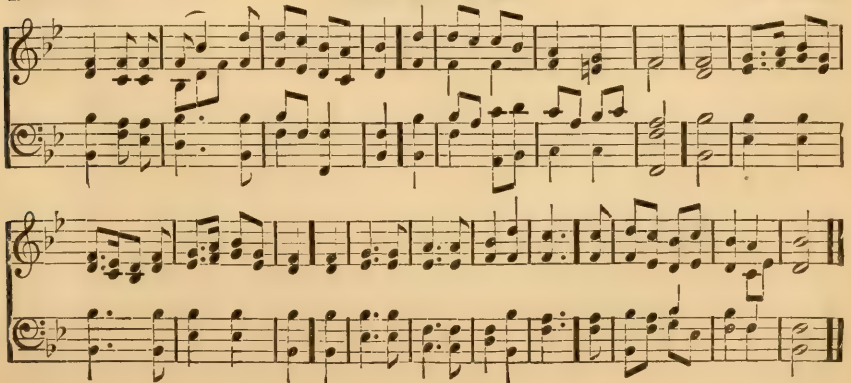
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

- 3 The soul, from sin forever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

491 (Second Tune.)

CONWAY. C. M.

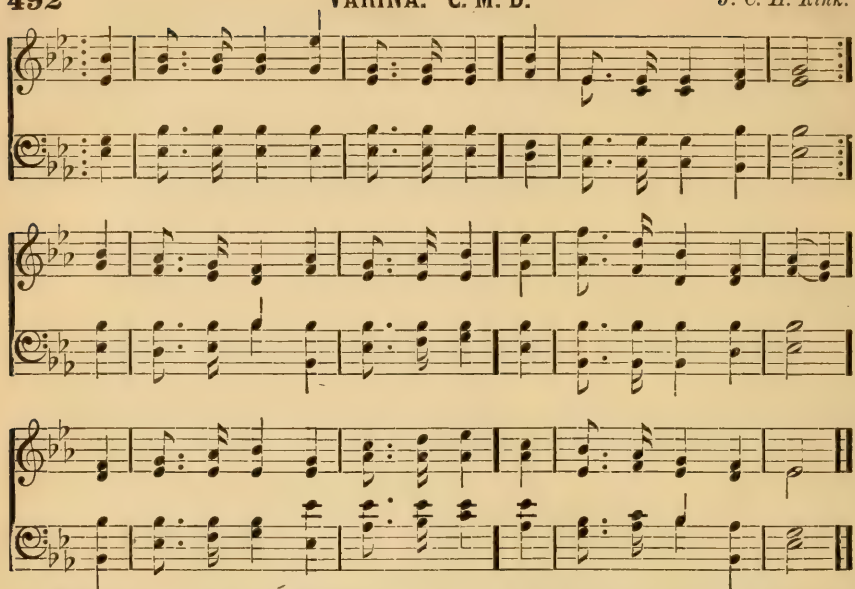
Old Melody.



492

VARINA. C. M. D.

J. C. H. Rink.



- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

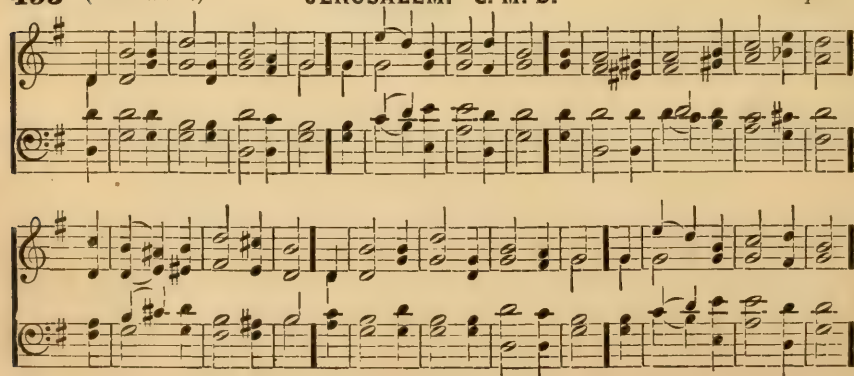
But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

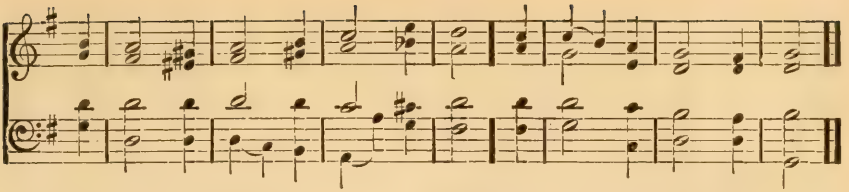
- 3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

493 (First Tune.)

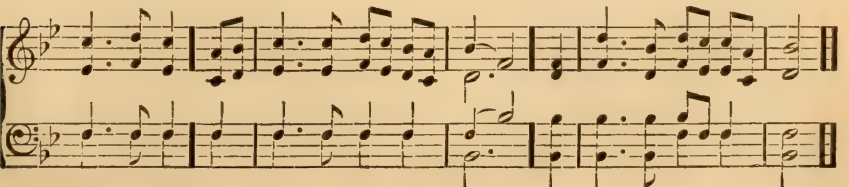
JERUSALEM. C. M. D.

L. Spohr.



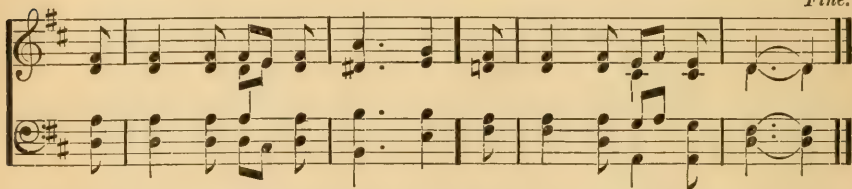


- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?</p> <p>2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold? [walls
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?</p> <p>3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes</p> | <p>4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.</p> <p>5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.</p> <p>6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.</p> |
|--|--|

493 (*Second Tune.*)**STANIFORTH. C. M.***Staniforth.***493** (*Third Tune.*)**RHINE. C. M.***German.*

494

BECKWITH. 7676D.

H. Hemy.*Fine.**D.C.*

- 1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O only mansion;
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy;
 The Lamb is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.
- 3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays;

- Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 The saints build up its fabric,
 The corner-stone is Christ.
- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.
- * 5 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

* Sing the first four lines of last verse at the end of each verse.

495

EWING. 7676D.

A. Ewing.

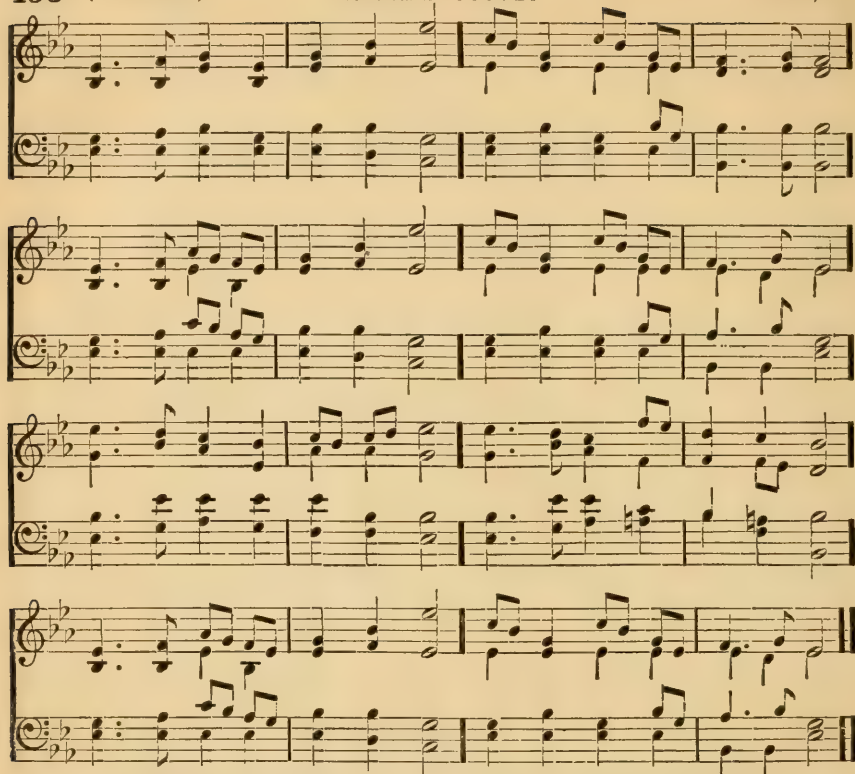


1 JERUSALEM, the golden !
 With milk and honey blest :
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppress.
 I know not, O I know not
 What joys await us there ;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.
 And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

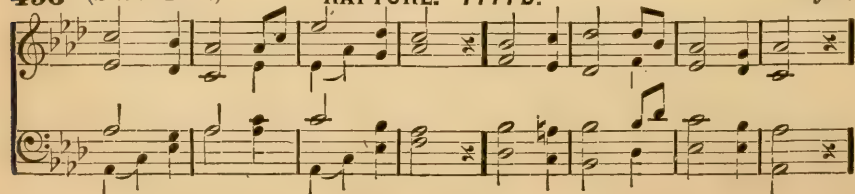
496 (*First Tune.*)**BEULAH. 7777D.***E. Ives, Jr.*

1 WHO are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?—
“Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His eternal name:

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

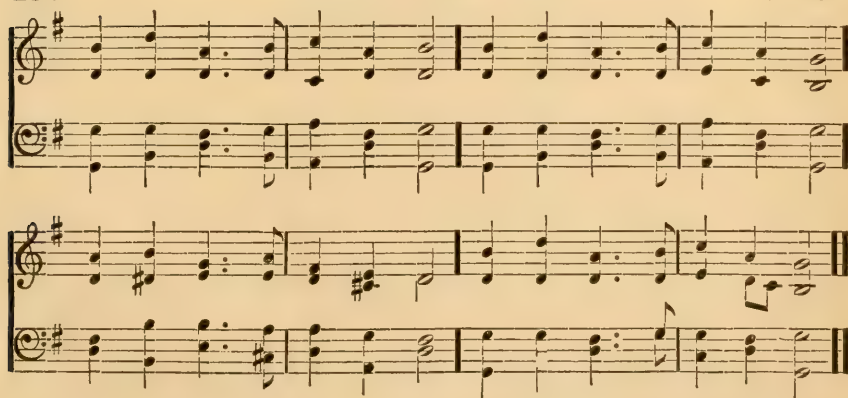
3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

496 (*Second Tune.*)**RAPTURE. 7777D.***Haydn.*



497

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7777.

Ig. Pleyel.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests and kings and conquerors they.

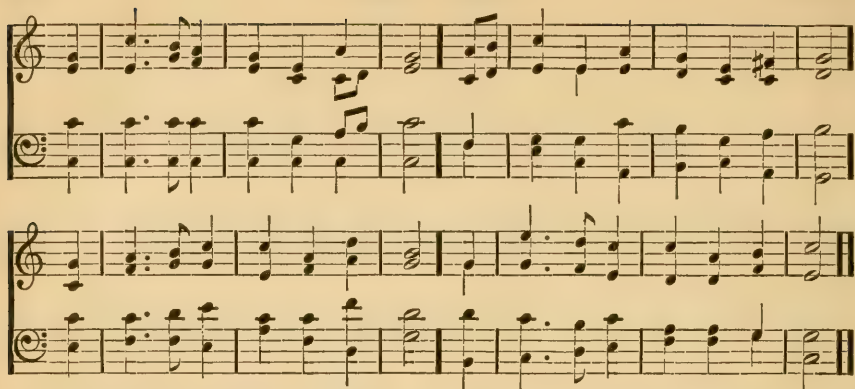
2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amid the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through His cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying as they strike the chords—
"Take the kingdom! it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

4 Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's Righteousness,
And His blood, that made them so.

498

TABOR. 8888.

C. Steggall.

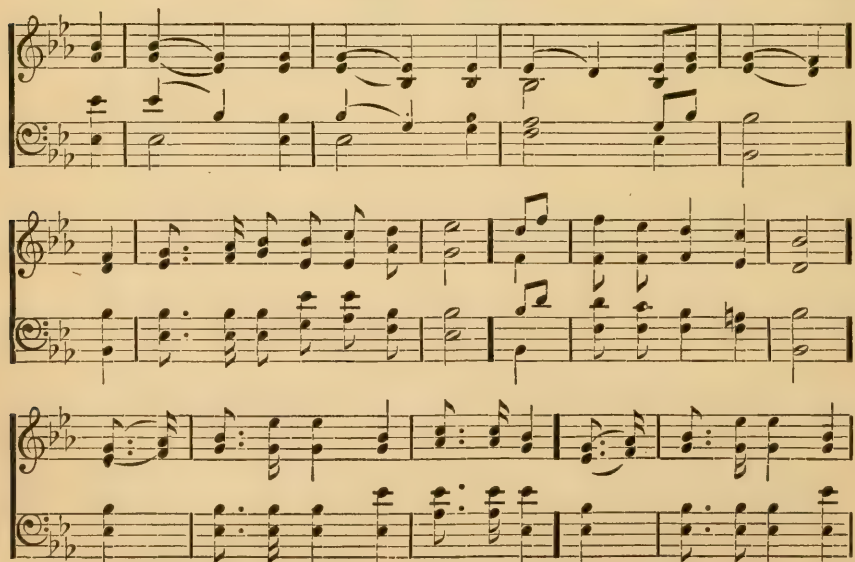
- 1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there!
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,

From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

- 4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!
- 5 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

499

ARIEL. 886886.

Arr. Dr. L. Mason.



1 WITH joy shall I behold the day
That calls my willing soul away,
To dwell among the blest:
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And points me to His rest.

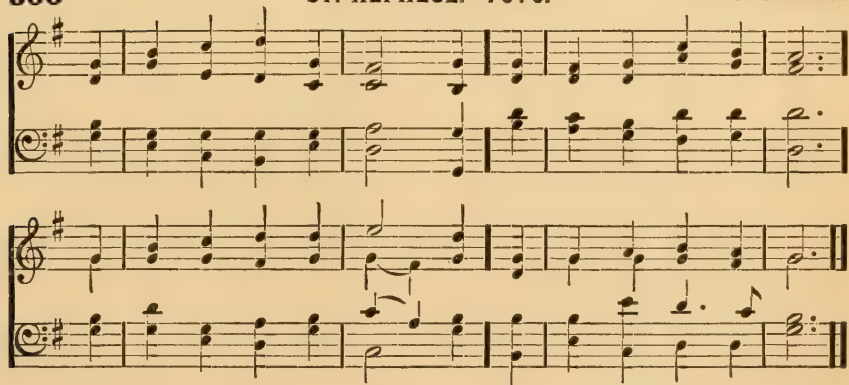
2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crowned with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,
Before th'Almighty King.

4 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings out-
For evermore shall dwell: [spread,
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enrolled,
And bid the world farewell.

500

ST. ALPHEGE. 7676.

H. J. Gauntlett.

1 O FOR the robes of whiteness;
O for the tearless eyes;
O for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!

2 O for the no more weeping
Within that land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!

3 O for the bliss of flying,
My risen Lord to meet;
O for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet!

4 O for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face,
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!

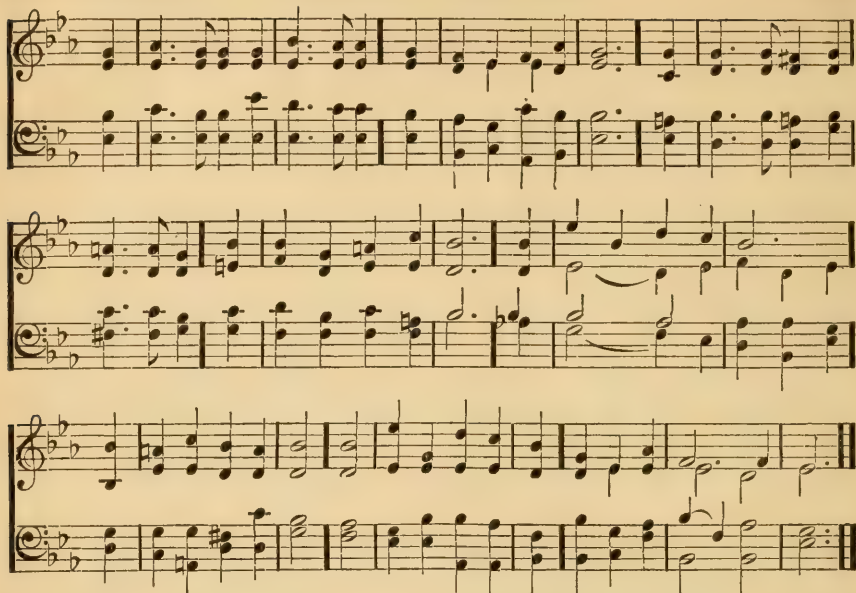
5 Jesus, Thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.

6 Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
In Thee, and Thee alone.

501 (First Tune.)

O PARADISE. 86866666.

J. Barnby.



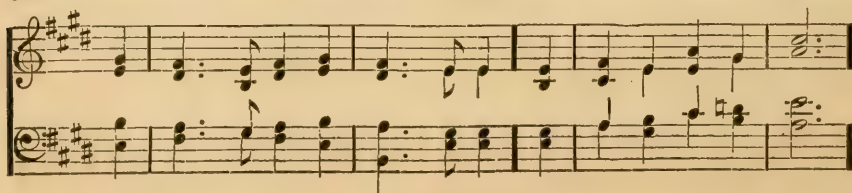
- 1 O PARADISE, O Paradise!
 Who doth not crave for rest,
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.
- 2 O Paradise, O Paradise!
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.
- 3 O Paradise, O Paradise!
 'Tis weary waiting here,
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see him near;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise!
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.
- 5 O Paradise, O Paradise!
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.
- 6 O Paradise, O Paradise!
 I feel 'twill not be long;
 Patience! I think I almost hear
 Faint fragments of thy song;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

501 (Second Tune.)

PARADISE. 86866666.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



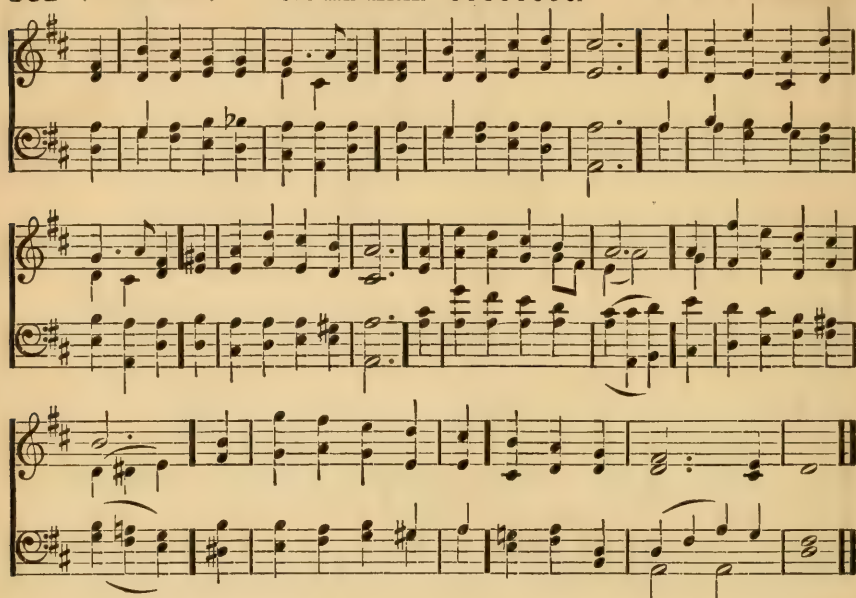
Three systems of musical notation, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first system has 8 measures, the second has 8 measures, and the third has 8 measures. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and chordal textures. The final measure of the third system ends with a double bar line.

501 (Third Tune.)

CORCORAN. 86866666.

H. Hemy.

Three systems of musical notation, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first system has 8 measures, the second has 8 measures, and the third has 8 measures. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and chordal textures. The final measure of the third system ends with a double bar line.

501 (*Fourth Tune.*)**ST. HELENA. 86866666.***W. A. C. Cruikshank.***1 O PARADISE, O Paradise!**

Who doth not crave for rest,
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 'All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise!

The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise!

'Tis weary waiting here,
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see him near;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise!

I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

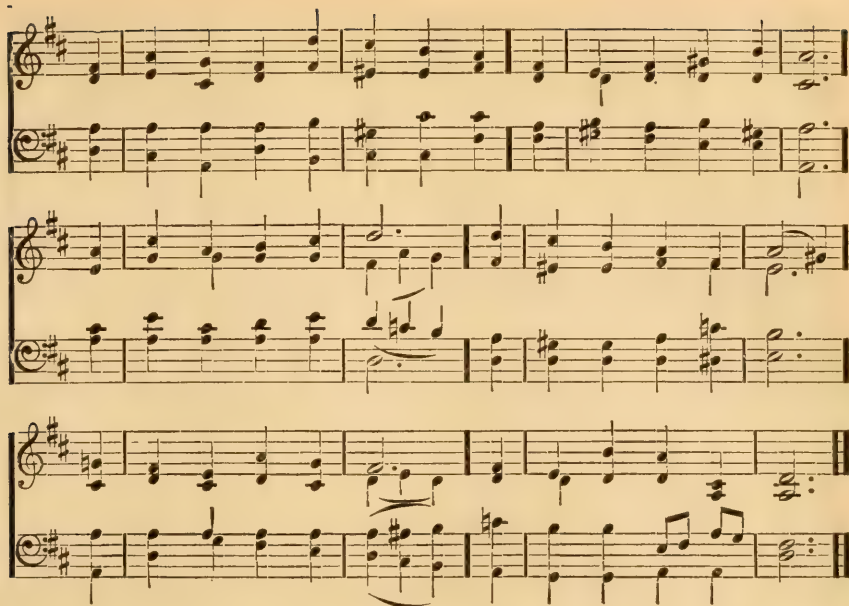
5 O Paradise, O Paradise!

I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me;
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

6 O Paradise, O Paradise!

I feel 'twill not be long;
 Patience! I think I almost hear
 Faint fragments of thy song;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

501 (*Fifth Tune.*)**EDEN. 86866666.***H. A. Prothero.*



502

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

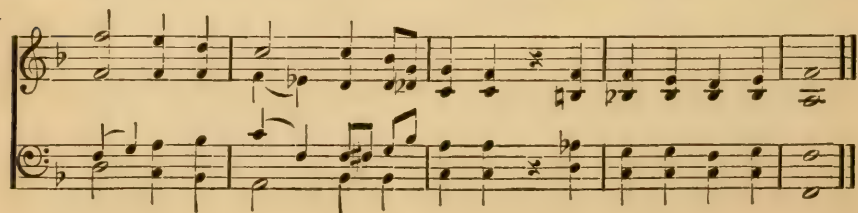
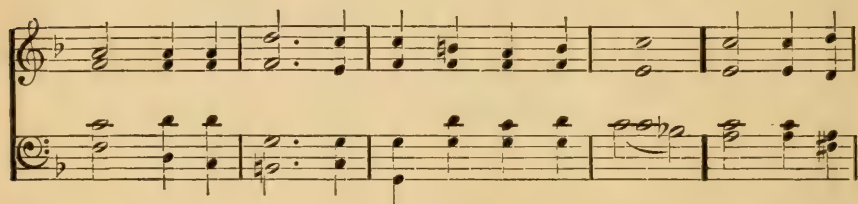
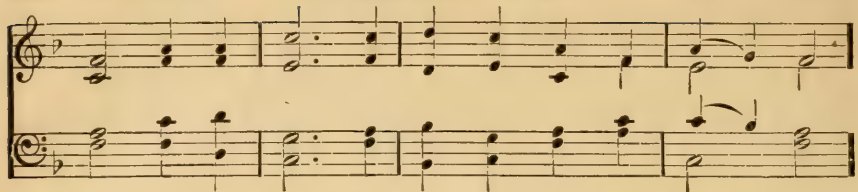
- 1 FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's far seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

503 (First Tune.)

VOX ANGELICA. P. M.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



1 HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs
are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed
strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be
no more!

Chorus.—Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing,
“Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids
you come;”
And through the dark, its echoes
sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us
home.—*Cho.*

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land
and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly
stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary
steps to Thee.—*Cho.*

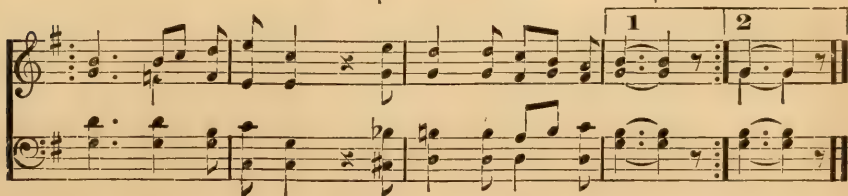
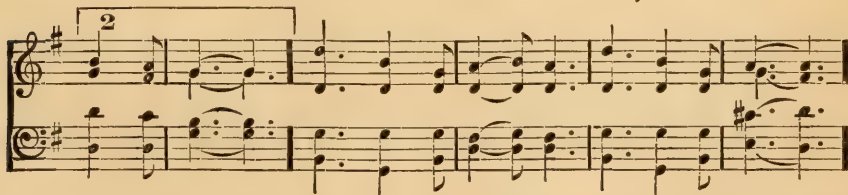
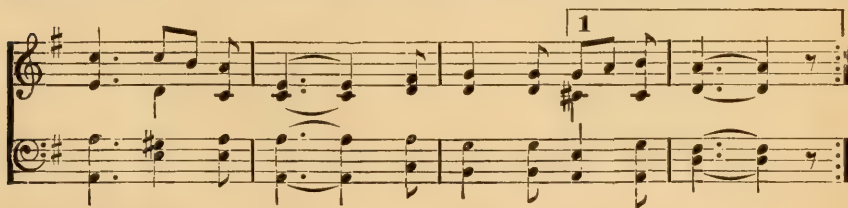
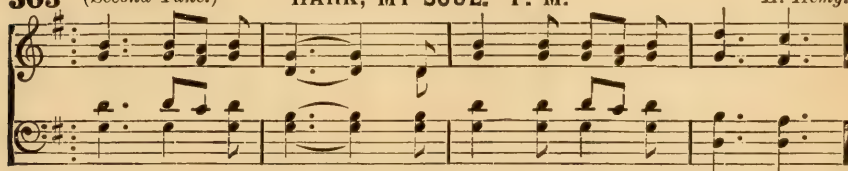
4 Rest comes at length, though life be
long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome
night be passed;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to
the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home,
will come at last.—*Cho.*

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches
keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the
songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night
of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in
cloudless love.—*Cho.*

503 (*Second Tune.*)

HARK, MY SOUL. P. M.

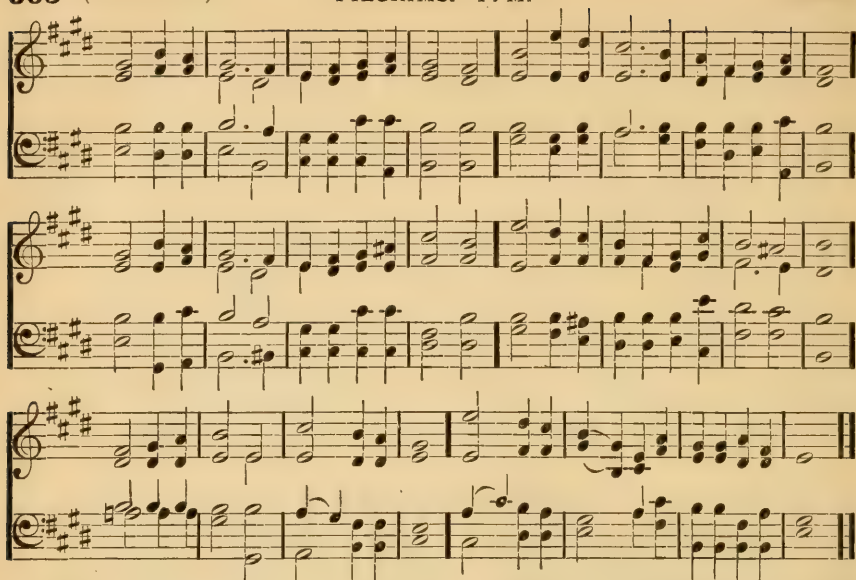
H. Hemy.



503 (Third Tune.)

PILGRIMS. P. M.

H. Smart.



1 HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs
are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessèd
strains are telling

Of that new life when sin shall be
no more!

Chorus.—Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them
singing,

"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids
you come;"

And through the dark, its echoes
sweetly ringing,

The music of the Gospel leads us
home.—*Cho.*

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land
and sea,

And laden souls by thousands meekly
stealing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary
steps to Thee.—*Cho.*

4 Rest comes at length, though life be
long and dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome
night be passed;

Faith's journey ends in welcome to
the weary,

And heaven, the heart's true home,
will come at last.—*Cho.*

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches
keeping;

Sing us sweet fragments of the
songs above;

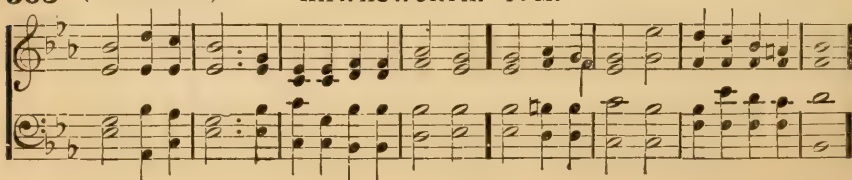
Till morning's joy shall end the night
of weeping,

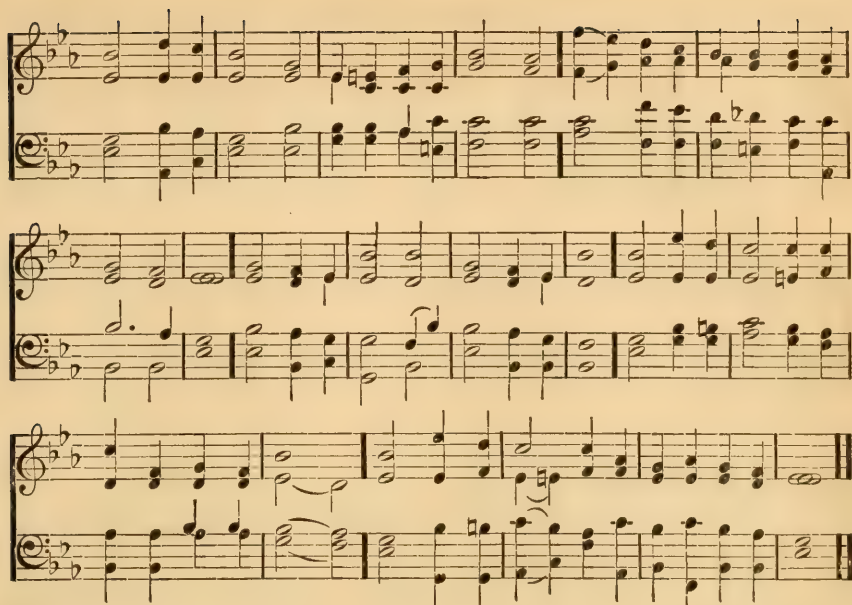
And life's long shadows break in
cloudless love.—*Cho.*

503 (Fourth Tune.)

HAWKSWORTH. P. M.

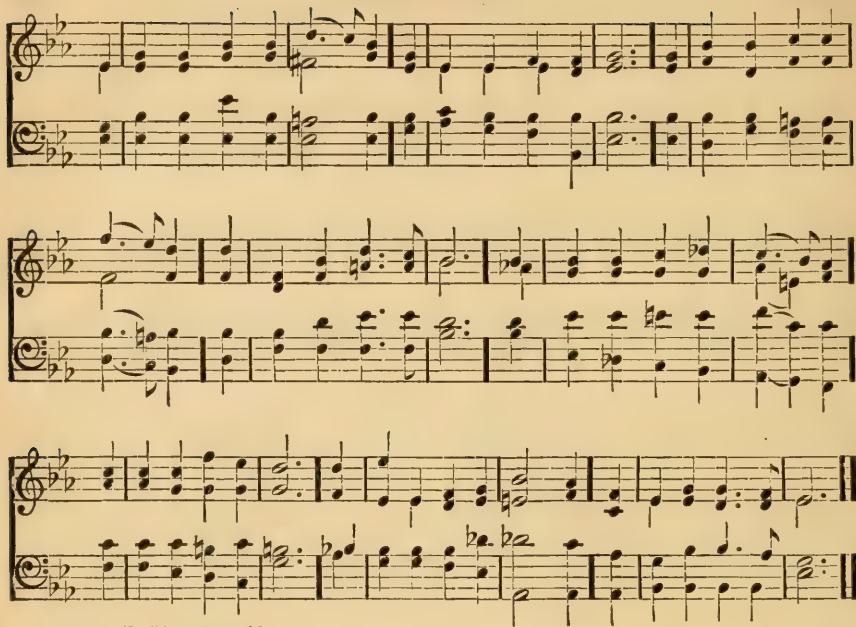
G. F. Lumsden.



**503** (*Fifth Tune.*)**ANGELICA. P. M.***J. Barnby.*

504

SEEDS. 7676 D.

H. A. Prothero.

AURELIA, No. 171, can be used here.

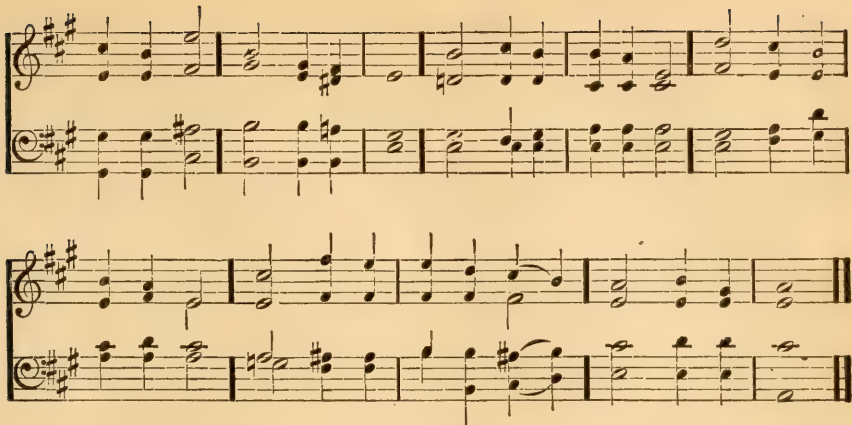
- 1 BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.
- 2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

- 3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect,
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

505 (*First Tune.*)

NORTH. 64646664.

A. Sullivan.



1 I'm but a stranger here,
 Heaven is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home;
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand;
 Heaven is my Fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home;
 And time's wild, wintry blast
 Soon shall be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.

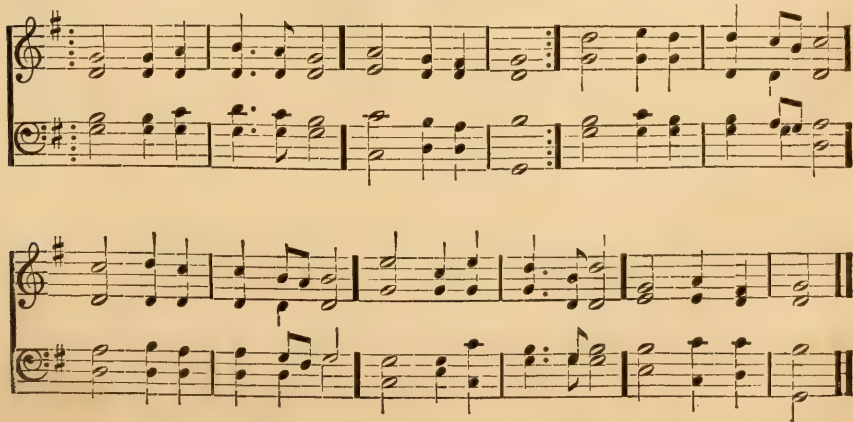
3 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be satisfied,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 And there I, too, shall rest;
 Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
 Heaven is my home;
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home;
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand;
 Heaven is my Fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.

505 (*Second Tune.*)

OAK. 64646664.

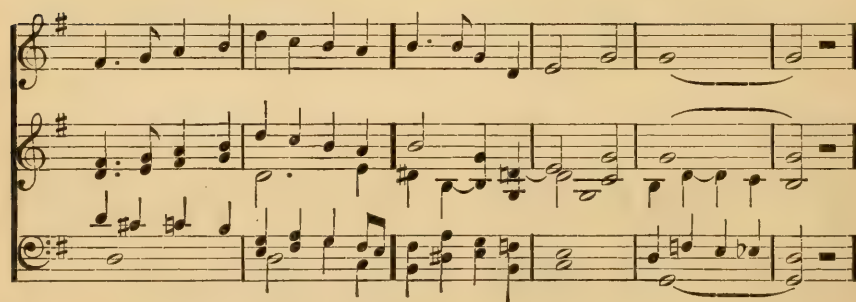
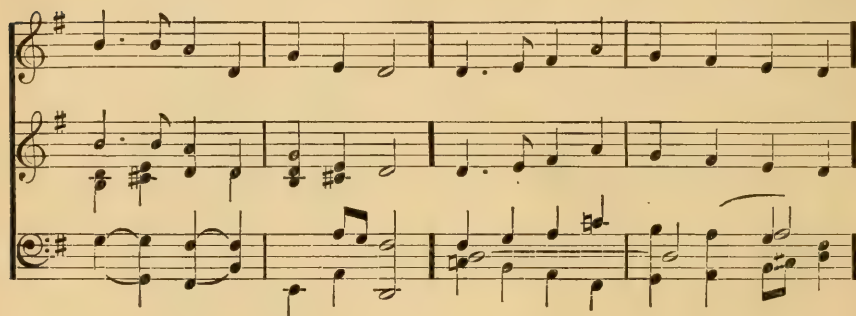
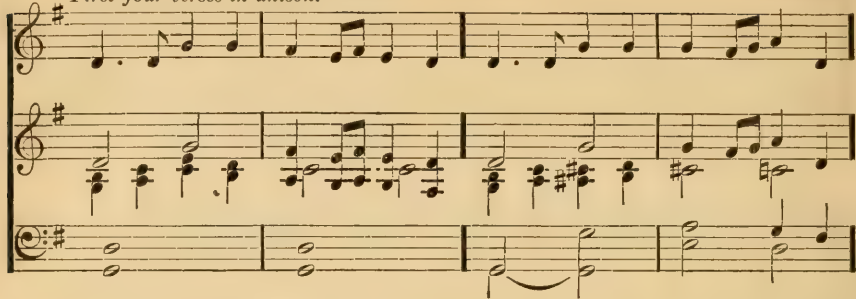
Dr. L. Mason.

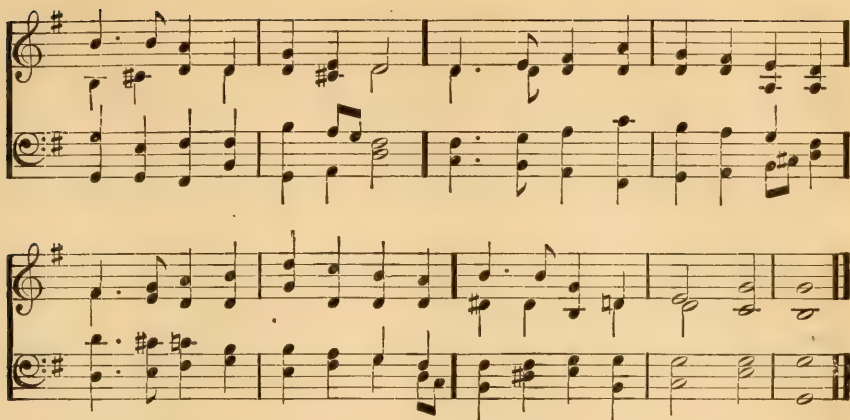


506

BONAR. 887887.

J. B. Calkin.

First four verses in unison.*Fifth verse, Harmony.*



1 UPWARD where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never-changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Far beyond that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair;
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy—
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;

Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving;—
That must be the Home of homes.

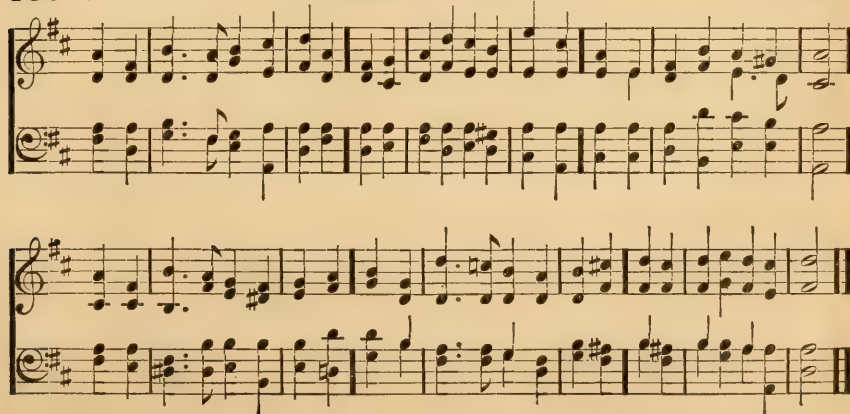
4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings;
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him,
With His name the palace rings.

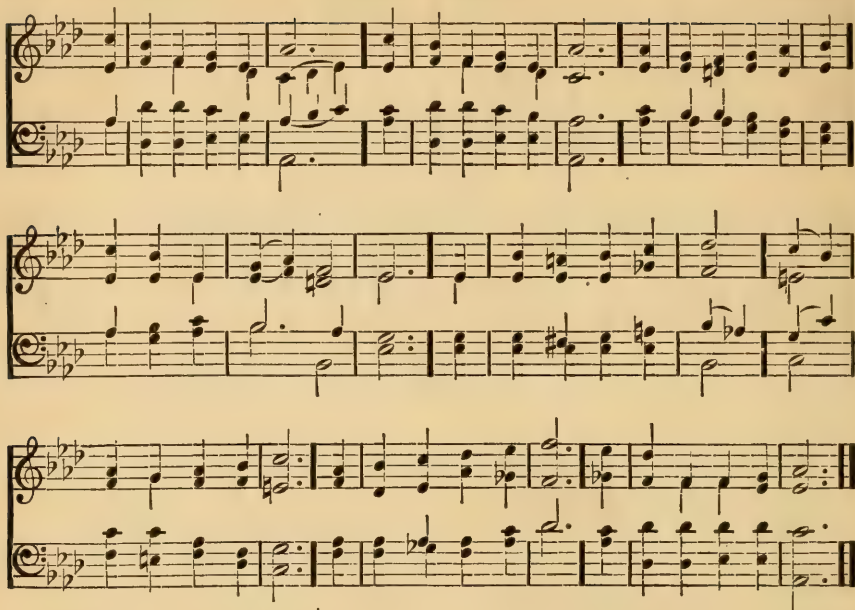
5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

506 (Second Tune.)

KERSHAW. 887887.

H. Smart.



507 (*First Tune.*)**HORACE. 6666D.***J. Stainer.*

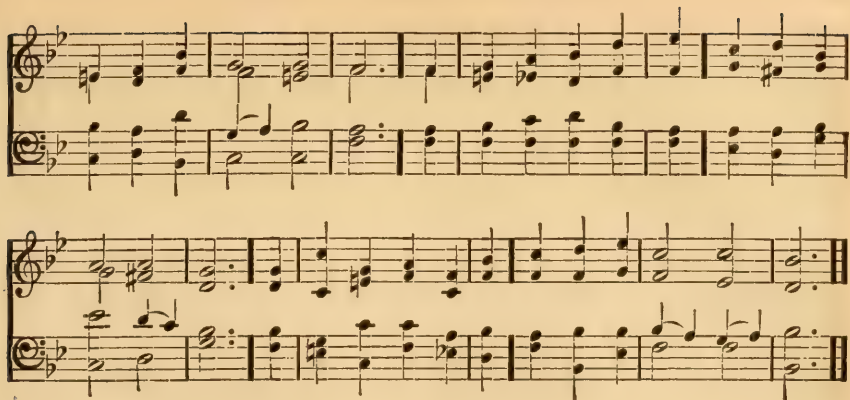
1 THERE is a blessèd home
 Beyond this land of woe,
 Where trials never come,
 Nor tears of sorrow flow:
 Where faith is lost in sight,
 And patient hope is crowned,
 And everlasting light
 Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,
 Good angels know it well;
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell;
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father One,
 And Spirit evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb Who died,
 And count each sacred wound
 In hands and feet and side;
 To give to Him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe;
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

507 (*Second Tune.*)**VICTORIA. 6666D.***A. Cottman.*

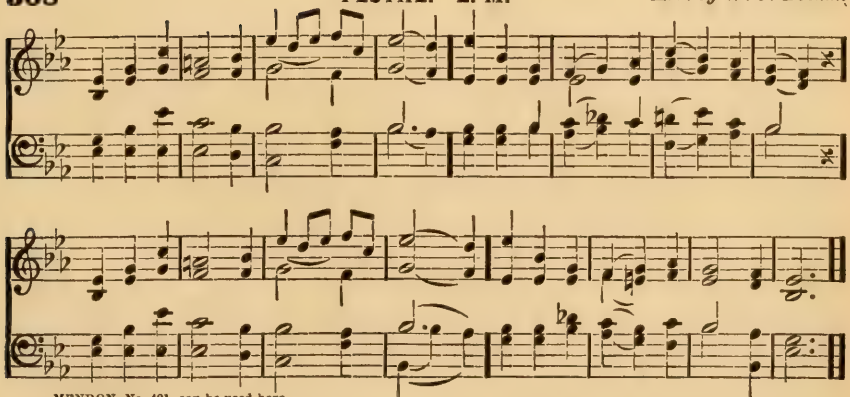


Miscellaneous Hymns.

508

FESTAL. L. M.

Arr. by W. J. Boehm.



MENDON, No. 401, can be used here.

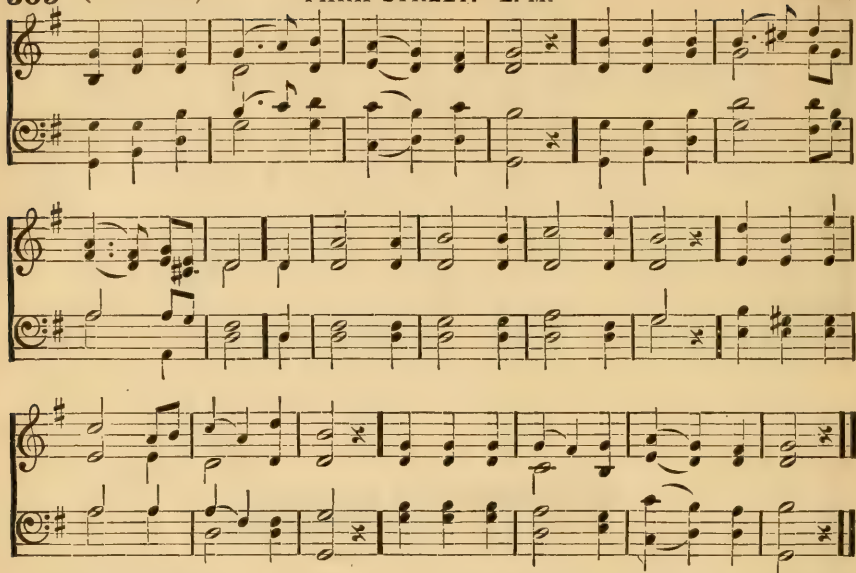
- 1 O WONDROUS type, O vision fair
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows!
- 2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.
- 3 The law and prophets there have place,
Two chosen witnesses of grace;

The Father's voice from out the cloud
Proclaims His only Son aloud.

- 4 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.
- 5 O Father, with th' eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever one,
Vouchsafe to bring us, by Thy grace,
To see Thy glory face to face.

509 (First Tune.)

PARK STREET. L. M.

Venus.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
 Mercy and truth are all His ways;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown;
 His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
 When earth-born powers are known no

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
 And fixed the starry lights on high;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.

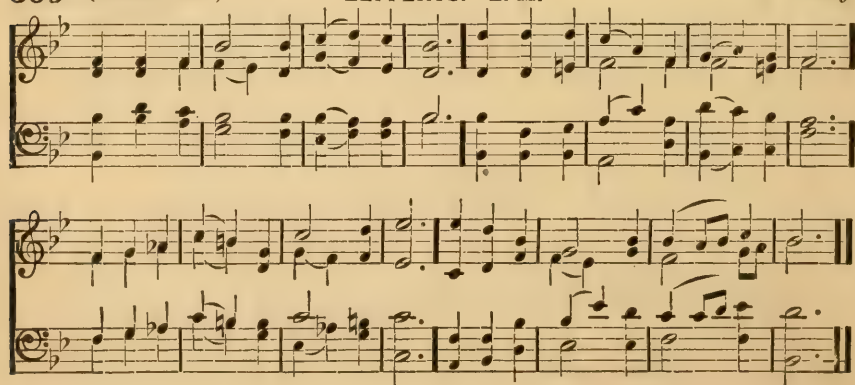
4 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night;
 His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
 When suns and moons shall shine no

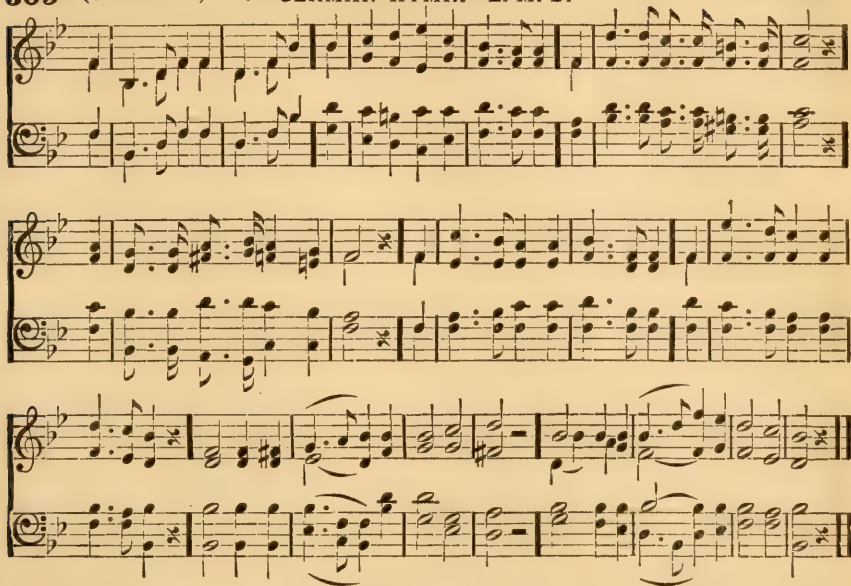
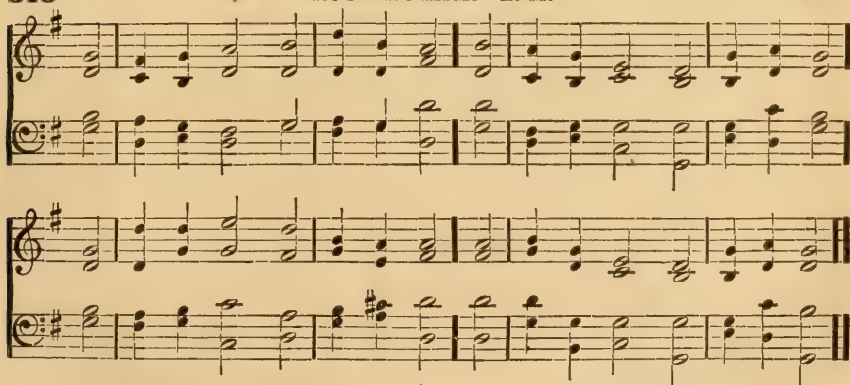
5 He sent His Son with power to save,
 From guilt, from darkness and the grave;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world He guides our
 And leads us to His heavenly seat; [feet,
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more.

509 (Second Tune.)

LEFFERTS. L. M.

J. Barnby.

509 (Third Tune.) ✓ **GERMAN HYMN. L. M. D.***Carl Wilhelm.***510** ✓ **ROCKINGHAM. L. M.***Dr. L. Mason.*

- 1 WE pray Thee, wounded Lamb of God,
 Cleanse us in Thy atoning blood;
 Grant us, by faith, to view Thy cross,
 Then life or death is gain to us.
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
 For ever closed to all but Thee;
 Seal Thou our breasts, and let us wear
 That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 What are our works but sin and death,
 Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe;

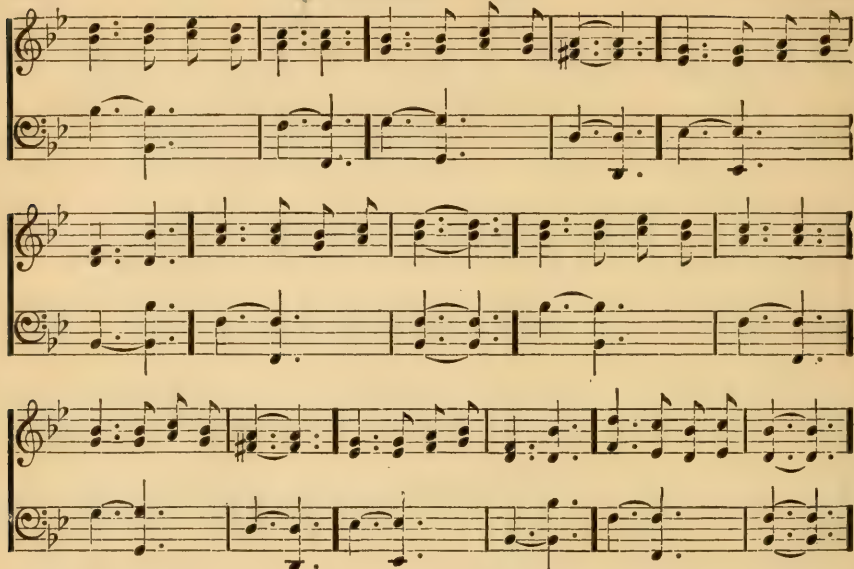
Until we strength from Thee derive,
 And in communion with Thee live.

- 4 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
 To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
 Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
 Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 5 First-born of many brethren Thou,
 To Thee both earth and heaven must bow;
 Help us to Thee our all to give,
 Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

511

PALMER. P. M.

H. R. Palmer.



CHORUS.



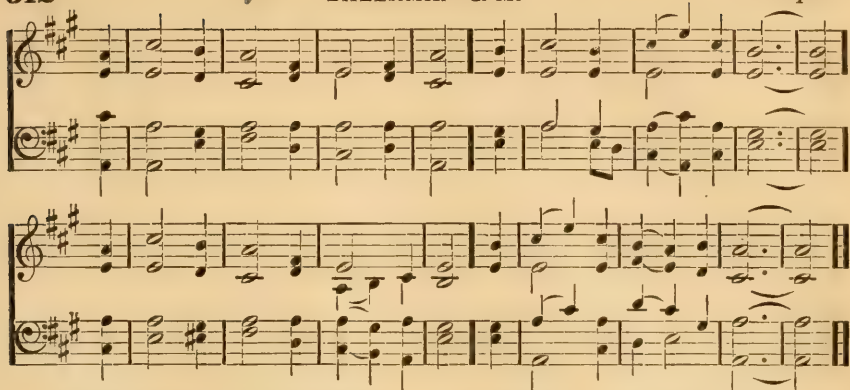
By permission of the Author.

- 1 YIELD not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.—*Cho.*
- 2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;

- Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.—*Cho.*
- 3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.—*Cho.*

512

BALERMA. C. M.

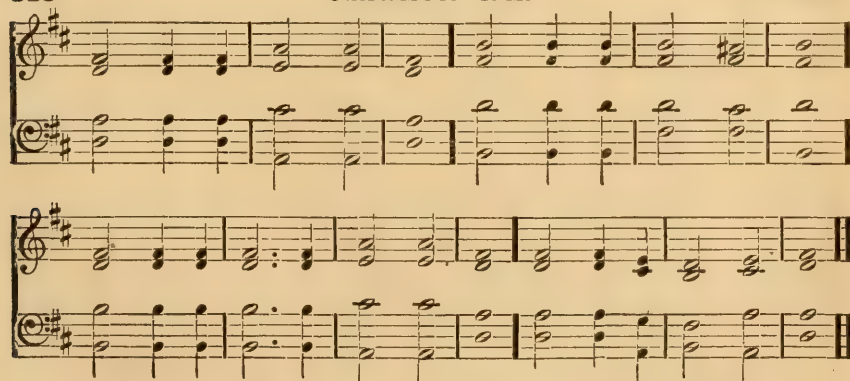
R. Simpson.

- 1 'Tis Thine alone, Almighty Name!
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.
- 2 What ruin bath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!
- 3 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl;

- Led captive, at the tyrant's will,
In bondage, heart and soul!
- 4 Stretch forth Thy hand, O God, our King!
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end th' usurper's reign.
- 5 The cause of temperance is Thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in Thee alone
To crown them with success.

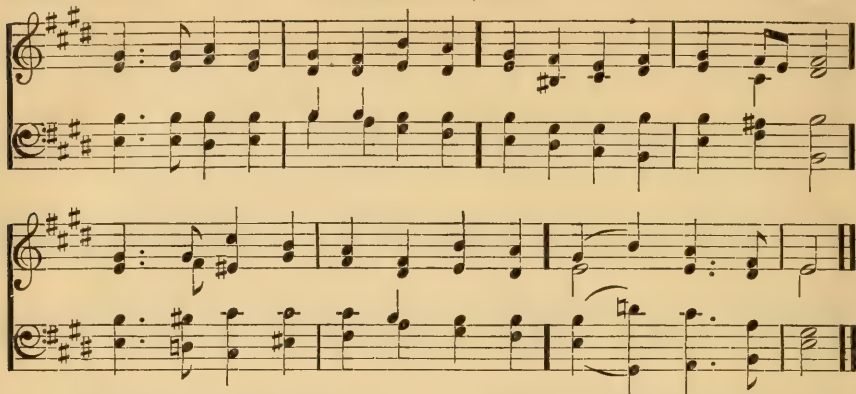
513

SHAWMUT. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

- 1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the tarnished gem;
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God hath bid it shine.
- 3 Mourn for the ruined soul;
Eternal life and light

- Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
- 4 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 5 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

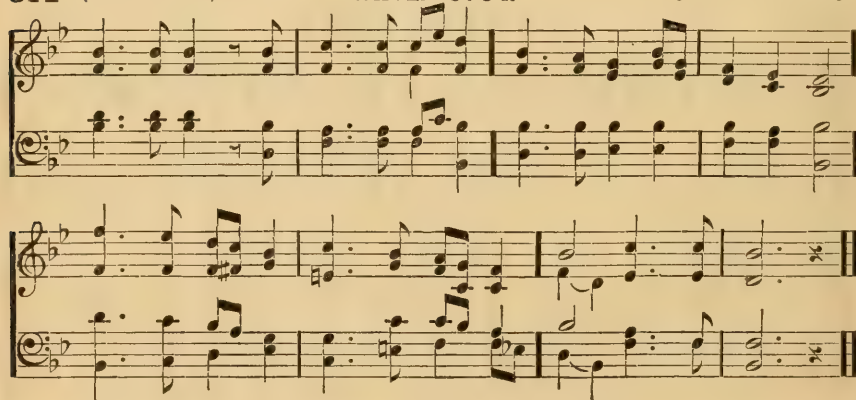
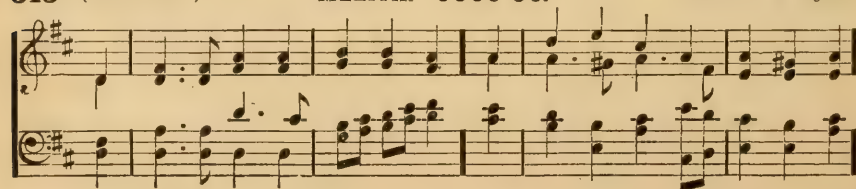
514 (*First Tune.*)**STERNLA. 8784.***F. C. Maker.*

1 STAR of peace, to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams, that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star Divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

514 (*Second Tune.*)**WAVE. 8784.***Arr. by W. B. Bradbury.***515** (*First Tune.*)**MELITA. 8888-88.***Rev. J. B. Dykes.*



1 ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkest on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

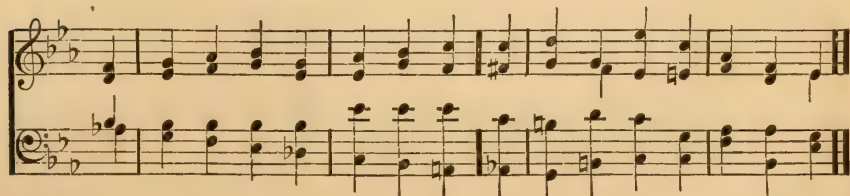
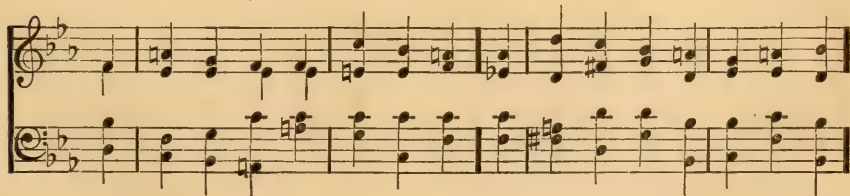
3 Most Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

515 (Second Tune.)

WESTBOURNE. 8888-88.

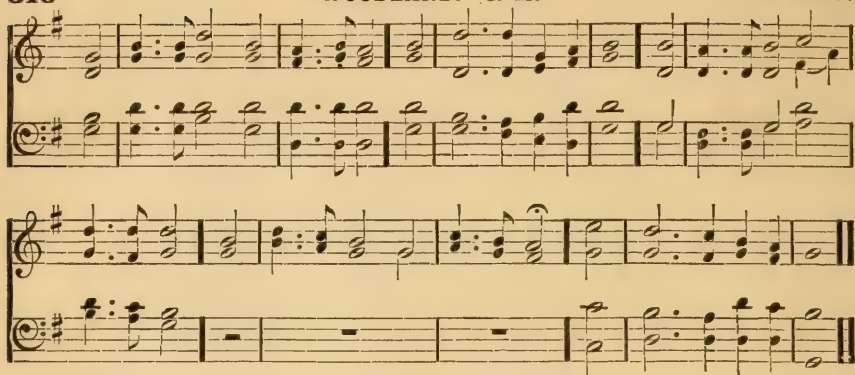
E. J. Hopkins.



516

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. Gould.



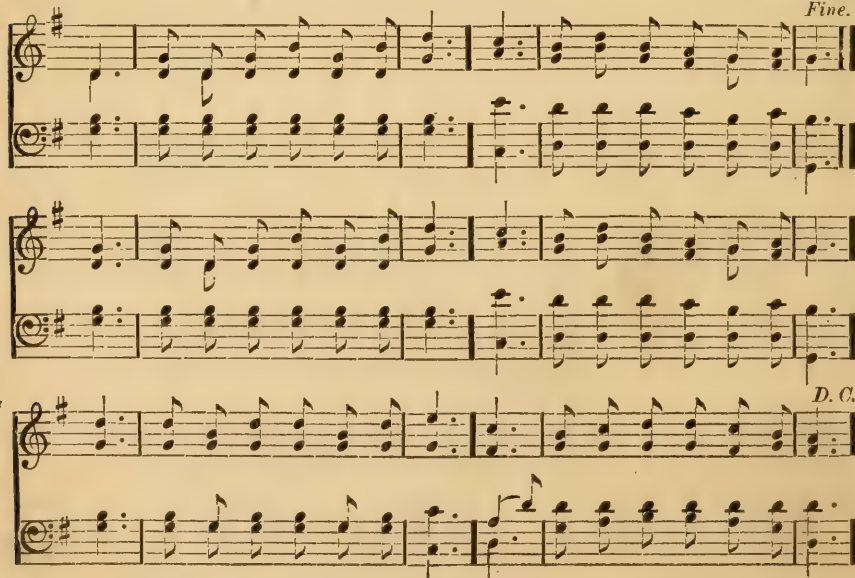
- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill His word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;
- 3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,

Each can a brother's failures hide,
And show a brother's love.

- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His spirit filled with love.

517

✓ DE FLEURY. 8888D.

De Fleury.
Fine.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet
flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

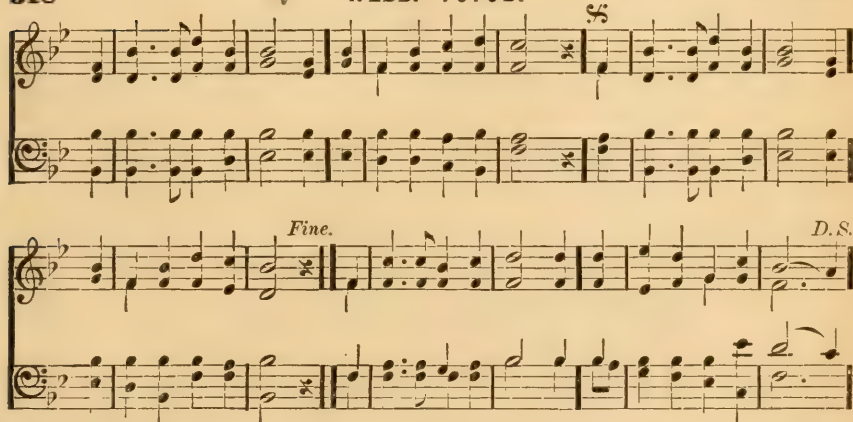
3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me to Thee up on high
Where winter and clouds are no more.

518

WEBB. 7676D.

G. J. Webb.

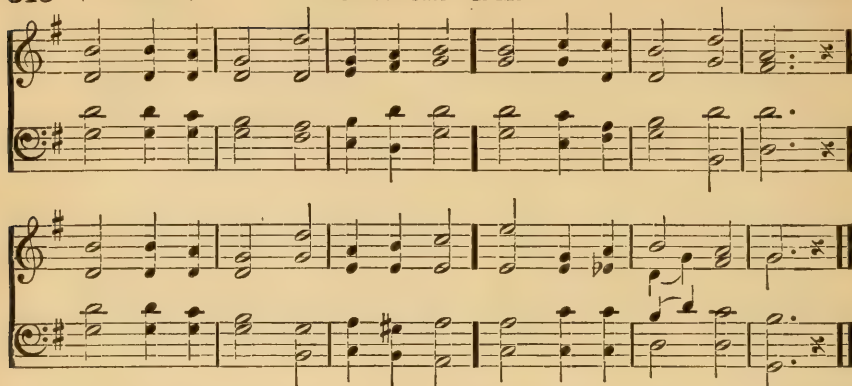


1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Sion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim: The Lord is come.

519 (*First Tune.*)**CLINTON. C. M.***J. P. Holbrook.*

1 HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel Thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to Thee repair,
And Saviour, we are such.

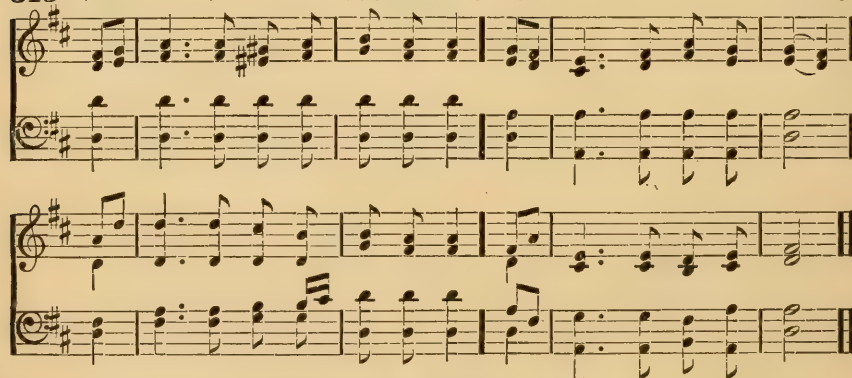
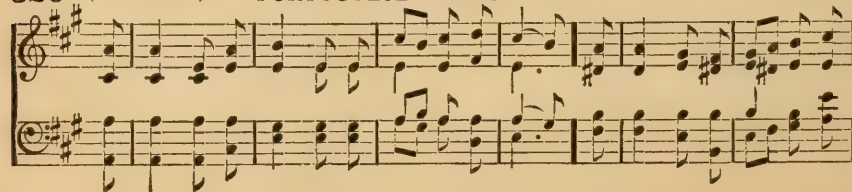
2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust Thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord.

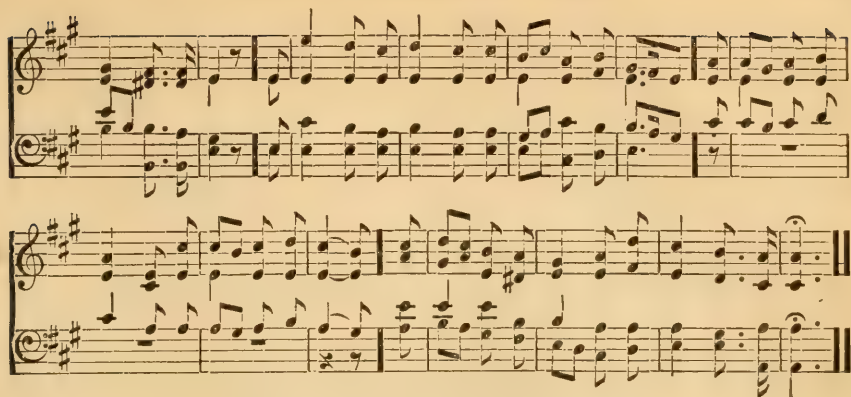
3 Remember Him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"O, help mine unbelief."

4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view;
And, if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings, too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch Thee if we may;
O, send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

519 (*Second Tune.*)**COOLING. C. M.***A. J. Abbey.***520** (*First Tune.*)**PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11111111.***J. Reading.*



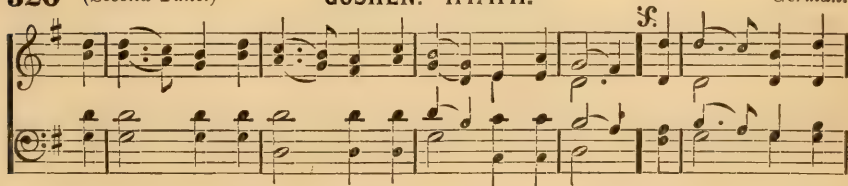
- 1 I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu"* was nothing to me.
- 2 I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page;
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" seemed nothing to me.
- 3 Like tears from the daughters of Sion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree
"Jehovah Tsidkenu;" 'twas nothing to me.
- 4 When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge nor safety in self could I see,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my Saviour must be.
- 5 My terrors all vanished before the sweet Name,
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came,
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free;
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" is all things to me.

* The Lord our Righteousness.

520 (Second Tune.)

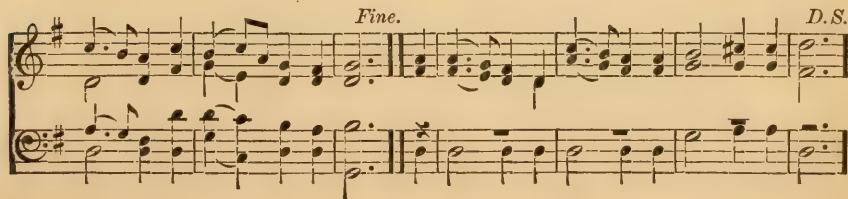
GOSHEN. 11111111.

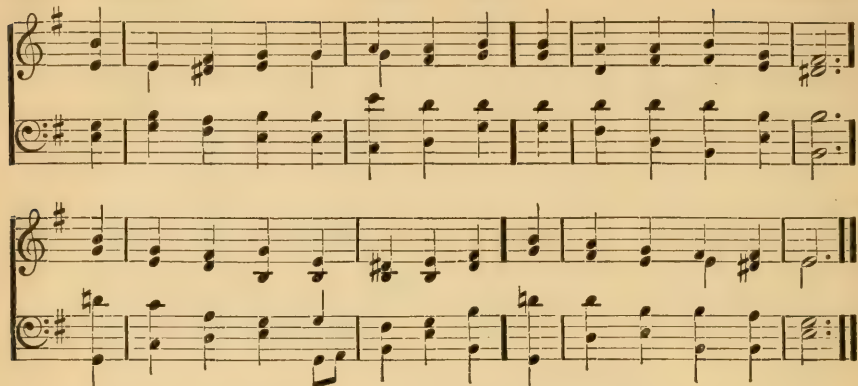
German.



Fine.

D.S.



521 (*First Tune.*)**ULM. C. M.***A. P. Krieger.*

1 In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look :
It seem to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

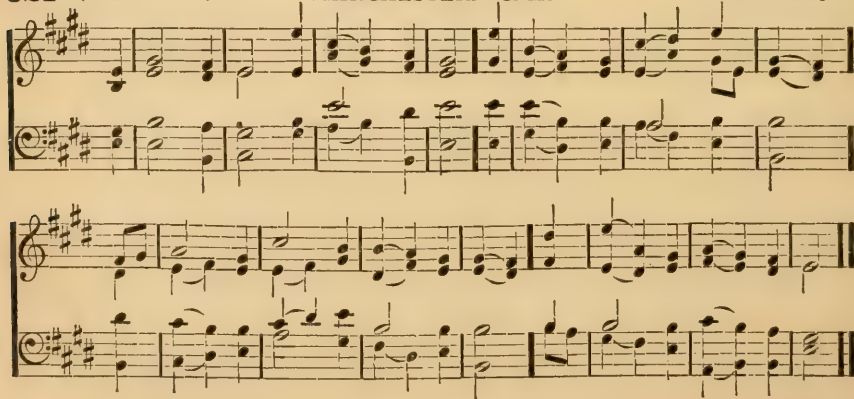
4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair :
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

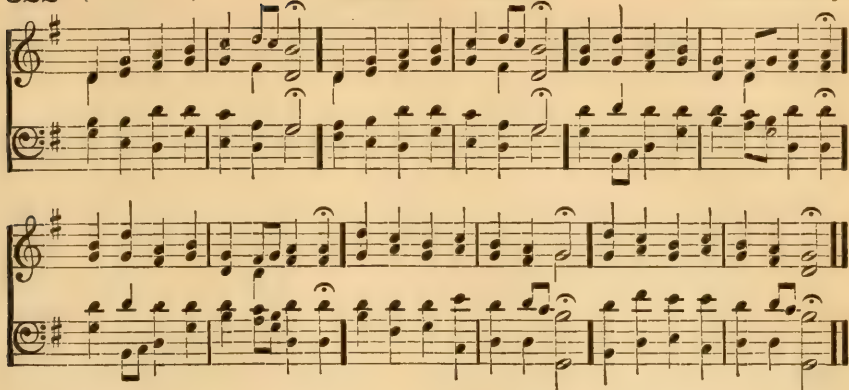
5 Alas, I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look He gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou may'st live."

7 Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon, too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My Spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

521 (*Second Tune.*)**MANCHESTER. C. M.***Dr. Wainwright.*

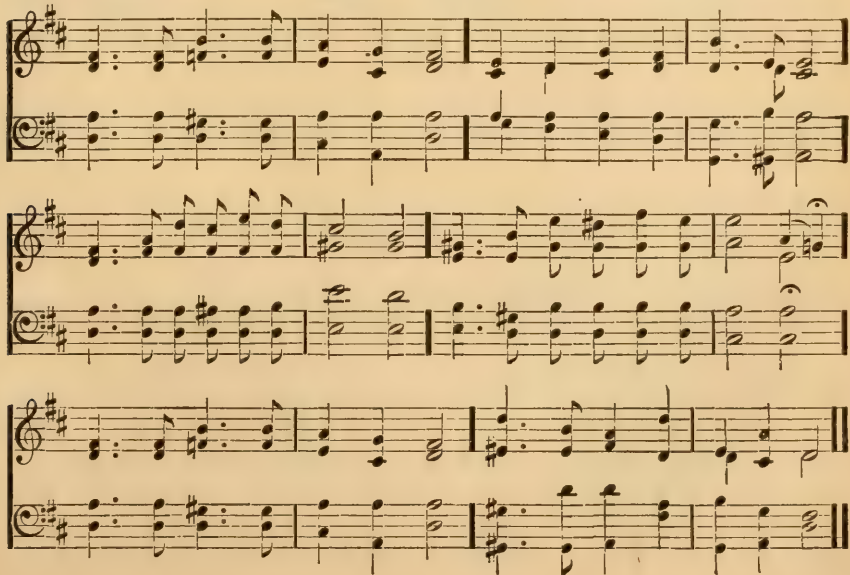
522 (*First Tune.*)**HERMAN. 778877.***Moravian Melody.*

1 JESUS makes my heart rejoice,
I'm His sheep, and know His voice;
He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,
And His pastures are delicious;
Constant love to me He shows,
Yea, my worthless name He knows.

2 Trusting His mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treasure

Of His grace in richest measure;
When athirst to Him I cry,
Living waters He'll supply.

3 Should not I for gladness leap,
Led by Jesus as His sheep?
For when these blest days are over,
To the arms of my dear Saviour,
I shall be conveyed to rest;
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

522 (*Second Tune.*)**HAYN. 778877.***F. L. Armstrong.*

523 (*First Tune.*)

VOX JESU. 7676D.

J. P. Holbrook.

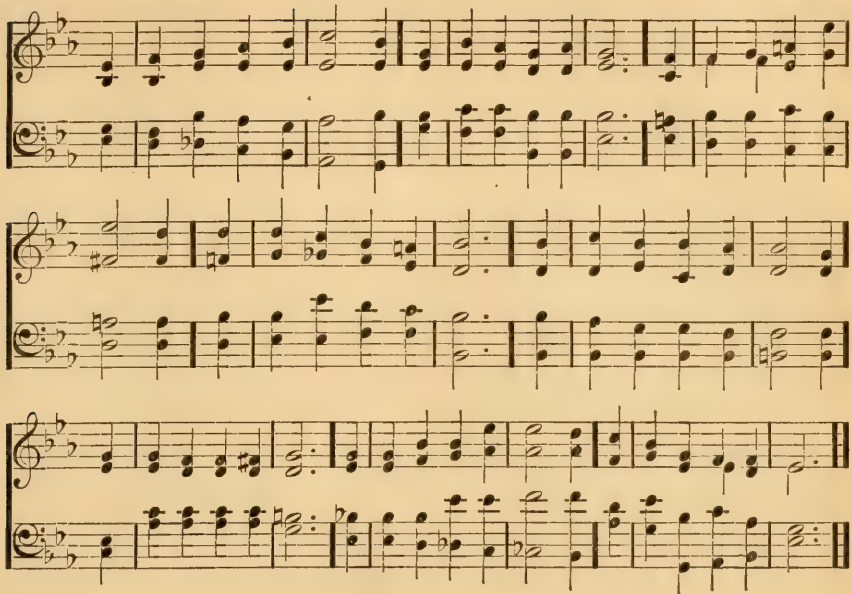
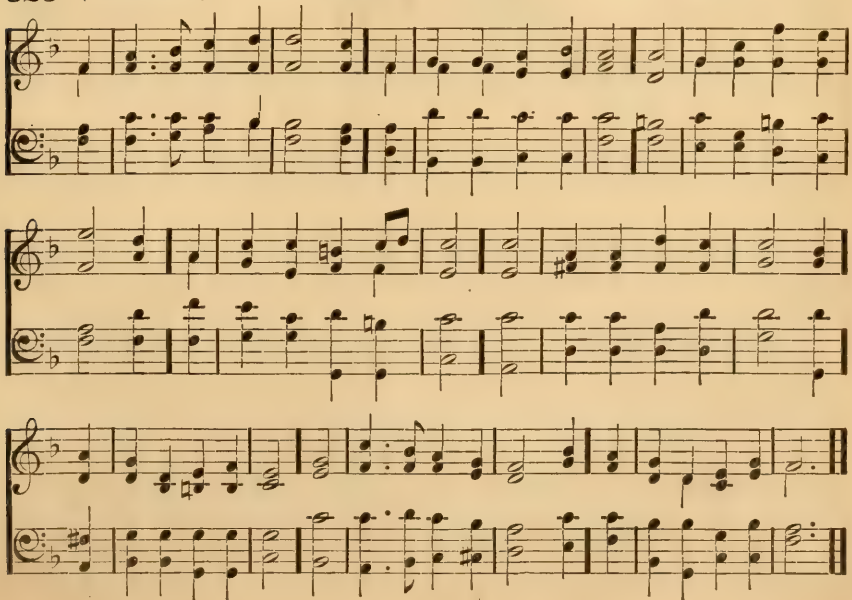


1 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus!
 For I am full of sin;
 My soul is dark and guilty,
 My heart is dead within;
 I need the cleansing fountain,
 Where I can always flee,
 The blood of Christ most precious,
 The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am very poor;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store;
 I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.

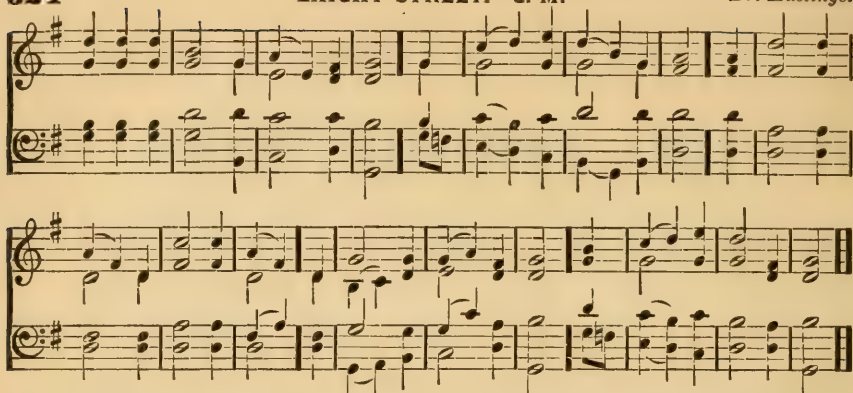
3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 I need a friend like Thee,
 A friend to soothe and pity,
 A friend to care for me.
 I need the heart of Jesus
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my every trouble,
 And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 And hope to see Thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow,
 And seated on Thy throne:
 There, with Thy blood-bought children,
 My joy shall ever be
 To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
 To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

523 (*Second Tune.*)**WHEATLEY. 7676D.***W. K. Wheatley.***523** (*Third Tune.*)**GLORIAM. 7676D.***Sir R. P. Stewart.*

524

LAIGHT STREET. C. M.

Dr. Hastings.

1 O, THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of His o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on His brow;
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.

3 Archangels sound His lofty praise
Through every heavenly street;
And lay their highest honors down,
Submissive, at His feet.

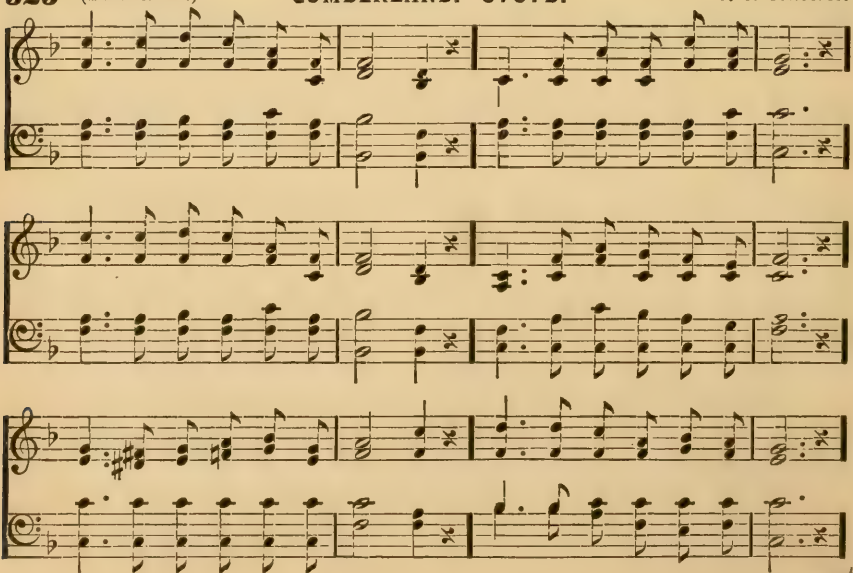
4 Princes to His imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones and powers rejoice
To see Him wear the crown.

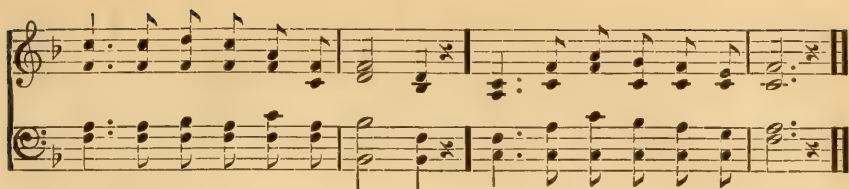
5 Upon that dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.

6 This is the man, th'exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes shall see His face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.

525 (First Tune.)

CUMBERLAND. 8787D.

C. C. Converse.



1 WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a privilege, to carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
 O, what peace we often forfeit;
 O, what needless pain we bear;
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged:
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

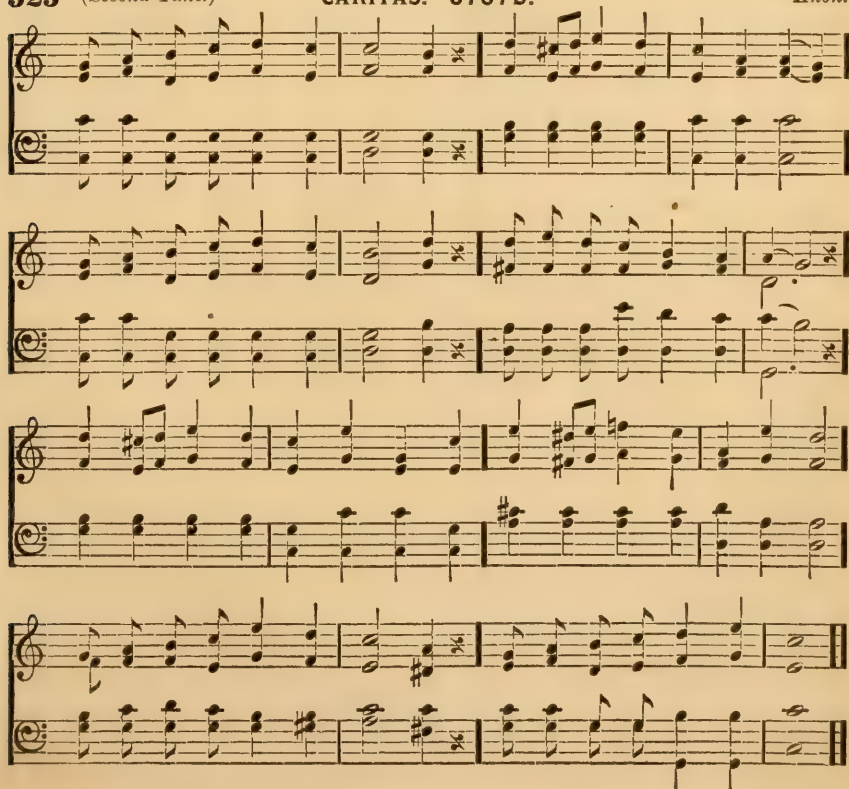
Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness:
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge:
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

525 (Second Tune.)

CARITAS. 8787D.

Anon.



526 (First Tune.)

BAPTISTE. 1041041010.

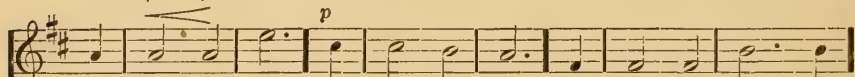
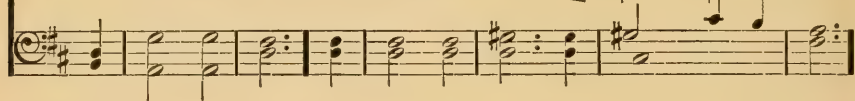
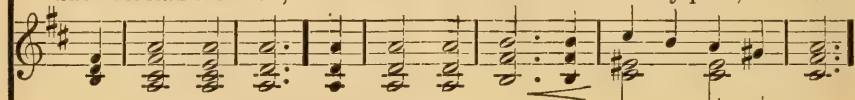
J. B. Calkin.

mf Voices in unison.

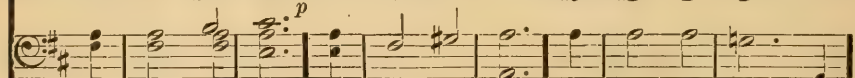
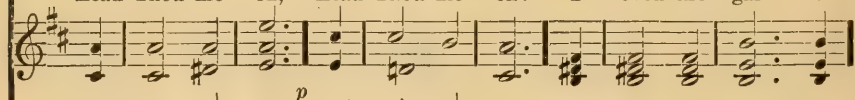
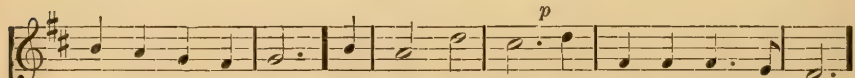
1. Lead, Kind- ly Light, a - mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on,
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on,

Instrument.*Swell. mf**Ped. 8 feet.* *Man.*

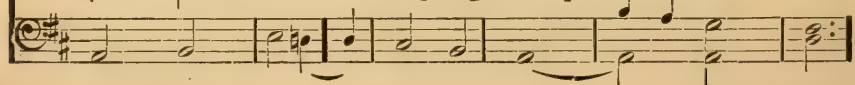
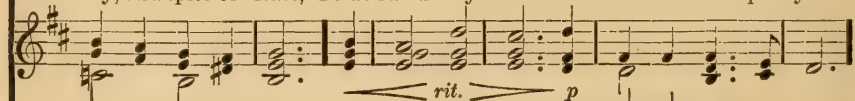
Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now



Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
 Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish

*Ped.* *Man.*

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.
 day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re - mem-ber not past years!



p

3. So long Thy Pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,

p
Choir Org.

Man.

f

Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till

f Great. Full.

Ped. 16 feet.

p

The night is gone, The night is gone, And with the morn those

Swell.

Man.

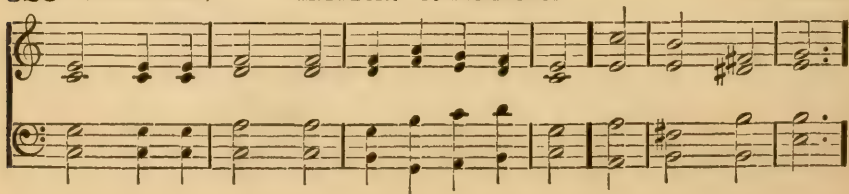
rit.

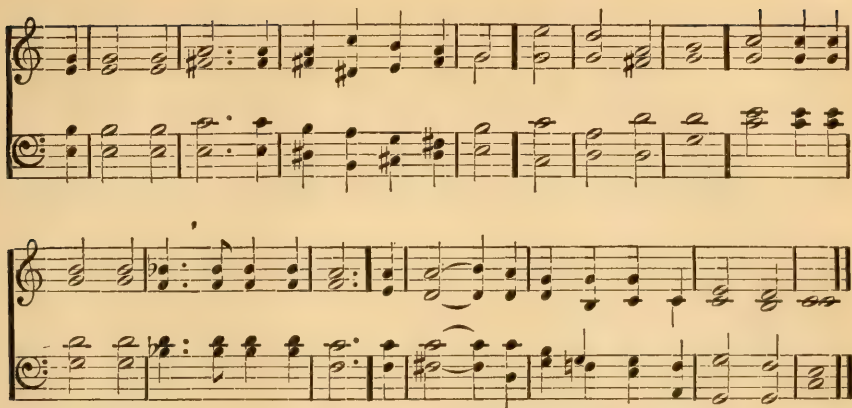
an-gel fac-es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while!

rit.

526 (*Second Tune.*) **LUX BENIGNA.** 1041041010.*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*

- 1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on.
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead thou me on.
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

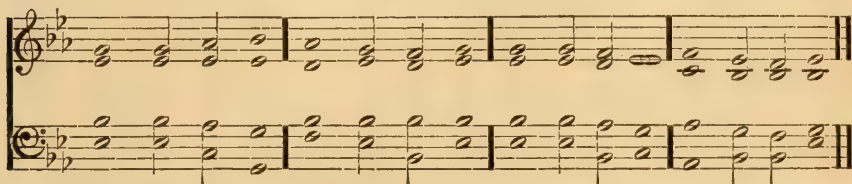
526 (*Third Tune.*) **MAYBIN.** 1041041010.*J. Barnby.*



527 (First Tune.)

TROYTE. NO. 1.

A. H. D. Troyte.



1 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

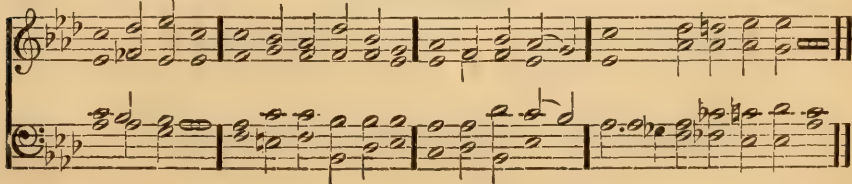
5 O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home,
Even to-day than I think.

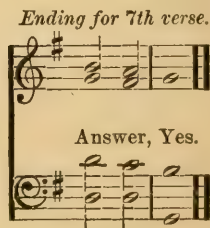
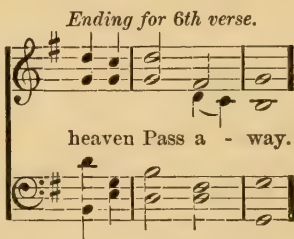
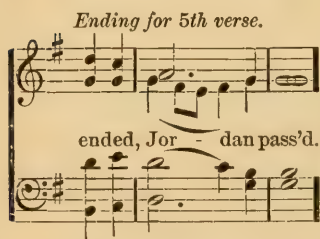
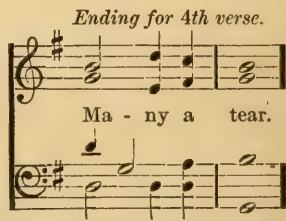
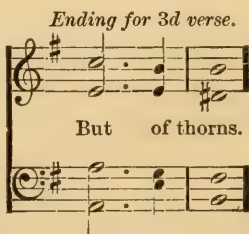
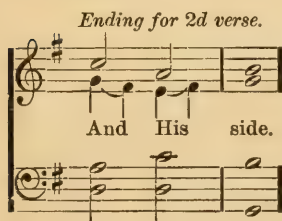
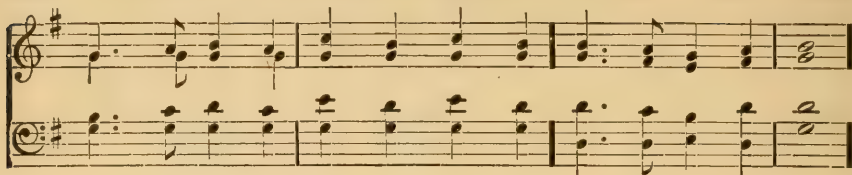
6 Father! perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

527 (Second Tune.)

SPOHR'S CHANT.

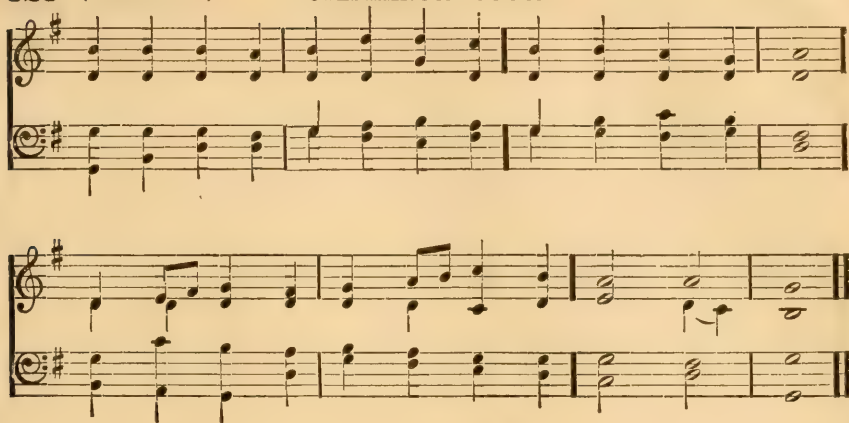
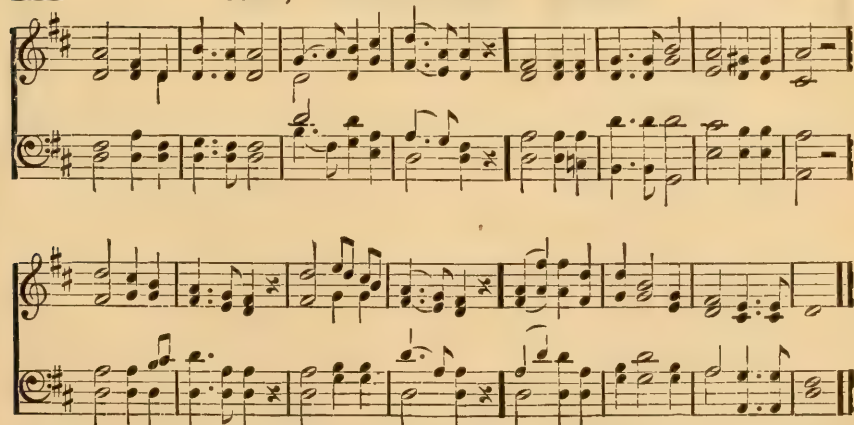
L. Spohr.



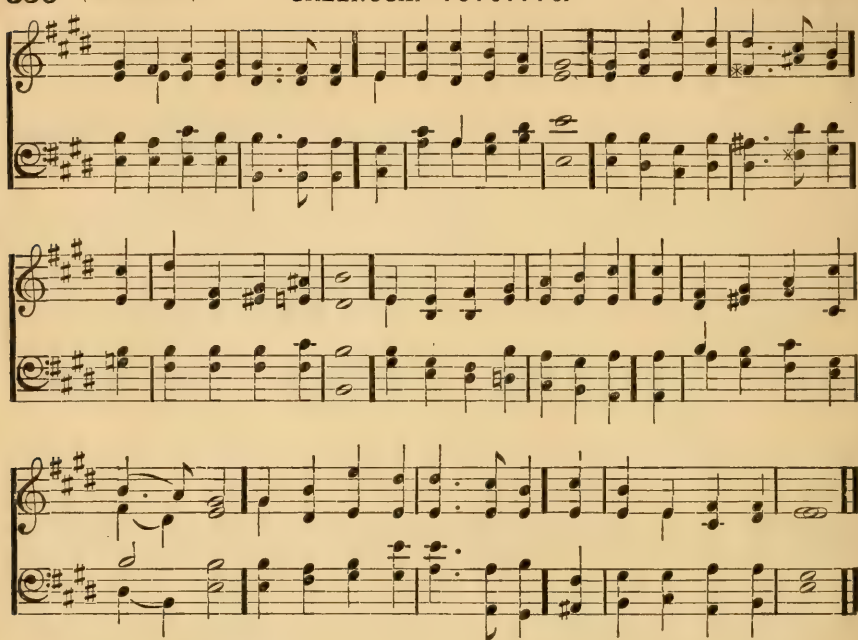
528 (First Tune.) **ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE. 8583.***Eastern Church.*

- 1 ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed." 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away." 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes." | <p>"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."</p> |
|---|--|

528 (*Second Tune.*)**STEPHANOS. 8583.***H. W. Baker.***529****COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11101110.***S. Webbe.*

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate ! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel :
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish ;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure !
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name, saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love :
Come to the feast prepared ; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrows, but heaven can remove.

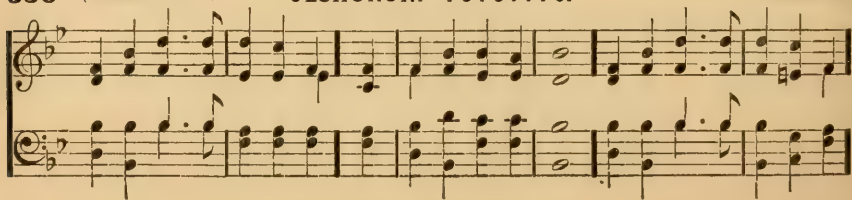
530 (*First Tune.*)**GREENOCK. 76767776.***A. K. Baines.*

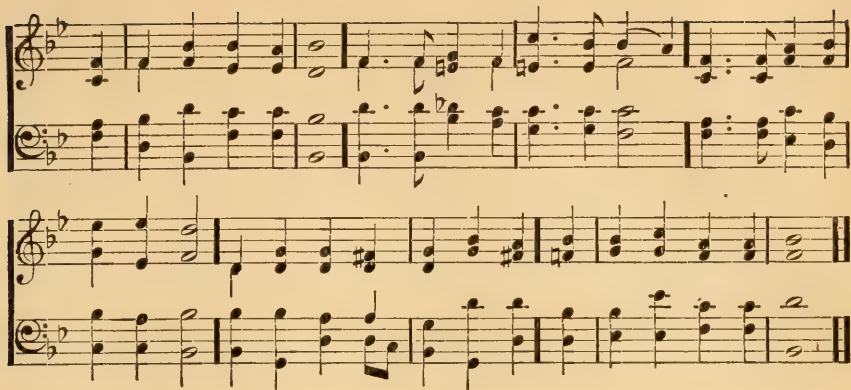
1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good !
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with His blood ;
 All thy pleasures I forego ;
 All thy pomp, thy wealth and pride ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'T is all but vanity ;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me ;
 Me to save from endless woe,
 Christ th'atoning victim died :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend,
 Daily in His grace to grow,
 Ever in His faith abide :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

4 Him in all my works I seek,
 Who hung upon the tree ;
 Only of His love I speak,
 Who freely died for me ;
 While I sojourn here below,
 Nothing will I seek beside ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

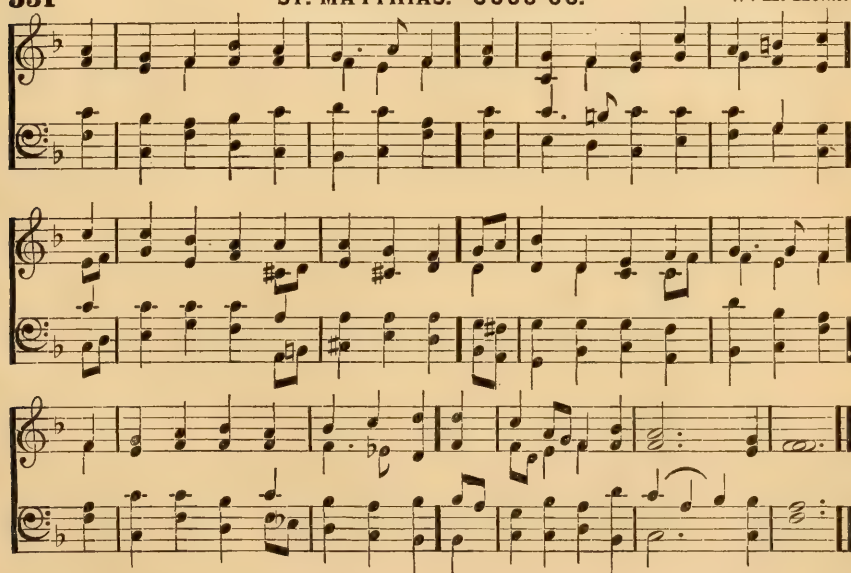
530 (*Second Tune.*)**JESHURUN. 76767776.***H. J. Gauntlett.*



531

ST. MATTHIAS. 8888-88.

W. H. Monk.

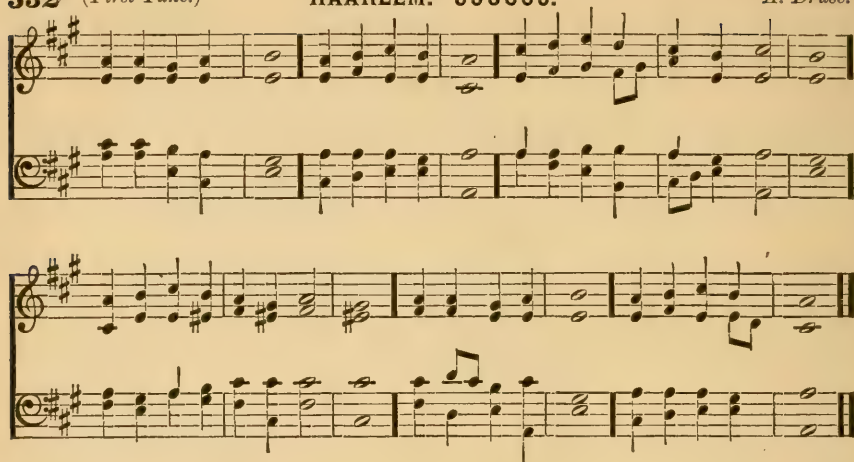


1 THOU hidden Love of God, Whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man
knows:
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun [share?
That strives with Thee my heart to
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am Thy Love, Thy God, Thy all:"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

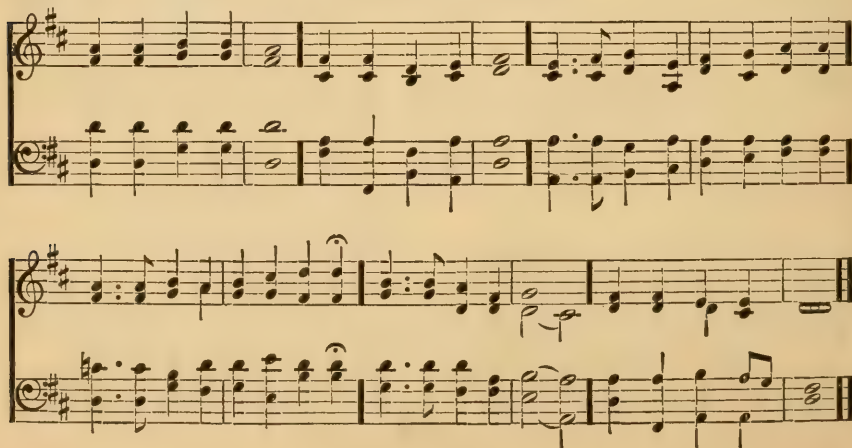
532 (*First Tune.*)**HAARLEM. 558855.***A. Druse.*

1 JESUS, still lead on,
Till our Rest be won!
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland!

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For through many a foe
To our home we go!

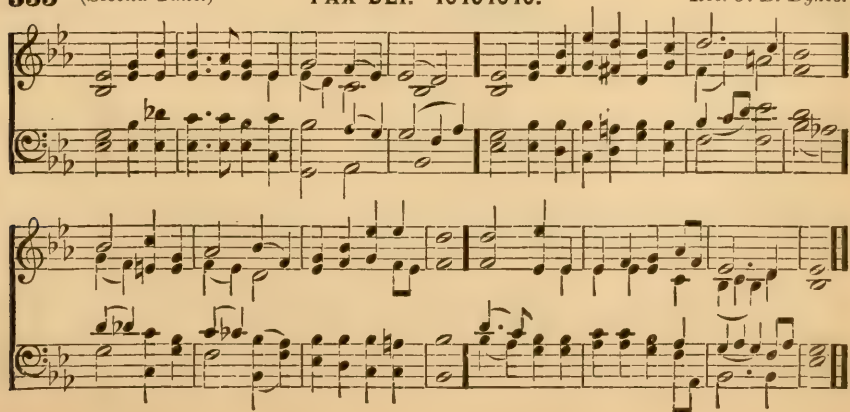
3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
When we weep no more!

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our Rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland!

532 (*Second Tune.*)**ST. HUBERT. 558855.***L. Darwall.*

533 (*First Tune.*)**IRÈNE.** 10101010.*E. J. Hopkins.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
 We stand to bless Thee, ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife,—
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

533 (*Second Tune.*)**PAX DEI.** 10101010.*Rev. J. B. Dykes.*

534 (First Tune.)

HOLST. 6565D.

Arr. fr. A. Sullivan.
By F. T. S. Darley.

p

1 In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
2 With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm;

Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee;
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;

part from
work me

When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re - call, Nor for
Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - se - ma - ne, Or, in

fear, for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
dark - er, dark - er sem - blance, Cross - crown'd Cal - va - ry.

fear, for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
dark - er, dark - er sem - blance, Cross - crown'd Cal - va - ry.

p

3 Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil and woe;

p

Or should pain at-tend me On my path be-low;

Grant that I may nev-er Fail Thy hand to see;

Grant that I may ev-er Cast my care on Thee. 4 When

When my last hour

my last hour com-eth Fraught with strife and pain, When

com-eth Fraught with strife and pain, When my last hour

my last hour cometh Fraught with strife, with strife and pain,

com-eth Fraught with strife, with strife and pain,

pp a tempo.

When my dust re - turn - eth To the dust a - gain,

cres.

On Thy truth re - ly - ing Through that mor - tal strife,

f *ff*

On Thy truth re - ly - ing Through that mor - tal strife, Je -

That mor - tal

- sus, take me dy - ing, Je - sus, take me dy - ing, Je - sus,

Je - sus,

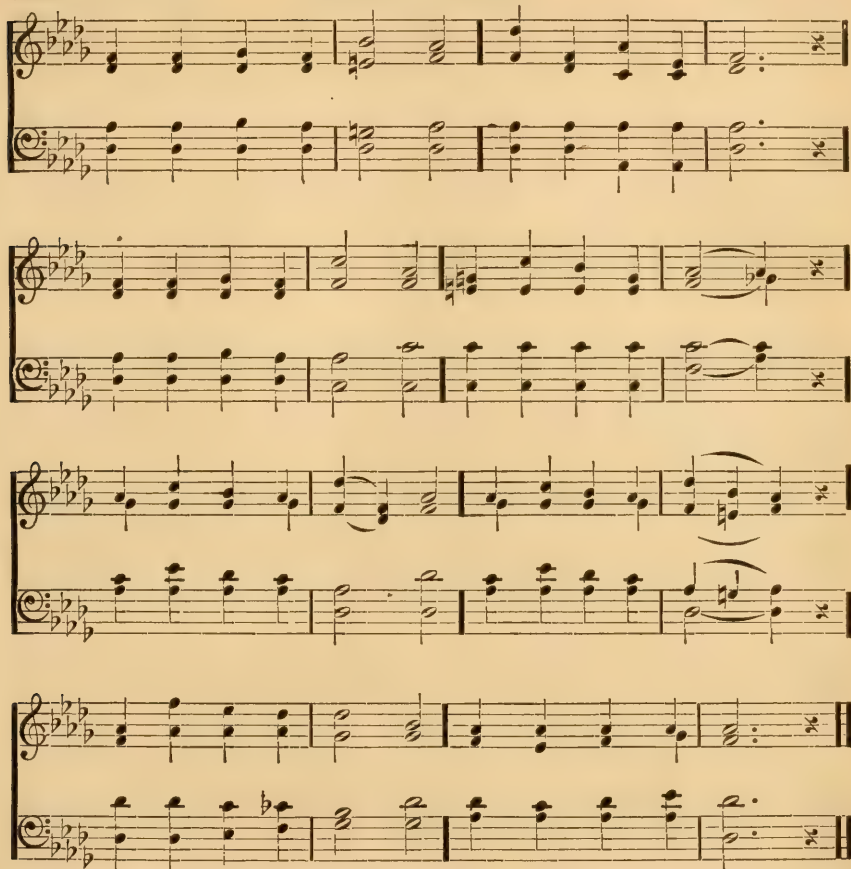
ppp *fs*

take me dy - ing, To e - ter - nal, e - ter - nal . . life.

534 (Second Tune.)

SPENCER. 6565D.

Spencer Lane.



By permission, from Hutchins's Church Hymnal.

1 In the hour of trial,
 Jesus, plead for me;
 Lest by base denial
 I depart from Thee;
 When Thou see'st me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor for fear or favor
 Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
 Would this vain world charm;
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm;
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crown'd Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
 Sorrow, toil and woe;
 Or should pain attend me
 On my path below;
 Grant that I may never
 Fail Thy hand to see;
 Grant that I may ever
 Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh
 Fraught with strife and pain,
 When my dust returneth
 To the dust again;
 On Thy truth relying
 Through that mortal strife,
 Jesus, take me dying,
 To eternal life.

535 (First Tune.)

RAMOTH. 7777D.

J. B. Calkin.

1. Day by day the man-na fell; Oh, to learn this les-son well!

Still by con-stant mer-cy fed, Give me, Lord! my dai-ly bread.

2. "Day by day" the prom-ise reads, Dai-ly strength for dai-ly needs;

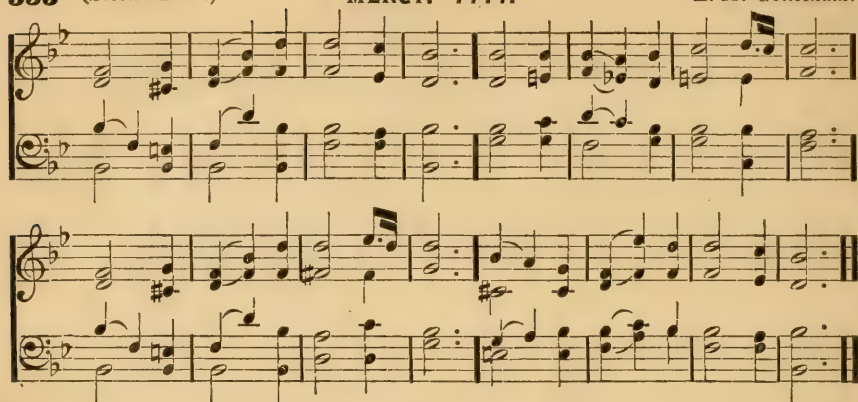
a tempo. Cast fore-bod-ing fears a-way, Take the man-na of to-day. *rit.*

3. Lord! my times are in Thy hand; All my brightest hopes have plann'd

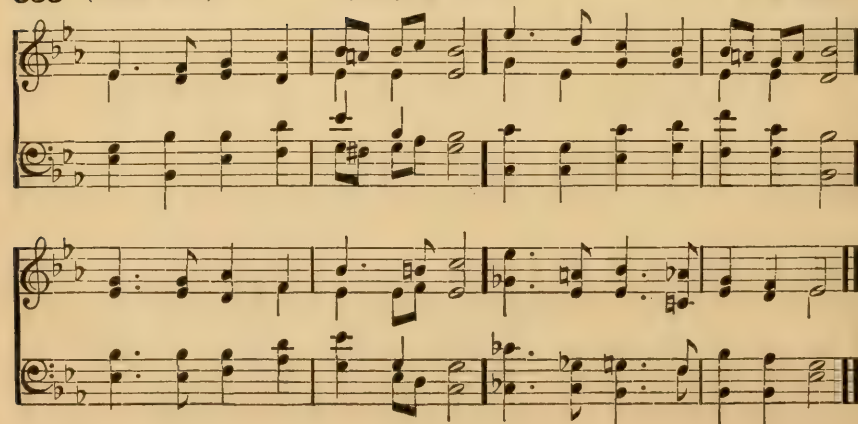
To Thy wis-dom I re-sign, And would make Thy pur-pose mine.

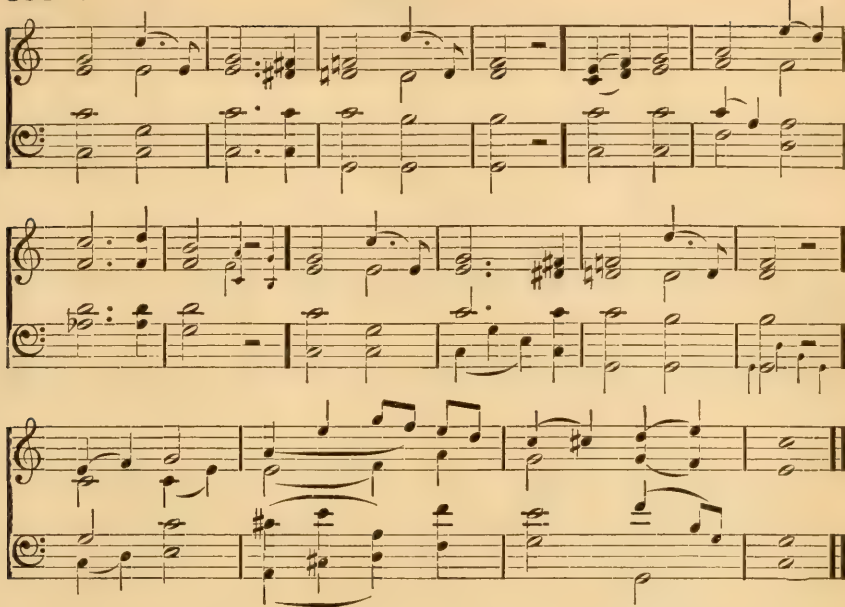
4. Thou my dai-ly task shalt give; Day by day to Thee I live;

a tempo. *rall.*
So shall add-ed years ful-fill Not my own, my Fa-ther's will.

535 (*Second Tune.*)**MERCY. 7777.***L. M. Gottschalk.*

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord! my daily bread.
- 2 "Day by day" the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord! my times are in Thy hand;
All my brightest hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill
Not my own, my Father's will.

535 (*Third Tune.*)**OXFORD. 7777.***W. J. Boehm.*

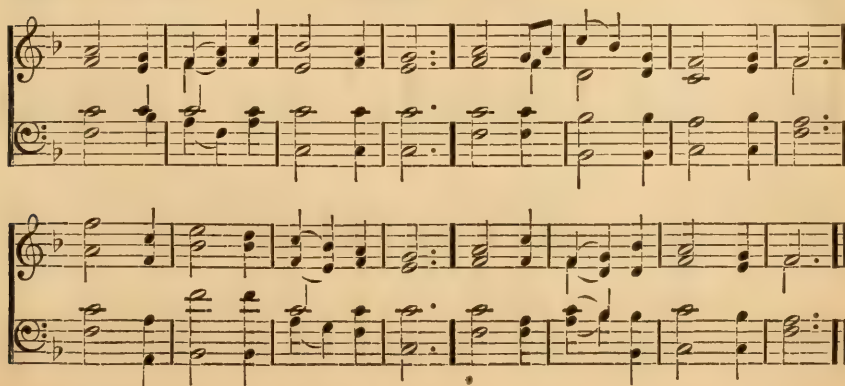
536 (*First Tune.*)**CALVERT. 7777.***Weber.*

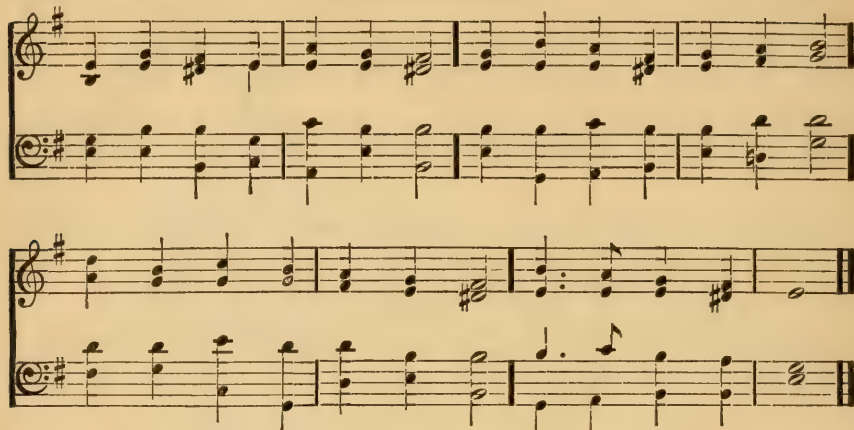
1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see;
This is still thy sweet relief:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of ages! I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Ever faithful, ever sure:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

536 (*Second Tune.*)**SEABURY. 7777.***F. L. Armstrong.*

537 (*First Tune.*)**ZETA. 7775.***Anon.*

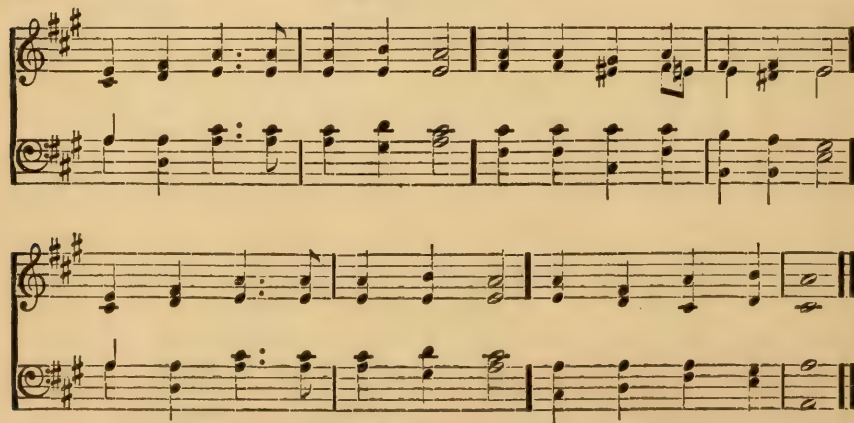
1 In the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!

2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart leaned upon,—
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me!

3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!

4 Comfort me; I am cast down:
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

537 (*Second Tune.*)**AMBROSE. 7775.***Gregorian.*

538 CHRIST CHURCH. C. M. D. W. W. Gilchrist.

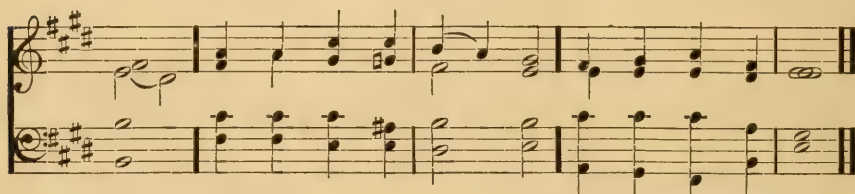
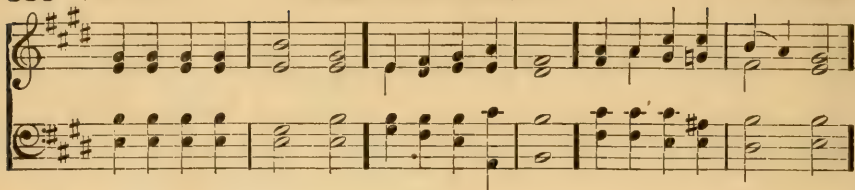
pp *pp* *p* *p*

cresc. *f* *pp*

To dwell a-mong them there.
To dwell a-mong them there.

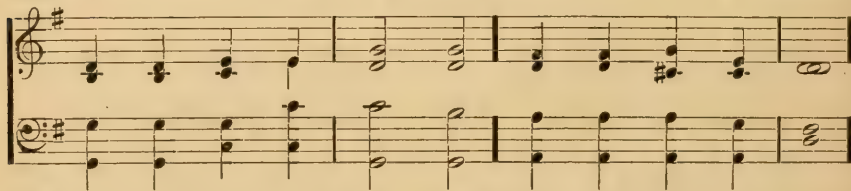
This Tune was originally written for Hymn No. 343.

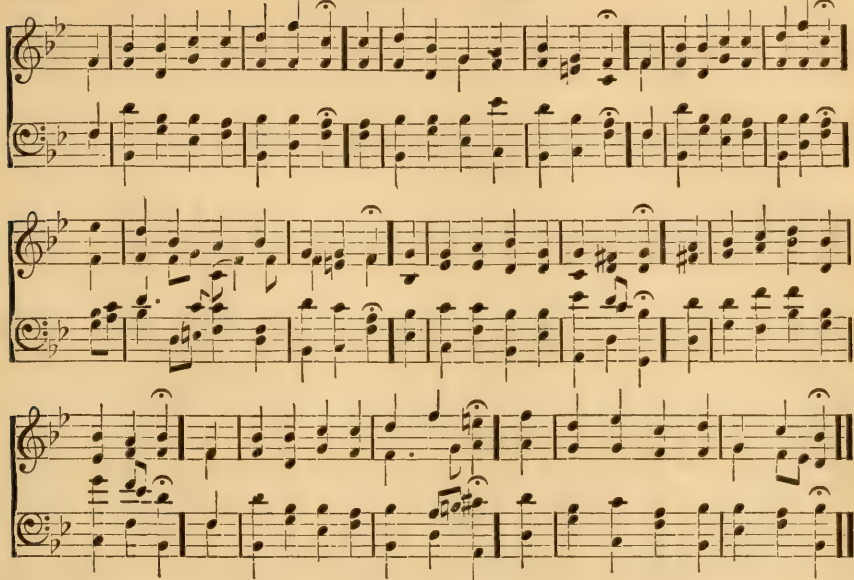
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 ARISE, my soul, fly up and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say there's naught below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.</p> <p>2 There, on a high, majestic throne,
Th'almighty Father reigns,
And sheds His glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.</p> <p>3 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.</p> | <p>4 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove;
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.</p> <p>5 But oh, what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in every smile!</p> <p>6 Jesus! and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour, appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell among them there?</p> |
|--|---|

539 (*First Tune.*)**OBLATION. 6565 D.***H. S. Cutler.*

- 1 GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins !
- 2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind.
- 3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem !

- 4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
- 5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
- 6 Lift ye then your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood.

539 (*Second Tune.*)**NORTH COATES. 6565.***T. R. Matthews.*

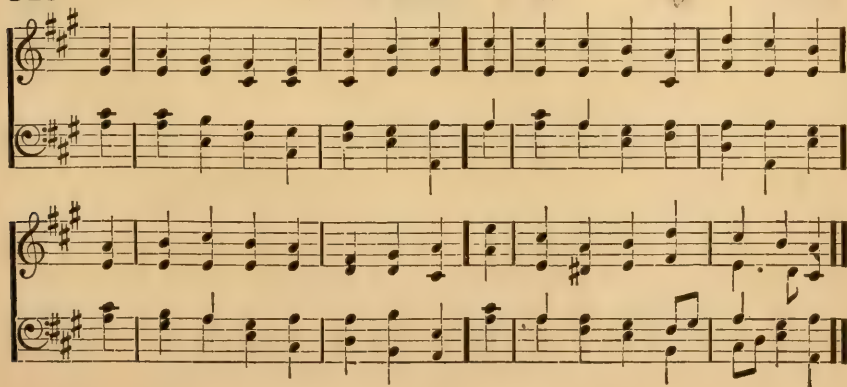
540 (*First Tune.*)**ST. CLEMENTS. L. M. D.***W. W. Gilchrist.*

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth
tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless His name al-
ways,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

540 (*Second Tune.*)**OLD HUNDRED. L. M.***G. Franc.*

541 (First Tune.)

GODLEY. C. M.

R. G. W.

Affetuoso.

1 THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail Thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;—
But in Thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of Thy love:
But the full glories of Thy face
Are only known above.

541 (Second Tune.)

KRUG. C. M.

G. F. Jones.

That I may love Thee more.

542 (*First Tune.*)**TEMPLE. 84848884.***E. J. Hopkins.*

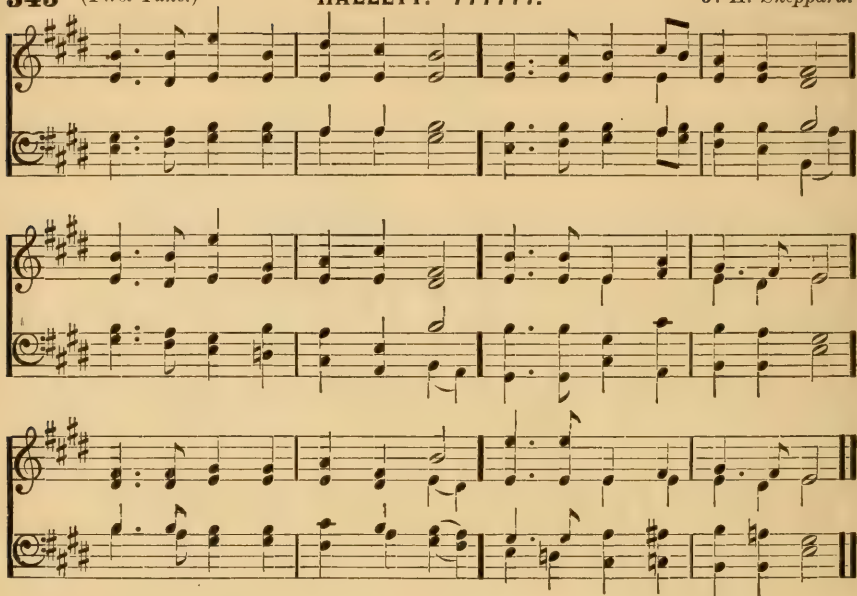
1 THROUGH Thy precious body broken !
 Inside the veil ;
 Oh, what words to sinners spoken,
 Inside the veil.
 Precious is the blood that bought us ;
 Perfect is the love that sought us ;
 Holy is the Lamb that brought us
 Inside the veil.

2 Lamb of God ! through Thee we enter
 Inside the veil ;
 Cleansed by Thee, we boldly venture
 Inside the veil.

Not a stain—a new creation ;
 Ours is such a full salvation ;
 Low we bow in adoration
 Inside the veil.

3 Soon Thy saints shall all be gathered
 Inside the veil ;
 All at home—no more be scattered—
 Inside the veil.
 Naught from Thee our hearts shall sever :
 We shall see Thee, grieve Thee never ;
 "Praise the Lamb !" shall sound for ever,
 Inside the veil.

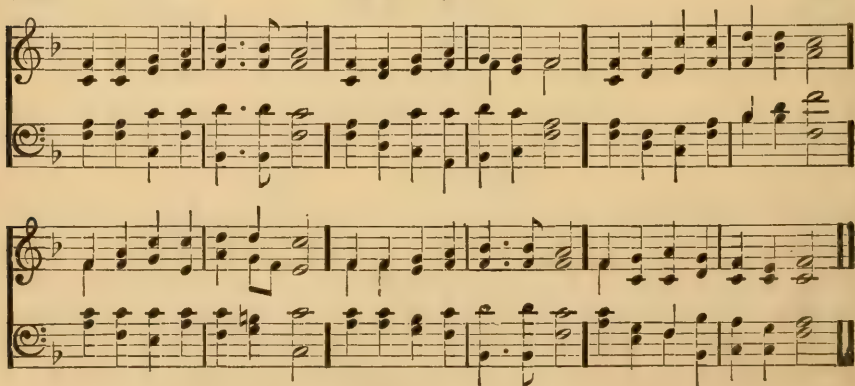
542 (*Second Tune.*)**SOUTHGATE. 84848884.***Southgate.*

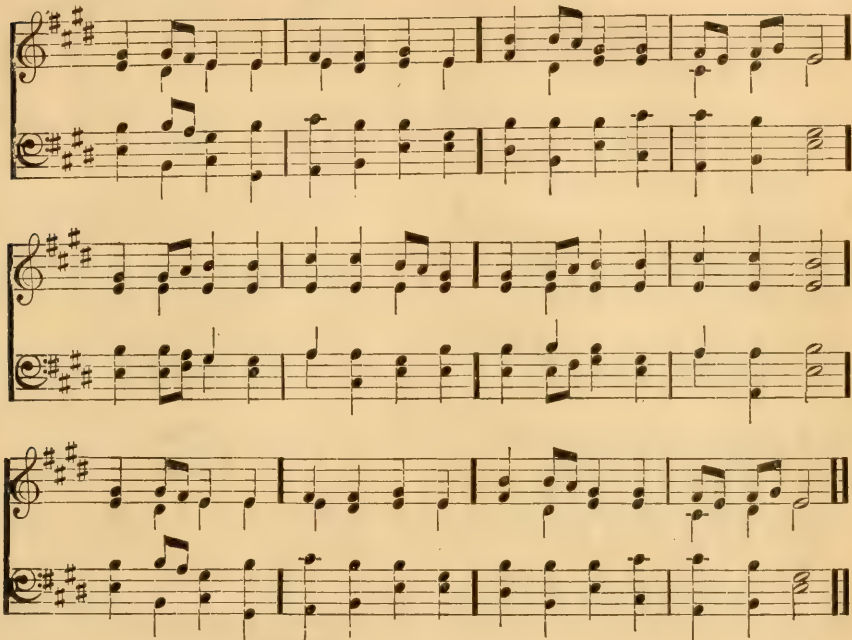
543 (*First Tune.*)**HALLETT. 777777.***J. H. Sheppard.*

- 1 "TILL He come:" oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till He come."
- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,

All our life joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till He come."

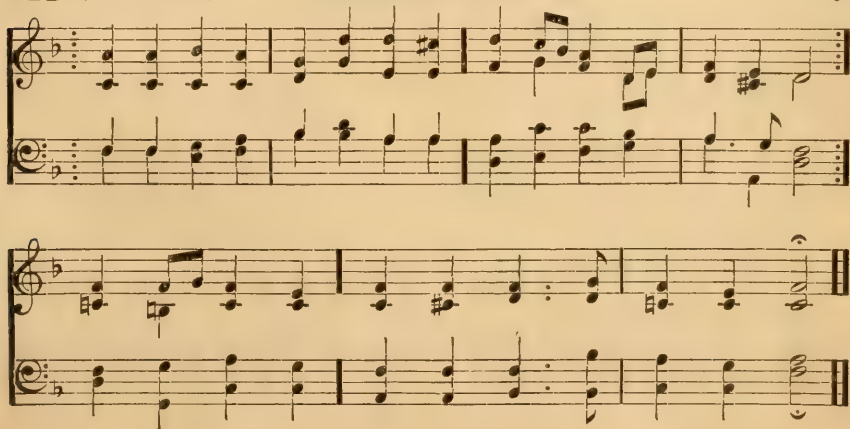
- 3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till He come."

543 (*Second Tune.*)**DOW. 777777.***R. Redhead.*

544 (*First Tune.*)**GREENVILLE. 8787447.** ✓*Rousseau.*

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the Gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

544 (*Second Tune.*)**ASHBURTON. 878747.***S. S. Wesley.*

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.
All praise to God the Father be ;
All praise, Eternal Son to Thee,
All praise for ever, as is meet,
To God, the Holy Paraclete.
2. L. M.
To Thee, O Unbegotten One,
And Thee, O Sole-begotten Son,
And Thee, O Holy Ghost, we raise
Our equal and eternal praise.
3. L. M.
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
4. C. M.
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.
5. C. M. D.
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join ;—
Glory to Thee, blessed Three in One,
The God Whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more.
6. S. M.
Praise to the Father be,
Praise to His Only Son,
Praise to the Holy Paraclete,
While endless ages run.
7. 7s.
Praise the name of God Most High,
Praise Him, all below the sky ;
Praise Him, all the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
8. 7s. D.
Father, God, Thy love we praise,
Love, which gave Thy Son to die ;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thee alike we glorify ;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
When this earth is changed for heaven.
9. 8s. & 7s.
Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.
10. 8s. & 7s. D.
Praise the God of all creation ;
Praise the Father's boundless love ;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above ;
- Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
Him by Whom our spirits live :
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.
11. 8s. & 7s.
Laud and honor to the Father !
Laud and honor to the Son !
Laud and honor to the Spirit !
Ever Three and ever One :
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore !
12. 8s. 7s. 4s.
Great Jehovah ! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne :
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